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 8. *Report of the Central Public-house Trust Association (October 31, 1901), and Supplement (February 28, 1902).*
 9. *Final Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Operation and Administration of the Laws relating to the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors.* 1899. (C. 9379.) London: Eyre and Spottiswoode.
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THE student whose sustained patience may bear him through the long history of temperance legislation from the time of Edward VI, when the licensing system was first established, until the present day, cannot but be saddened by the story of this protracted struggle with

the evils of the drink traffic, a struggle reaching through nearly four hundred years of national history; for in it there is all the pathos of a great and noble conscience wrestling ineffectually with a besetting sin. The uniform failure of Act after Act to do more than temporarily allay the abuses which it was intended to root out will leave its impression on his mind, but he will appreciate the steady growth of a deeper and broader recognition among the people of the far-reaching evils which intemperance has fastened on the nation.

Had we only the Statute-book before us on which to base an estimate of the attention given to the temperance problem since the rejection by Parliament of Sir William Harcourt's Local Control Bill in 1895, we might be led to conclude that the nation, wearied by the persistent agitation of extreme doctrines and preoccupied by the South African war, had turned its thoughts away from such questions altogether; yet, as a matter of fact, the last five years have been remarkably full of activity and solid work and thought in the cause of temperance—an activity, moreover, which is characterised by a tendency to question old ideals, by the exploration of new paths for experiment, and by the influx of a large volume of moderate opinion into a field hitherto filled by the loud battle between the extreme Prohibitionists on the one side and the advocates of the 'trade' on the other. This period has seen three salient events in this connexion: firstly, the appearance of the Reports which are the outcome of the long and laborious investigation into the operation of the Liquor Licensing Laws by the Royal Commission presided over by Lord Peel; secondly, the publication and wide interest excited by Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell's book, 'The Temperance Problem and Social Reform'; and thirdly, the birth of a new movement in practical temperance reform called the Public-house Trust Movement, which is associated with the name of Lord Grey.

The eleven ample Blue-books in which the vast inquiry and the final reports of Lord Peel's Commission are recorded for the guidance and instruction of future legislators, form a mine of historical, critical, and statistical wealth on the subject of the Liquor Licensing Laws the magnitude of which has never before been equalled. It is difficult to decide whether it is a matter to deplore or

the reverse that at the last sittings differences arose among the commissioners which led to the issue of two separate reports. A unanimous report—if such a concord between all the shades of opinion represented on the Commission, from the prohibitionist views of Mr Whittaker on the one hand to the militant trade advocacy of Mr C. Walker on the other, were ever within the bounds of possibility—would certainly have carried immense weight; but, on the other hand, recommendations resulting from the compromise of so many diverse views might have fallen into that colourless and anæmic condition that often characterises resolutions framed on the wisdom of a middle course.

These two reports—the Majority Report, signed by the commissioners holding moderate views, Lord Windsor, Sir Algernon West, Mr Andrew Johnson, and others, as well as by the trade members; and the Minority Report, drafted by Lord Peel and signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr Caine, Mr Whittaker, and the extreme temperance members of the Commission—reflect the views of the two most prominent types, the prohibitionist type and the moderate type of temperance opinion at the present day; and we may accept the most salient points dealt with in the two reports, when taken together, as indicating the questions that, at the moment, stand in the forefront of temperance politics. These questions are: the very complex problem of compensation; the question of the reduction of licenses; the regulation of clubs; and those purely restrictive measures advocated by the extreme temperance party, that is to say, prohibition, Sunday-closing, and shorter hours of sale. We have not included the serving of children, for, having recently been the subject of legislation in the Child Messenger Act, this matter cannot be regarded as in the front rank of the temperance questions of the day. The question of the reform of the licensing authority hardly yields in importance to any of the above; but to consider it here would be to enter the labyrinth of that mass of uncodified legislation known as the Licensing Laws, a task altogether beyond the scope of the present article.

In whatever direction reform is to move, it must, at the outset, encounter the barrier of 'compensation.'

Whether we contemplate reducing licenses or abolishing them, or placing them under municipal or state control, the first step must always be to dispose of the question whether or not compensation shall be given to the dispossessed licensee; and, if it is given, on what basis of calculation it is to be reckoned, and from what source the necessary funds are to be raised. It is round this vexed question, entangled as it is with arguments of law, of equity, and of precedent, that the trade has thrown up its strongest entrenchments. The far-seeing and eminently worldly-wise generalship of its leaders and of the powerful bodies, such as the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society of London, which shape the policy and organise the forces of the trade, has recognised the great strategical advantages which this question offers as a defensive position, and has chosen 'compensation' as the ground on which to accept battle. Once let Parliament recognise that the tenure of a license carries with it a legal vested right to compensation in the event of its being extinguished, and the position of the trade is enormously strengthened against assaults of any kind; for it must be remembered that, next to the agricultural interest, the liquor trade represents by far the largest and wealthiest interest in this country; and any measure that, by diminishing the consumption of liquor, would touch the pockets of the trade, would always find itself face to face with a legal demand for compensation, on a scale to which the £20,000,000 paid by the nation to the dispossessed slave-owners of the West Indies would be a mere trifle.

The claim of the trade is that a dispossessed licensee has a legal and vested right to be compensated at the full price which his house would fetch, or which it has fetched, in the open market. This claim is based on the following considerations—that, though the license is nominally only granted for one year, the custom of licensing magistrates for many years past has amounted, in practice, to establishing a certainty that a license will always be renewed, except in cases of misconduct: that this practice has given a security of tenure to the licensee which makes his license a marketable asset, and that for years past a traffic on a very large scale has taken place in licenses, most of the present holders having paid very highly for their licenses:

that this state of things and the right of dispossessed licensees to receive compensation has been recognised by municipalities, which invariably pay the full market value of the licensed house when it has to be taken in the course of town improvements, and that Parliament itself in many enactments has also recognised this, especially in regard to the levy of death-duties on the property of deceased owners of licensed houses. The extreme view on the opposite side, held by the leaders of total-abstinence and prohibitionist opinion, and by such bodies as the United Kingdom Alliance and the National Temperance Federation, is that, a license being granted for one year only, no question of compensation can arise on its extinction at the end of any year: that there is by law no property in a license, and it cannot be bequeathed: that in cases where the magistrates have found it necessary to reduce the number of licenses because the neighbourhood does not require them, they have exercised their legal right to extinguish these licenses without giving any compensation.

The problem is largely affected by the growth of a system of trading known as the 'tied-house system.' It is probable that at the present moment as many as seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the licensed houses in England are 'tied' to brewers; that is to say, have been bought by brewers, or are financed by them, on terms which secure that the liquors sold shall be supplied from their breweries. This plan of trading, though it has been in existence here and there for the past fifty years, has latterly grown to enormous dimensions, owing partly to the custom of home-brewing having fallen into disuse, but mainly on account of the conversion of the greater number of the large breweries into limited companies. It must be nearly twenty years ago that the partners in the great concern of Guinness and Co. decided to offer their business to the public. No sooner was the prospectus issued than the phenomenal success of the venture was apparent. The shares were subscribed for many times over, and afterwards rose in value to something like three times the issue price. The other large breweries in the country were not long in adopting the same policy; and, one after the other, their undertakings were sold to the public at enormous premiums. The directors in each case found

themselves with a large margin of capital on their hands, in excess of what could be profitably employed in the business proper, for which it was necessary to find an outlet that would bring increased trade and secure the larger profits required to provide a dividend on the larger capital. The outlet was found in the purchase of public-houses in which to sell the liquor brewed by the company—an expedient which provided a profitable investment for capital as well as a means of increasing the trade. The competition between rival companies to secure houses became acute; and the prices of licensed houses were forced up to extraordinarily inflated figures, of which the following, among innumerable instances, will serve as a fair illustration. The 'Crooked Billet,' a fully licensed house in Newcastle-on-Tyne, was put up to auction in 1896. The first bid was for 10,000*l.*, and it was knocked down for 15,800*l.* The same house forty years earlier had been sold for 900*l.*, and no important structural improvements had been made in the interval.

It is obvious that these conditions have combined to increase the temptation to push the sale of beer sometimes by illegitimate means. A brewery that has paid a high price for a house naturally looks keenly to the tenant to sell enough beer to return a dividend on the excessive capital. This is one of the evils laid to the charge of the 'tied-house system.' Again, it is said that brewers who have secured an outlet for their beer do not pay the same attention to quality and care in brewing as they did when their products had to hold their own in a free market. The system has been universally condemned, not only by several select committees of both Houses of Parliament, but by a practically unanimous public opinion. It seems to be based on an ever-pressing call to extend business and profits—a call to which even the most scrupulous of publicans cannot be altogether deaf, and in which, unfortunately, a large section of the public is now interested. But it is not with this aspect of the 'tied-house system' that we have to concern ourselves, so much as with its bearing on the compensation question.

The question of compensation is largely affected by the fact, not only that many of the present holders of licenses have paid abnormal and inflated prices for them, but that, owing to the large breweries having now been

formed into limited companies, their shares are distributed among the more influential classes of the population; consequently the effect of any decision that Parliament may come to on this question does not merely touch the brewing trade, but concerns an enormous number of interested persons representing a large voting power. The trade, therefore, in choosing 'compensation' as its position for battle, has chosen wisely. It does not propose to waste energy and resources on direct opposition to the actual reforms that may be mooted; its attitude is well reflected in the remarks which Messrs Walker and Hyslop—trade members of Lord Peel's Commission—prefix to the ample reservations they have made on the Majority Report. After paying grandiloquent homage to 'the great, honest, and untiring exertions that are continually being made for the moral and social advancement of the people,' they continue:

'As representatives of our class, we can truly say on their behalf that they would hail with the greatest possible satisfaction reasonable legislation on the principles of justice and equity, so that in the true spirit of compromise (and whilst assuring to them the preservation of their legitimate worldly possessions) a satisfactory settlement of this difficult and complicated question may be arrived at.'

The nature of this 'true spirit of compromise' becomes apparent in a later paragraph, where they suggest that the compensation to be paid shall be at the full market value, and shall come entirely out of public funds, for, they add, 'it would be intolerable that the trade should be further taxed.'

The two reports of the Royal Commission agree in so far as they recommend that any funds for compensation shall be levied from the trade itself; but on the questions of the justice of the trade's claim to a vested right to compensation, and of the extent to which the claim to be paid at full market value may be equitably considered, they are widely divergent. We have already stated the main arguments of the advocates on either side. The Majority commissioners, without attempting to weigh too nicely the whole of these arguments, express their

'general adhesion to the principles of compensation equivalent to the fair, intrinsic selling value of the license and good-will

apart from the extreme inflation of prices caused in some cases by excessive competition.' This they do 'on the general ground of justice and expediency.'

The Minority commissioners approach the subject in a sterner spirit. They sift, and in some cases select for quotation, the arguments and evidence of particular witnesses in a manner which perhaps implies a certain anxiety lest those arguments which tell against the trade should lose weight for want of a forcible setting. The claim of the trade to full market value compensation cannot, they say, 'be for one moment entertained'; and

'the truth is the exact contrary to the assumption of a vested interest in a public-house license. It cannot be too clearly laid down that the license lasts for one year and no longer. . . . The only possible conclusion is that the claim to compensation rests on no legal foundation whatever.'

Yet, in consideration of the opinion, which has been very generally held, that there is by law a vested interest in a license—a belief which has been encouraged by the usual practice of the licensing justices in granting renewals without question year after year—they recommend that, 'as a matter of grace and expediency, though not of right, some allowance should be made for this.' The compensation they suggest is a sum equivalent to seven years' purchase of the annual rateable value of the licensed houses that may become extinguished under the scheme they recommend for the reduction of licenses. It is an essential of this scheme that it shall be put into force, and the whole reduction effected, within a period of seven years; after which time no claim for compensation is to be recognised. The fund required to meet the compensation claims during this seven years' period is to be raised by additional license rentals upon the rateable value of all licensed houses. The Majority Report, on the other hand, while deciding, like that of the Minority, to draw the requisite funds from the trade itself, proposes that every license-holder shall make a declaration of the value of his license and good-will, apart from the value of the house, and shall contribute annually to a compensation fund at the rate of 6s. 8d. per 100l., i.e. one third per cent., on the above declaratory value; or, if his license

is extinguished, he is to receive compensation to the extent of this same declared value.

The strictly legal question as to vested rights in licenses seems to have been decided by the judgment of the House of Lords in the test case of *Sharp v. Wakefield*, which lays down that the law recognises no claim on the part of the licensee to have his license renewed at the end of the year for which it was granted. Further, the magistrates have in places exercised their discretion in this respect without question. In Liverpool especially, where the licensing bench has taken a high view of its duties in regard to diminishing the facilities for obtaining drink, a considerable reduction of licenses has been effected without compensation; and so recently as in May of this year the action of the Farnham magistrates in refusing the renewal of nine licenses, on information which they had themselves collected as to the desirability of reducing the number of public-houses in the district, was confirmed by a decision of the Court of Appeal.

But, though it seems clear that those who claim a right to compensation have in strict law no case, it does not follow that they may not have a very strong, even an imperative claim to receive equitable consideration if legislation tending to reduce the number of licenses throughout the country is adopted by Parliament. There is no doubt that the easy good-nature of the practice on most licensing benches has led to licenses being generally regarded as absolute and genuine property; and this is proved by the facts that they are habitually insured at low rates against the risk of loss by a decision of the magistrates; that they are constantly trafficked in; and that they are accepted as real and solid assets in the balance-sheet of any brewery company. This being the case, any drastic law or action of Parliament that did not recognise the situation as it has now grown up would create widespread dislocation of values, and would affect an enormous number of persons, only so far connected with the liquor trade that they are shareholders in some concern that owns licensed property. Apart from this aspect which the question bears in public opinion and in the everyday transactions of life, the deliberate action and policy of the licensing authorities may be said to have actually created a state of things which gives the

claim to compensation all the force of equity, if not of legal right.

There has of late years sprung up a custom among magistrates in many parts of the country, when granting a new license, to exact, in exchange, the surrender of an existing license in some other district under their jurisdiction, where it is desired to reduce the number of public-houses. This practice, which is really nothing more or less than the exacting of a payment in kind for the granting of new licenses, implies that security of tenure shall be conceded with the license. The extent to which the policy of exacting surrenders has grown has given rise to a keen competition among the brewers to buy up small houses, which may be useful to surrender in exchange for a new license; and such small houses have consequently come to fetch prices which are far in excess of their real value for trading purposes; they, in fact, command in the market a 'surrender' value, distinct from and in excess of their intrinsic value. It often happens, therefore, that the grant of a new license has practically, by the action of the magistrates, cost the grantee a large sum of money; and to deny him any security of tenure would be a distinct injustice. Again, there is a laudable and growing tendency among magistrates to insist on certain structural conditions in newly licensed premises, in order to facilitate supervision by the police and respectable management by the tenant. These stipulations often entail the expenditure of considerable sums of money. Can it, after this, be fair to regard the license as terminable at the end of any year, except for misconduct?

The views on the compensation question held by the extreme temperance party, and reflected in the Minority Report, have, generally speaking, been tinged with a feeling which is alien to an entirely open-minded consideration of the equity of the claim of the trade. Through the arguments and expressed opinions of this party there runs a thread of resentment at the moral harm attaching to the drink traffic, which shows itself occasionally in a definite, though perhaps unconscious, desire to exact reprisals from a trade to whose charge so many public evils can be laid. Natural though this feeling may be, it is out of place in the consideration of a highly complex question of justice, the decision of which will

touch a large section of the community, and produce far-reaching effects which no one is competent at the moment to foresee. We believe, too, that any view of the question which is narrowed by a taint of fanaticism, and by a leaning towards a policy of reprisal, is entirely out of touch with the broad feeling of the nation and with the liberal tradition which has guided the wisdom of Parliament in like cases. The majority of the nation, quite apart from the large class directly interested, has made up its mind that considerations of justice demand that some compensation shall be given to those who may suffer by any state measure of reduction; and the national conscience would not, we think, rest easy if the question were settled on lines other than such as will leave no real grievance behind.

One great fact stands prominently forward, and that is that the high-road of reform must be cleared of the block presented by this problem before any real progress in the direction of effective temperance legislation can be made. When we consider that there is no direction in which wise reform will be of such undoubted gain to all classes of the community as in that of temperance, from the workman who will spend his wages on better food and education rather than drink, to the capitalist who will profit by the increased efficiency of the labour he employs, and to the tax-payer, whose burdens will be lightened by reduced police rates and a more prosperous exchequer, we can well afford to deal with it in no haggling spirit, but with a large-minded liberality. It would seem that the main points to bear in mind in planning the framework of a comprehensive measure for the solution of this problem, such as will commend itself to the great volume of the moderate and earnest opinion of to-day, are the following: firstly, that the problem must be dealt with in a manner that shall be final and shall leave no room for its re-appearance on the political horizon; secondly, that it must be dealt with in such a way as not to create a legal right to compensation which does not now exist, and so give to the trade an effective legal weapon with which to combat future measures of reform, and to hamper the action and independence of the licensing benches; and thirdly, that in consideration of the enormous value of the monopoly given away by

the nation to the trade—a monopoly whose net profits are reckoned at about 20,000,000*l.* per annum, and for which the nation has received nothing in return—the fund required for compensation purposes shall be raised wholly, or in very large part, from the trade itself.

We now turn with relief from the perplexities of the compensation problem to consider the actual measures of temperance reform that at the moment are uppermost in the practical politics of the day. We will first consider those measures about which there is the greatest unanimity of opinion both inside and outside Parliament, that is to say, the question of reduction of licenses, and that of the regulation of clubs, leaving those more purely restrictive remedies, which are advocated by the extreme temperance party, for later consideration. Mr Ritchie's recent Act has not touched the question of reduction. Its unheroic ambition is satisfied by an attempt to grapple with the club difficulty; by increasing in some measure the power of the law in dealing with drunken persons or with the publican who serves a drunken person; and by amending some parts of the complicated machinery of the licensing laws. To have touched the question of reduction would have involved the opening of the compensation question; and, in avoiding this, an overburdened Government, largely dependent on the support of licensed victuallers, has doubtless been well advised.

There is, however, no solution which commands such a general consensus of opinion in its favour as that of the reduction of licenses. The principle that a considerable reduction is necessary has been adopted almost unanimously by both sections of the Royal Commission. At public meetings and in the press the same principle commands the readiest assent, and is accepted as a panacea almost without question. There is a strong feeling everywhere that a better state of things in regard to both the diminution of drunkenness and stricter police supervision must result if the smaller and least reputable houses are snuffed out, and if the trade is entrusted to fewer hands, and is administered in larger and better adapted houses, situated in the main thoroughfares, and in places less congenial to scandalous orgies that shun the light.

At the same time it should be borne in mind that mere

statistics by no means prove that where public-houses are few drunkenness is less. The judicial statistics of 1893, published by the Home Office, are accompanied by a map designed to illustrate, by comparative shades of black, the degrees of drunkenness in each county, calculated on the number of offences recorded by the police. It is a disconcerting fact that the patchwork shading of this map supplies no argument for reducing licenses; on the contrary, a first glance conveys the startling impression that the statistics on which the map is based point to the opposite conclusion. The blackness of Northumberland, Durham, and Lancashire contrasts with the comparative whiteness of Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk; yet in these last counties the public-houses are thickly strewn over the land, whereas the three former counties form part of the group of seven in which the proportion of licenses to population stands lowest. Wales and all the Midland and northern counties fall under a uniform tint of sombre shading; most of the agricultural counties stand out lighter, though there are blotches of shade on Berkshire, Hampshire, and Sussex, which serve as a warning against drawing any sweeping conclusions from the statistics which the map illustrates. Glamorgan, foremost among thinly licensed counties, and coming under the Welsh Sunday-closing system, stands next to the three northern counties in blackness.

Are we then to conclude that a multiplicity of public-houses means less rather than more drunkenness? Such a conclusion would probably be as unjustifiable as the opposite view. We have before us merely another illustration of the fact that statistics are misleading, unless every circumstance which affects the figures is taken into consideration. In this instance no just conclusion can be drawn until, in addition to comparing in each county the number of arrests with the number of public-houses, we have accomplished the apparently impossible task of gauging how far the comparative strictness of police administration has affected the former, and how far a higher current rate of wages has given the men in one county a larger margin of cash for self-indulgence than in another.

The Majority commissioners leave the manner and degree of the reduction to the discretion of the local licens-

ing authority, its extent being necessarily limited by the resources made available under their scheme for providing a compensation fund, which, it will be remembered, is found by a levy of one third per cent. per annum on the declared value of the license and good-will (p. 366). The Minority commissioners lay down that, within a period of seven years, licenses all over the country are to be reduced until there is left only one house to every 750 inhabitants in towns, and one to every 400 in rural districts. This, it is calculated, is equivalent to the extinction, in the course of seven years, of about half the existing number of houses.

Meanwhile, in certain large cities the question has already been taken up practically ; and it is possible that the public-spirited policy of the leading men in these great centres will open a way by which the independent action of licensing bodies may accomplish a reform which Parliament is unwilling to initiate. In Liverpool the activity and businesslike methods with which the licensing laws are administered by the magistrates and the police have received strong support from public opinion in the town, and are doubtless largely due to that opinion. The Liverpool justices take cognisance of, and deal effectively with, offending houses by methods not usually adopted elsewhere. In objectionable cases licenses have been refused ; and the formal notice of objection served by the police on owners of other undesirable houses has often deterred them from applying for renewal, so that in eight years as many as 181 houses have been closed.

In Birmingham a scheme in which Mr Arthur Chamberlain is taking a leading part has been set on foot, whereby, with the co-operation of the brewers themselves, a large reduction of licenses will, it is hoped, be accomplished. Roughly speaking there are over 2000 licenses in Birmingham, or about one to every 230 inhabitants. With the exception of some of the smaller beer-houses it may be said that all these licenses are in the hands of ten or twelve large brewers. These gentlemen have been public-spirited enough to recognise and endorse the soundness of the magistrates' policy of reduction. They have also been wise enough in their own true interests to see that a monopoly can be administered in a few large houses with greater economy than in many small ones ;

and that, although less liquor may be sold, diminished sales may be compensated by an appreciation in the value of securities due to that increased popular favour which attaches to the cleaner trade in preference to the less reputable, and to interests which are at one with the forces of law and order instead of at variance with them.

It is obvious that a scheme of this kind, by which the intentions of the magistrates are, as it were, anticipated by the voluntary surrender of licenses under a mutual arrangement among the brewers themselves, must, to make it effective, be based on a skilfully contrived plan of finance. In rough outline this plan is as follows. A valuer is chosen by the brewers to act for them. He values each house in the district in which the magistrates have decided that the number of licenses is excessive. From his report the joint committee of brewers is able to decide which licenses to surrender. The valuer then estimates the extent to which each house that is left will benefit by the removal of the adjacent competing houses. The two valuations, that of the surrendered houses and that of the betterment accruing to those that remain, supply the data from which a satisfactory adjustment of mutual compensation among the brewers can be made. Should this apparently wise and statesmanlike experiment prove to work successfully, there is every possibility that it may be repeated in other parts of the country, and that without the intervention of Parliament a considerable reduction of licenses may be effected.

No recent symptom is more encouraging than the growth of the spirit of public duty among the justices in regard to licensing. The Liverpool and Birmingham benches constitute no solitary example. Many of the large centres, notably Glasgow, may congratulate themselves on the intelligent zeal of their magistracy; and, with regard to rural districts, the important initiative taken by the Farnham bench, to which we have already referred, may be the precursor of a new and more exacting estimate of their duties being taken by the county justices. Unfortunately, it frequently occurs that the veto of the Quarter-sessions annuls wise and well-considered decisions of the licensing magistrates; and there can be little doubt that something needs revision in a law which obliges a bench of able men of business, such as that of Birming-

ham, to submit its decisions to a Quarter-sessional court composed of Warwickshire county gentlemen, who cannot be in touch, and must often be out of sympathy, with the aspirations of a great and progressive industrial city.

We have already referred to the difficulty of getting distinct evidence of a convincing kind that a decrease in drunkenness accompanies a decrease in the number of public-houses. On the other hand we know that, concurrently with the reduction that has been carried out in many districts in recent years, drinking-clubs have sprung into existence and year by year increased in number, wherein men of the class who frequent public-houses find facilities for obtaining the strong liquors which reduction was intended to place further from their reach. This shows the fallacy of the view so strongly held in temperance circles, that in abolishing the tavern you abolish drinking. The magistrates of Northumberland, a county that has been foremost in pursuing a policy of reduction, now fully recognise that in places where, for instance, new waterworks or big contracts are set going, and where there exists no facility for the supply of liquor to the men, it is actually advisable to establish a canteen under supervision, rather than leave the way clear for the inevitable hawker of bottled spirits. The growth in the number of workmen's clubs is the most marked feature in the evolution of the drink question within the last decade; and there is every indication that we are destined to see a great development of this movement in the near future. Many of these clubs are respectable institutions, formed for social intercourse of a more select kind than the public-house provides; but, on the other hand, many are merely unlicensed public-houses, masquerading as clubs, where drinking goes on at all hours and without restriction. In the evidence given before the Royal Commission, it is stated that, in some instances, publicans, who had been deprived of their licenses for misconduct, have turned their houses into so-called 'clubs.'

It may be said that the growth of education and refinement among the working-classes makes for a development in the direction of club-life, for in a club a man can have some control over his company, and can enjoy the pleasure of dispensing hospitality and entertaining his

friends ; in fact, all those features of club-life that attract the West-end man must, in their degree, have a like effect on the artisan and workman of the more refined order. The unmistakable connexion, however, which can be traced between the reduction of public-house accommodation and the growth of clubs points assuredly to the chief cause of that growth being the need or desire for greater drinking facilities. It is in those localities where the public-houses are fewest in proportion to population that the clubs are the most thickly scattered and the most flourishing ; and in Newcastle the rapid extension of the club system, and its increasing hold on the population, appear to those who have the social welfare of the town at heart, to be a great and pressing danger. The town of Nelson, in Lancashire, a place of recent growth, is another instance in point. Here the magistrates have steadily refused to grant new licenses, so that there is probably no spot in the kingdom where licenses are in a lower proportion to the population ; but the workman has taken the matter into his own hands, and a multitude of clubs provide him with the liquor which the magistrates have denied. The conclusion to which these facts seem to point is that, while in many districts the proportion of licensed houses to population is too high, there are others in which the insufficiency of the accommodation, for supplying legitimate wants encourages irregular drinking in places out of reach of the law.

In Mr Ritchie's new Licensing Act, the most prominent feature of which is the part dealing with clubs, Parliament has adopted the suggestion, which is to be found in both reports of the Royal Commission, that all clubs should be registered with a view to their *bona fides*. The Act is not so stringent as to make it difficult for genuine clubs to be carried on. A club is a private institution, bound by its own conditions, and therefore quite distinct from a licensed trading-house ; moreover, to borrow a happy phrase from Mr Ritchie's speech in introducing the Bill, the law which is to regulate clubs in St George's in the East must also reach those in St George's, Hanover Square : we may not discriminate between the West-end and Whitechapel. The Act leaves it easy for a club to register ; all that is required is the entry of certain particulars on a prescribed form, which is to be sent in

to the clerk to the justices. No elaborate onus of proof as to *bona fides*, such as is recommended by the Minority commissioners, is imposed on the club secretary. Once registered, it is within the powers of the police, or any one else, to represent to a court of summary jurisdiction that the club is not being conducted in good faith, or that there is frequent drunkenness, and the court can then decide to strike the club off the register. Heavy penalties attach to the sale of any liquor in an unregistered club, for in the eyes of the law it is on a par with a shebeen.

Of the restrictive measures so zealously advocated by the extreme temperance party, the chief are Sunday-closing, shorter hours of sale, and prohibition. Sunday-closing has been universal in Scotland since 1851, and has been twenty years at work in Wales, so that there should be sufficient means of gauging its effect on the drinking habits of a large section of the nation. The advocates of the measure place great reliance on the police statistics of arrests for drunkenness. Mr Sidney Peel, in his 'Practical Licensing Reform,' quotes figures from Liverpool which show a much smaller number of arrests on Sundays than on either Saturdays or Mondays; and, attributing this solely to the shorter hours of trade on Sundays, he argues that complete Sunday-closing would still further decrease drunkenness. He says, 'If necessary for home consumption, a supply of bottled beer can be laid in.' These words give rise to an irresistible suspicion that the number of police arrests may, after all, not afford an altogether certain gauge of Sunday drinking; and that, with a handy supply of bottled beer at home, the hard-drinker may be able to satisfy his craving without the risk of running the gauntlet of the constable in the street. Home-drinking is a more terrible evil than any, for it may contaminate the wife and children; and the mere suspicion that Sunday-closing may open the way for so great a scourge to domestic happiness must make us pause. Thousands of people see no reason for marking the Sabbath by abstention from strong drink; and no law or restriction will prevent their getting it somehow if they want it. It is a question whether the cause of temperance is not better served by allowing these people

to take their drink at stated hours, in well regulated and duly licensed houses, than by driving them to carry liquor home, or to frequent drinking-clubs. The Derwent Valley Water-board, a few weeks after opening the canteen for the navvies employed on their works, found it advisable to rescind the Sunday-closing rule because of the irregularities it encouraged.

It seems clearly established that in Wales and in Scotland a movement to repeal the Sunday-closing Act would find little support. The feeling of the people themselves seems to be that the Act has done and is doing good; and it is asserted that the county of Monmouth, which is not at present covered by it, would gladly come under its provisions. So far as rural Wales is concerned, there seems little doubt that the Act has worked satisfactorily, and has been enforced without much difficulty; the same cannot, however, be said of the great and busy commercial port of Cardiff. Even the evidence of Mr Donald Maclean, the leading local advocate of Sunday-closing, amounts to an admission of past failure, qualified merely by a sanguine anticipation of success. The soil of Cardiff is undoubtedly anything but congenial to the tolerance of Sabbatarian restraints, there being a large and fluctuating sea-going population unaccustomed to submit to law, and unable easily to wear the strait-waistcoat of a Sunday-closing Act. It is admitted that the main difficulty arises from the drinking-clubs, which on Sundays administer an irregular solace to the alcoholic craving that, since the Act was introduced, fails to find legitimate means of satisfaction.

It is not easy to recognise any logical grounds for the contention that the closing of public-houses on one day out of seven tends materially and permanently to strengthen habits of temperance among the people, or for Mr Peel's view 'that a complete break in the week's drinking would be very beneficial.' The feeling in favour of Sunday-closing is probably to a large extent religious, quite apart from moral or economical considerations; for, seeing that Sunday-closing is supported mainly by the Nonconformists in Wales, and by the Presbyterians in Scotland, we may safely assume that the Sabbatarianism which still holds out so firmly round the Chapel and the Kirk has much to say in fostering the movement.

As the Commission of 1890 and both reports of the Licensing Commission have passed a favourable verdict on the working of the Sunday-closing Acts in the rural districts of Wales and in Scotland, we may perhaps accept their view so far as these districts are concerned. The denser population of England, however, presents less favourable ground for the working of the Act; while the tendency of the English working-classes towards a less strict Sunday observance, and the growing habit of Sunday excursions, make it improbable that the movement will take further hold in England.

Many of the arguments used for Sunday-closing may be applied in favour of shorter hours on week-days. There is much to be said for earlier closing in towns where the 11 o'clock rule holds 'good'; for the 'fierce drinking,' as a rule, takes place between 10 and 11 P.M. Quite as much, if not more, may be urged in favour of a later opening, a change which might put a stop to the baneful habit of beginning the day's work with a draught of beer on an empty stomach, and would give the coffee-stalls more chance of substituting their attractions for those of the public-house in the early hours of the morning.

A survey of the great struggle in favour of Prohibition which, during three decades preceding 1895, filled the forefront of the stage in temperance politics, induces a feeling of profound admiration for the philanthropy and the splendid sincerity which initiated and gave its strength to the movement. The unflinching loyalty and zeal of its leaders, the manliness of thought and purpose which has united the great body of working-men that form its rank and file, and the steady striving after better things which characterises its aims, are beyond all praise; and even those who are unable to accept its policy may fairly recognise the lofty moral spirit which has animated it.

The supporters of Local Option propose to grant to the people themselves that control of the drink traffic which at present is in the hands of the licensing justices—a control which is to be exercised by vote, and which therefore in its practical application, must always entail the forcing of a minority to conform to conditions of life and to ideals which are uncongenial to it. It is this imposition of the will of a majority on a recalcitrant minority that has

been looked upon as the ugliest feature of the principle of the direct veto, and is now generally felt to be alien to the sense of political justice which has usually inspired British legislation. It will be remembered that the long and unremitting agitation of the Prohibitionist party culminated, in 1895, in the conversion of Mr Gladstone's Government to the principle of Local Option; and in April of that year Sir William Harcourt introduced his 'Liquor Traffic (Local Control) Bill.' The rejection of this proposal by Parliament may be regarded as the turning-point in the tide of extreme opinion, which, in the adoption of Prohibition as a Government measure, attained a high-water-mark from which it has ever since been receding.

When argument gives place to blows, the impulse of interested bystanders is to form a ring and to await in silence the issue of the fight. So it has been that in the loud clash of the contest between the extreme temperance party and the trade, marked by much harsh intolerance on the one side, and by cynical worldliness on the other, the great mass of moderate opinion, keenly interested though it has been in the questions involved, has remained a silent spectator. The fight has lasted long, and has been fought bravely, if bitterly, on both sides; and the combatant whose zeal, if only tempered with discretion, would have had all our sympathy, is showing unmistakable signs of lassitude, if not of exhaustion. There is an increasing tendency among the leaders to listen to the suggestion of compromise, to modify the irreconcilable attitude which has so long been the distinguishing feature of their tactics. Concurrently with this gradual toning down of extreme opinion, indications of an increasing activity in the thought and speech of the moderate section have become perceptible.

In April, 1899, there was published, under the title 'The Temperance Problem and Social Reform,' a thick and closely printed volume of some six hundred pages, in which the joint authors, Mr Joseph Rowntree, of York, and Mr Arthur Sherwell, embodied a rich harvest of facts and statistics—the fruit of necessarily long and costly labours—and summed up the conclusions to which a singularly independent and rigorous investigation had led them. The appearance of this book, in which the

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whole field of temperance policy, both in this country and abroad, is reviewed, and conclusions are put forward altogether at variance with the orthodox tenets of the Temperance party, may be said to mark an epoch; and the rapidity with which its editions, now amounting to nine, with a tenth in cheap popular form, have followed each other is evidence of the appreciation of this fact by an eager public, who have long doubted the wisdom of the extreme temperance programme, and have waited in silence for some one of a different school to take up the work.

We can here only attempt to state, in the briefest possible form, the general scope of the work and its final conclusions. Having first undertaken the task of investigating the actual condition of this country with regard to intemperance, the authors say :

‘The inquiry resolves itself finally into two main questions : what in this age and in this country are the causes which create intemperance? and what are the influences which can be brought to bear in counteracting it?’

These influences they class in ‘two separate categories, namely, ‘restrictive’ and ‘constructive.’ The former class consists of agencies of a negative or restraining character, such as the reduction of licenses, shorter hours of sale, and the measures advocated more especially by the Prohibitionist party. ‘Constructive’ agencies, on the other hand, aim at the elimination, by the supply of alternative attractions, or by other means, of the sources and causes of intemperance. Such agencies have hitherto been left to private effort, and have not yet been seriously taken up as a matter of national concern.

Unsparring personal investigation and exhaustive research are then applied by the authors to the consideration and criticism of the various forms of ‘restrictive’ temperance legislation that have been put into practice in different countries. Prohibition, in the several forms in which it has been tried in Canada, in the United States, and notably in the State of Maine, naturally holds a prominent place in the book. We cannot here even attempt to touch the fringe of the enquiry, built up and buttressed as it is on voluminous statistics, examples, and reports. We can only summarise the main conclusions

drawn, which are as follows: That prohibition has succeeded only in very thinly populated rural districts; that it has failed and has been abandoned in the more densely populated states; and that, since the population of Great Britain is vastly more dense than that of the states in which prohibition has failed, the success of prohibition by Act of Parliament in this country must be regarded as hopeless.

The authors next turn to experiments in 'constructive' reform. They examine the spirit monopoly in Russia, bringing into relief the good effects which the policy of spending the revenue so derived on the encouragement of 'counter-attractions' to the spirit-store has had on the temperance, the behaviour, the health, and the material resources of those affected. In this state monopoly they however recognise a danger in the temptation to use it for state profit, and purely as a handy source of revenue—a danger from which the Scandinavian 'Company System' is free. A review of the Scandinavian experiments occupies an important section of the work, and immediately precedes that in which the authors give us their 'Solution of the Problem.'

In Norway wise legislation has converted what was once the most drunken nation in Europe into the most sober. It was in 1865 that the 'Company System' was first established in the town of Gothenburg, whence by private effort and state encouragement it has spread over the Scandinavian peninsula. Its underlying principle is the elimination of private profit from the retailing of alcoholic drink. The houses and bars where drink is retailed are held in monopoly by private companies, constituted under the self-denying ordinance of a strictly limited return to shareholders; and these companies appoint agents for the retailing of drink under conditions of remuneration which exempt them from any personal interest in the amount of alcoholic trade that passes through their hands. Among the advantages attributed by Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell to this system, the following appear to be most conspicuous. A dangerous trade is placed under efficient control; evils such as gambling, drinking on credit, the pushing of the sale of drink by the publican, disappear; a source of corruption detrimental to social progress is removed; a divorce

is effected between drink-selling and politics, and the way made easy for further reform, for where no personal interest is concerned, political propagandism ceases to find a reason for its existence; illicit drinking and the 'club' difficulty disappear, the drink traffic being kept above, not driven below the surface; and finally, the large profits that otherwise go to the trade are, after satisfying the modest conditions of interest on shareholders' capital, made available for furthering the cause of temperance by establishing counter-attractions to the temptation to drink. The practical conclusions of value to this country to be deduced from the experiments in Scandinavia are thus stated :

'The first, the bed-rock upon which any fabric of effective licensing reform must be built, is to take the trade out of private hands. So long as the private interest of the seller runs counter to the interest of the State, so long will the effort of the State to restrict and control the traffic be baffled. The second is that the trade, when taken out of private hands, shall be worked locally, not by the State, and should be subject to no other State control than that which is necessary to secure honest administration and the complete carrying out of the conditions determined by the statutory law under which the localities carry on the traffic.'

The authors consider that, to effect any material improvement in this country, 'restrictive' legislation must be backed and supplemented by 'constructive' reform; that when the former has gone as far as we can reasonably hope to see it go in the reducing of licenses and in the removal of the obstruction presented by the compensation question, there will still remain four great evils to be taken in hand, namely, first, the loss to the community of the monopoly values now given away to the trade with every fresh license that is granted; secondly, the pushing of the sale of drink by every means that the interested retailers can devise, and their evasion of the laws that run counter to their interests; thirdly, the corruption of politics by the tavern wire-pullers; and fourthly, the evils of the 'tied-house system.' All these can only be touched effectively by 'constructive' reform, following the lines that have worked successfully in Norway.

As in animal life, so in the movement of thought,

the subtle influences of circumstance and the stream of tendency combine to produce, at a given time, like effects at different and wholly independent points. A new idea comes spontaneously to life in several places at once, as an inevitable corollary to the prevailing drift in evolution, in experience, or in social progress. The dawn of the idea of 'constructive' temperance reform in this country really dates back to a time some years before the appearance of Messrs Rowntree and Sherwell's book; and, while they were laboriously gathering the data on which their conclusions are based, others were independently occupied in thought, as well as in practical experiment, in the same direction. Here and there small and generally successful attempts at public-house management on the principle of the elimination of private profit had been attempted, notably that by the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt at Hampton Lucy; but the first serious effort to bring the question on to the platform of national politics was made by Dr Jayne, the Bishop of Chester. The idea that something in the nature of constructive reform afforded the only solution to a question so long blocked by prohibitionist politics had for some years occupied him; and the account published by Dr Gould, special commissioner of the United States Labour Department, on the success that had attended the 'Gothenburg system' of reform in Norway, matured his convictions and put them into shape. These took the form of a Bill which he introduced into the House of Lords in 1893, under the title of the 'Authorised Companies (Liquor) Bill.'

The main provisions of this Bill, in the drafting of which he was helped by the experience and strong sympathy of Lord Thring, were, that by the vote of any district a company could be formed in which should be vested the exclusive right to sell intoxicating liquors in that district; that all existing licenses should be surrendered to the company under certain conditions of notice and compensation, which we need not here specify; that the return on the capital of the company should not exceed five per cent.; that surplus profits should be handed over to the local authority for local objects of a public or charitable nature not maintained out of rates. Open spaces, libraries, museums, hospitals, and old-age

pensions were specially mentioned in the Bill as objects on which these surplus profits might appropriately be spent. To further the principle of this Bill a great meeting was held under the presidency of the late Duke of Westminster at Grosvenor House. Mr Chamberlain spoke at the meeting in strong support of the new plan of reform; and Mr Gladstone's sympathy, which had some time previously been made public, did much to attract attention to the importance of the question which the Bishop of Chester had brought forward. The wide-spread interest which this meeting excited was the means of launching the movement in favour of constructive reform as one of public concern in this country.

Except for the sporadic existence of isolated experiments of a practical kind like that at Hampton Lucy, and the larger undertakings started more recently, such as the canteen at the Elan Valley, and the reformed public-house at the Hill of Beath Colliery, the question so far assumed the shape of a matter for legislation pure and simple. The feeling among those who had interested themselves most keenly in Dr Jayne's proposals was that legislation must first open a way along which reform on the Gothenburg system could travel. Later experience has, however, pointed to the opposite course as the most practical; and private enterprise has come forward to pioneer a high-road which may be used hereafter by the stage-coach of legislation. In 1896 a small company, called the 'People's Refreshment-house Association,' was formed, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, with the Bishop of Chester as chairman of the executive committee, its object being to acquire public-houses, and manage them on the Gothenburg principles. Though its progress was slow and tentative in character, it continued, in fulfilment of its function as a pioneer company, to break new ground, and to make good the ground it had gained. Financially it was able to pay the full five per cent. to its shareholders—the maximum return allowed under its rules—and to give surplus profits to such local objects as village-nursing, a library, an improved water-supply, a rifle-club, and others. Four years of experience in the management of some fifteen public-houses showed that the scheme was based on sound financial principles; and further, that the principle of

eliminating private profit from the retailing of strong drink served, as it were automatically, to tap at its spring the source of temptation to the publican to push the sale of intoxicants and to comply laxly with the law.

It was left to the insight and personal influence of Lord Grey to expand this practical experiment into the wider form of a national movement. The special advantages which he perceived in the scheme were that it afforded a means of saving to the community the enormous values in unearned increment which are continually being given away to private individuals with the new licenses as they are granted, and of preventing the further growth of the obnoxious 'tied-house system.' He recognised that the most effective way of establishing the scheme on a scale able to cope with the magnitude of the questions at stake was to associate it with the county areas, and to enlist the support of the men of most influence and weight in each county; and by means of a vigorous propaganda in the press and on the platform he has succeeded in getting the idea taken up in a practical form, by the establishment of County Public-house Trust Companies all over the kingdom. The aim is to acquire existing houses not already 'tied' to brewers; to oppose the granting of new licenses to brewery companies or to private persons; and, in every case where the magistrates decide that it is advisable to create a new license, to ask that the license shall on public grounds be entrusted to the company. By this means it is hoped to draw a ring-fence round the area now in the hold of the 'tied-house system,' and to occupy the ground outside this area with the trust-company system, under which private profit will be eliminated from the retailing of drink, and the great values that go with the gift of new licenses may be administered for the public good.

In Scotland Dr Jayne from the first found the warmest sympathy with his ideas, and here it was that they earliest took legislative shape, in the so-called Threefold Option Bill, which proposed to submit the question of 'local management' to the popular vote. It is not surprising therefore to see the new trust movement taking vigorous root in that part of the kingdom. In Glasgow a strong company has been promoted by leading men of that city with a capital of 25,000*l.*; and its carefully drawn

rules may well serve as a type of their kind. The prospectus sets forth that 'the object of the company is the promotion of temperance by the trial of various means calculated to reduce excess in the consumption of alcoholic liquors.' The principle underlying the methods proposed to be followed is that of the elimination of private profit. The interest on capital is at four per cent. per annum. The surplus profits are to be paid over to trustees, to be expended by them for the public benefit, with special regard to the fostering of counter-attractions to the public-house and encouraging rational recreation and entertainment, but not in relief of rates; or these profits may be paid into the national exchequer if thought expedient. With regard to new licenses which the authorities may find it necessary to grant, the directors of the trust in effect say to the magistrates, 'If you grant a license in this district at all, we ask that it be granted to us in the public interest to be managed as a public trust. We shall hold the profits at the disposal of the trustees, and we shall be prepared to surrender the license at any time, without compensation, if authoritatively required.'

Criticism was naturally not long in raising its voice. Sir Edward Fry addressed a letter to the 'Times' in November last, and was closely followed by the Bishop of Hereford, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and several adherents of the extreme temperance party. Sir Edward, writing as a well-wisher to the movement, gave expression to a fear that the scheme may eventually be debauched by the great profits that will be at its disposal; the philanthropic investors who supported the scheme at the outset may, he fears, be swamped by greedy capitalists, possibly brewers themselves, anxious to secure a first-class investment paying a sure four or five per cent; and in this way the movement may, he thinks, lose its original character and direction. He looks still further to the time when the sum of something over 20,000,000*l.* annually made in net profits from the retail drink trade of the United Kingdom may have to be distributed; and he can hardly conceive of any method by which this vast sum of money could be diffused over the country without the production of evil. He suggests that the least objectionable course will be, after providing adequate 'counter-attractions,' to devote the balance to extinguishing the

National Debt. The Bishop of Hereford, noticing that in one or two cases village schools have received support from the public-house profits, demurs to the idea of education being subsidised by the proceeds of drink, and sounds a warning to all good churchmen on this theme.

These criticisms seem to anticipate difficulties at present imaginary. If to subsidise education from the profits of drink is recognised as a mistake, there are plenty of other ways in which those profits may be employed. If, in the dim future, Sir Edward Fry's forebodings prove true, and the great gains which, as he anticipates, will be saved to the nation by this new scheme raise the perplexing question of their disposal, he at any rate offers us a substantial consolation in the thought that we may, by following his advice, eventually wipe out the burden of the National Debt.

The opposition to the new movement from the extreme temperance party has taken a tone of some bitterness and a good deal of sarcasm. Lord Peel has proclaimed his scepticism of temperance being furthered by the efforts of the 'soda-water missionary' from behind the bar of the reformed public-house; and there can be no doubt that the inherited habits of a people accustomed for many generations to excessive indulgence in drink cannot be changed at once. This is borne out by the investigations of those temperance writers who approach the subject from the side of the social, physiological, and climatic influences that affect it. Mr. Arthur Shadwell, the latest exponent of this school, shows in his book, 'Drink, Temperance, and Legislation,' how inveterate is the drink habit of the nation, and discourages the hope that any immediate change can be effected either by prohibitive or constructive reforms. We cannot, however, acquiesce in the *laissez-faire* attitude of opinion which these conclusions encourage, and which characterises the views expressed by Mr Shadwell. We rather think that to the reforming forces of education, culture, and a higher standard of hygiene, should be added all the power of a vigorous temperance propaganda, and of a wise public control of the retail drink traffic.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson resents the suggestion of any remedy that falls short of Prohibition, and especially deplores the attempt to raise the tone of the public-house

and of the publican. To make these more respectable is, in his eyes, little short of criminal, for he holds that the respectable house will attract the respectable customer, and bring temptation to those who at present shun the disreputable precincts of the ordinary tavern. To the dispassionate mind there is a cynicism in such an argument which, coming from any other quarter, would convict its author of inhumanity. We know that many extreme teetotalers hold equally strong opinions on the unrighteousness of war. Would their consistency carry them so far as to condemn the ministrations of the Red-cross Society, lest, by mitigating the horrors of the battle-field, they dim the grimness of its object-lesson and so encourage the growth of a more tolerant attitude of public opinion towards war? ~~101995~~!

The Trust movement comes as a 'first aid,' with the principle of the elimination of private profit as its anti-septic. It seeks to mitigate the evils of the drink traffic—the crime, the ruin, the degradation—by diminishing the consumption of drink and removing some of the causes which tempt the publican to push his wares and the public-house customer to consume them. It blocks no road to reform, but rather opens the way in every direction for it. The growth of the 'tied-house system' will be checked if the ground which it has not yet covered is occupied by the trust companies, for these companies seem to offer the only practical alternative, the only hope of preventing the 'tied-house system' from becoming universal. The increasing complexity of the 'compensation' problem would be arrested, and its claims kept within bounds, if all new licenses that might have to be granted were entrusted to the county companies, to be administered by them as long as the license is needed, and to be surrendered, without compensation, if so required, in the interest of the community. Prohibition, for those who believe in this panacea, should be within easier reach if public management of the liquor trade can be established by means of the trust companies, for the great question of compensation will have disappeared, and politics will have been divorced from the public-house.

The antagonism of the trade has been slowest in finding expression in print; but, judging from a small book which has recently appeared, 'The Commonwealth

as Publican,' by Mr John Walker, it seems likely to adopt methods of a not very scrupulous order, and to employ those partisan tactics that find ready weapons in doubtful statistics and hazarded deductions, and rely on a picturesque arrangement of facts in light and shade, according to their convenience or otherwise, for purposes of argument.

Among the critics of extreme views, Lord Carlisle has expressed his apprehension that the policy of the Trust movement in coming forward and applying for new licenses may tend to increase the number of public-houses in the country. It should, however, be remembered that the demand is only put forward as an alternative to the license falling into private hands. There is every indication that the trust companies intend scrupulously to respect those areas and estates where an experiment in prohibition is established, and to apply for new licenses only where the conditions of population and the feeling of the magistrates make it plainly clear that one should be granted. The fact stands that new licenses are being granted in those places where the restriction of licenses tends to develop the drinking-club evil. In these circumstances is there before us at present any better alternative than that offered by the trust companies?

There would, in fact, seem to be no reason why this scheme of constructive reform, which is in every direction rallying the great body of moderate temperance opinion in the country, should not also obtain the support of the extreme party, and be the means of uniting a large section of the nation in an attempt effectually to control a trade which, as Lord Rosebery has told us, is daily gaining strength, and at present bids fair in the end to control the State itself. The future seems to a large extent to depend on the attitude of the extreme party. Will they maintain the hopelessly irreconcilable attitude of the last thirty years, and choose rather to see their cause starve than take the half-loaf which is within their reach; or will they unite to help forward a movement of constructive reform, which, though it does not abolish strong drink, aims at diminishing its consumption; which, though it lets the public-house still live, seeks to destroy its political power and its power to do evil; and which, though it does not sweep away the liquor interest, seeks

to stop its growth? It is earnestly to be hoped that the Prohibitionists of this country may be guided by the same spirit as those of Sweden, and may accept the new scheme as the best practicable solution.

The attitude of the Church, as a body, has been sympathetic to Prohibition, and the great influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Church of England Temperance Society has been exerted on behalf of the party which, in Parliament, has for so many years been led by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. We cannot, however, think that, like that party, their action has been guided by a blind belief in the efficacy of legislative restrictions and a naïve faith in the power of bye-laws, police regulations, and Acts of Parliament, to control an evil which, as history shows, has always evaded any control of this kind. We believe that the Church, having had, on this as on all great social questions, to declare herself, and having hitherto had only the two alternatives of the extreme temperance party or the trade before her, has of necessity cast in her lot with the former. But the Church of England Temperance Society has always been ready to admit and examine new ideas, and we trust it will be able to modify its policy with the times.

The Trust movement is an important step in the direction of the popular control of the drink traffic and the elimination of the incentive of private profit. It is, however, obvious that without legislation enabling either municipal councils, or trust companies, or the State itself, to become the monopolist of all licenses, nothing of a comprehensive nature can be effected; and this is especially the case in England, where the 'tied-house system' has a stronger hold than in Scotland. May we hope to see the whole body of temperance opinion in the country unite and, sinking minor differences in mutual concession, combine forces in favour of a policy which aims at giving such legislative help as may ensure fair and free scope for experiments in constructive reform of the kind we have indicated? If such a union takes place, then within the first decade of this century we may see the question of the public management of the retail liquor trade occupying a foremost place in the field of national politics.

Art. II.—THE NOVEL OF MISERY.

1. *Nell Horn; Le Termite; L'Impérieuse Bonlé; La Charpente.* By J.-H. Rosny. Paris: Plon, Savine, etc., 1886–1900.
 2. *Workers in the Dawn; The Unclassed; Demos; The Nether World.* By George Gissing. London: Smith Elder, etc., 1880–1889.
 3. *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot* (in *Many Inventions*). By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan, 1893.
 4. *Tales of Mean Streets; A Child of the Jago.* By Arthur Morrison. London: Methuen, 1894–1896.
 5. *Liza of Lambeth.* By William Somerset Maugham. London: Unwin, 1897.
 6. *East-End Idylls.* By A. St John Adcock. London: Bowden, 1897.
 7. *Mord Em'ly.* By W. Pett Ridge. London: Pearson, 1898.
 8. *Maggie: a Child of the Street.* By Stephen Crane. New York: Appleton, 1896.
 9. *Out of Mulberry Street.* By Jacob August Riis. New York: Century Co., 1898.
- And other works.

IN considering the influence which Victor Hugo had upon the literature of France, one is struck by its persistence; and, strange as it would have seemed twenty years ago, his influence has remained more in the art of fiction than in the art of poetry. At least, this is the case at the present day. It is generally thought that the romantic movement, of which he was the principal apostle, was superseded by the realistic or naturalistic movement; but, as a matter of fact, the earlier movement, so far as fiction is concerned, has survived the later one. Between 1831, when 'Notre Dame de Paris' was published, and 1862, when 'Les Misérables' appeared, there arose a new convention in the arts of the novel and the drama, which was directly opposed to the convention of the 'cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears.' The novels of Balzac, and more especially of Flaubert, the plays of the younger Dumas and Augier, and the scientific criticism of Taine, were the expression of this new convention. The idealistic novel, however, did not disappear. Victor Hugo, in 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' which appeared in 1874, was of

course faithful to the imaginative conception; and moreover, the second-rate romantic work of an early day, with its insipidly noble and devoted hero, its sentimentality, and its fine, but unconvincing, motives, still lived on somewhat obscurely. 'Le Vœu d'une Morte,' by the late M. Zola, which was published about 1867, is an uninspired production of this second-rate romanticism.

Throughout his career M. Zola has been an example of the persistence of the romantic movement. It would, of course, be unfair and uncritical to estimate him by his first essays; but even in the works of his prime, in 'Germinal,' 'L'Assommoir,' and 'La Débâcle,' for instance, has he not entirely followed the methods of Victor Hugo? There is the same unreal but effective personification of material objects—the cathedral in 'Notre Dame' and the tavern in 'L'Assommoir'; the sea in 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' and the mine in 'Germinal,' or the railway engine in 'La Bête Humaine'; the French Revolution in 'Quatre-vingt-treize' and the French army in 'La Débâcle.' In the novels of each writer there are many pages that seem copied from a badly edited encyclopedia; and the characters of both novelists are not individuals but symbols of some single human passion, creatures of one idea, whose living representatives usually obtain care and comfort, but not liberty. M. Zola was in no sense a realist, so far as the word denotes a writer who describes that which he has seen, and that only. He obtained his facts in the same way as the other romanticists; that is to say, by aid of an imagination that fed on books. The story of 'L'Assommoir,' for instance, was taken from 'Le Sublime,' by Denis Poulet; and the local colour, even in regard to some of the names, was obtained from the same source. Again, to the making of 'La Débâcle'—the story of a campaign in which the novelist took no part—there went, M. Zola tells us, more than a hundred works.

If the question of the degree of genius be excepted, the only difference between Victor Hugo and M. Zola, as novelists, is in regard to the spirit in which they regard humanity. This difference, however, is fundamental, and it is the explanation of M. Zola's apparent originality of method. The author of 'Les Misérables' had so high an opinion of human nature, even at its worst, that, described with his dazzling rhetoric, a convict appeared an heroic

soul, beside whom, it has been said, a man of the middle classes who fights against temptation and leads an honest life, seems like a sinner beside a saint. The author of 'La Terre' went to the other extreme, picturing mankind, with equal rhetorical exaggeration, as vicious and hideous animals, compared with whom the goat were continent and the tiger mild.

Few writers before the time of Zola could claim any mastery in representing the facts of existence. Till then novels had been tales more or less after the manner of the 'Arabian Nights.' They lacked the central conviction that the life of man was a nightmare of sensuality, crime, drunkenness and nervous disorders. Moreover, the people who lived before the age of Taine and Claude Bernard had not shaped their existence in accordance with the very latest scientific and pathological hypotheses. In many cases they even struggled against the circumstances of their lot and overcame them, which was an absurd thing to do, having regard to the novelist's idea of the law of environment. Worse still, they were often described with dangerously contagious sympathy as possessing virtues which had no place in a 'realistic' conception of the universe.

It must not be overlooked that the new movement, which did away with all this, was essentially the adoption of a rigorously materialistic standpoint. In regard to method of construction and to style, there is little or no similarity between Balzac, Flaubert, the De Goncourt, Zola, Maupassant and Huysmans. The main point of agreement is their theory of materialism, of which Balzac's novels are the most complete, and Zola's novels the most extreme, expression. According to this theory, man, when all pleasant illusions are put aside, is a machine driven by a few well-defined appetites common to all animals, and only dominates his fellow-beasts by reason of being craftier, fiercer, and more devilish. This was called reality; and to write novels based on this fundamental conception of human nature was to be a realist. And the realist, recognising the gulf that separated him from the novelists of an earlier day, was no longer content to be a mere man of letters. He bestowed upon himself the title 'homme de science.' The ennobling and purifying power of literature had no more place in his work than

it would have had in a scientific monograph on earth-worms.

Scientific monographs however do not enjoy a very large sale; and the realist did not wish to be a man of science in this respect. Consequently he had to find some other means of making his novel attractive to the general public. This was easily done. Not having the delight which an artist would have had in appealing to the higher instincts of a reader, the realist appealed to his worst. This was the triumph of the novel of misery. Of all classes of society the lowest was that which the realists loved most to describe. Here, they explained, was man, unsophisticated by civilisation, in all the vileness and bestiality of nature. To picture him required not art, but merely insensibility. With this, one was able to treat of matters so horrible in themselves that a gift of description, which, if employed on the wholesome aspects of life, would be regarded as commonplace and insignificant, appeared remarkably powerful and effective.

M. J.-H. Rosny in 'Le Termite,' a poor and unpleasant novel of French literary life between 1880 and 1884, analyses this development of 'the realistic movement. The aim for him and for a hundred other writers of that day was to descend into the foulest places (*boyaux*) of low life. Unconsciously they formed a code of composition by which charm was interdicted, and only trivial situations and an entirely materialistic standpoint permitted. It appeared artistic to exaggerate defects; and blame was attached to any optimism in regard to mankind, collectively and individually. The formula of the note-book, of life taken down as life, of the verity of the thing seen, of the spoken word, of the real occurrence, became sacred. Suppression was forbidden, transformation of facts disallowed, and any use of a constructive conception condemned. 'There was, above all,' M. J.-H. Rosny says, 'the abolition of all that was noble, generous, disinterested and beautiful, in the evolution of the beings evoked.' ('Le Termite,' p. 35.)

About this time, MM. Rosny—for J.-H. Rosny is the *nom de guerre* of two brothers—were amongst the most able of the younger realists. M. Huysmans said in 'Là-bas' that J.-H. Rosny was the best of Zola's pupils, but this was too generous an abdication of his own position.

That MM. Rosny at first imitated very closely the author of 'L'Assommoir' is clearly seen in their earlier works, such as 'Le Bilatéral,' a study of the Parisian socialists and anarchists. Another of their first novels, 'Nell Horn, de l'Armée du Salut,' is perhaps a better example for our present purpose, as it deals with the lower classes in London. In this it resembles most of the other novels of misery which we propose presently to examine as representing the beginning and the end of the realistic movement in England.

'Nell Horn' justifies so completely MM. Rosny's condemnation of the French realistic novel of the eighties, that we are surprised they should have recently republished it. It is a disagreeable book, badly written and badly put together. An unwonted sense of pity is wholly insufficient to redeem its faults; and, save for the fact that it was written by authors who afterwards produced works of singular and attractive qualities it would long since have been justly forgotten. The style is very irritating, consisting partly of French words strung together on an English idiom, and partly of a somewhat less enigmatical diction, which, however, has none of the merits of sound French prose.

No doubt, in 1882, when MM. Rosny appear to have been in London, the subject seemed a very promising one. It occurred to a young English author also about the same time. 'Let me get a little more experience,' Mr George Gissing said, 'and I will write a novel such as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England.' The horrors of the slums of Paris were almost exhausted; and for a French novelist, London, as the scene of description, was in itself a fine discovery. Even the Anglicisms were, at that time, meritorious. Zola had been accustomed to put into print expressions that no man with a feeling of self-respect would dare to use in any society. If his pupils surpassed him by using phrases which had never been uttered by man on earth, it was only to obtain a similar effect of reality!

The story of Nell Horn may be told in a few words. She was a pretty working girl, who joined the Salvation Army, and by chance became acquainted with a Frenchman staying for a while in London. She thought he honestly wished to marry her. He, however, deceived

her, undermined her faith, and deserted her ; and in order to obtain food for her child she was compelled to go deeper into the mire. The theme, it will be seen, does not display much originality in its selection ; but one does not ask a realist for originality of invention. Of all the tales of misery it is the one which in its main lines has been the most often told, and the one therefore that requires the utmost novelty of treatment. This was obtained by picturing the manners of the lower classes in London, which were doubtless strange to the French novel-reading public. The rantings of the men who vent their wrongs and opinions in Hyde Park and other open spaces are given literally, and the description of the meetings of the Salvationists, of their battles with opponents, and of the aspect of Hackney Road, would be creditable work for an apprentice reporter. J.-H. Rosny, in fact, shows us that he lived in London for some time, and always carried a notebook. Such translations as 'totaliseurs de thé' for teetotalers, and 'garde-noir' for blackguard, are slight indications of the demerit of 'Nell Horn.' Even as a realistic study, it is superficial. With all its photographic detail it exhibits no knowledge whatever of the fundamental characteristics, social or psychological, of the London poor. It is as interesting, and only as interesting, as ordinary newspaper work ; its note of actuality has been obtained at the expense of all permanent literary value.

Yet, even in this early work, MM. Rosny distinguished themselves from the school of Zola by a sense of pity for the patient and suffering creature whom they described. And it was no doubt this healthfulness of conception in regard to human life that led them to draw up and publish in the French press, on the appearance of 'La Terre,' their famous protest against the cynicism and scurrility of M. Zola. In this they were joined by M. Paul Margueritte and three other writers, who had hitherto been the obedient pupils of the master of the realistic movement. Less, perhaps, by reason of 'la protestation des cinq' than by the revulsion which the work itself produced on every sane reader, the realistic movement practically came to an end in France on the publication of 'La Terre.'

MM. Rosny, like M. Margueritte, were men of original mind, who, so long as they subordinated their genius

to the methods of M. Zola, seemed scarcely to possess talent. In 'Daniel Valgraive' they revealed themselves, as M. Margueritte did in his fine study, 'La Force des Choses'; but neither of these is a novel of misery. In 'L'Impérieuse Bonté,' the authors of 'Nell Horn' returned to the question of the lower classes, and showed themselves as idealistic as they had been realistic. About this time their former master appears to have placed himself at their feet and learned morality and kindliness. M. Zola, the apostle of nihilistic pessimism, was actually converted to the idea of the innate goodness of human nature. The belief in the final victory of righteousness became a valuable literary asset, and M. Zola also set to work to regenerate France, but in the strangest possible way. Even when he wished to promote virtue, he was more disgusting than many a writer with worse intentions; and, as M. Anatole France said, his purity cost him dear, for he paid all his talent for it.

The most sincere admirer of MM. Rosny's genius finds in 'L'Impérieuse Bonté' more to make excuse for than to praise. Their fault is that they are the most learned of novelists, and are at times ostentatiously so. They have translated stories from the languages of ancient India, Egypt, and the Semitic races; they have written books on prehistoric subjects; and in modern science they are what M. Zola pretends to be, well-read. One is not made aware of all this in reading MM. Rosny's best novels. The reader is more struck by their insight and imagination, their nobility of conception, the magic of their descriptions of natural objects, especially of the changing aspects of the sky, and by the loving fidelity of their portraits of children. Above all, there is in their finest work a poetic quality which is to be found in none of their contemporaries, and for which one forgives them very many defects. These merits are not entirely absent from 'L'Impérieuse Bonté,' but they are obscured by an unfortunate vocabulary, consisting largely of a mere jumble of scientific terms, unintelligible without a glossary. That strange style, *l'écriture artiste*, also increases the unintelligibility. Besides all this, the book has a great defect; it is not a novel; it is merely a partial and unconvincing statement of a theory which has much in common with the evolutionary theories of Mr Benjamin Kidd.

The thesis of the work is a fine rhetorical idea of a Charity Organisation Society with an executive of men of individuality and genius, heroic souls who will combine the virtues of all the saints and the abilities of the greatest statesmen with the detective qualities of Sherlock Holmes. They will abolish vice and poverty from the earth. Not only will they rescue those who have suffered shipwreck in life through accident more than through lack of ability, but they will also shelter the incurably miserable, the idlers in body and spirit, the tramps and loafers; for these types of character, that cannot exist under the yoke of modern civilisation, may be as necessary to its future development as the plagues of bygone days were necessary to the development of the science of modern sanitation. This dissertation is broken by fragments of narrative concerning Jacques Fougeraye, a young enthusiast in social reform, who is made almoner to a millionaire, and converts him partly to his views.

In 'La Charpente,' a later sociological romance by MM. Rosny, there are happily fewer words for an ordinary reader to boggle at. On the other hand there is no story worth mentioning, and the principal character talks more than Jacques Fougeraye. The book contains his opinions on the middle class, the aristocracy, and the people; and in order to find occasion to explain his views he associates with the different grades of society. In this novel MM. Rosny have lost all interest in their marvellous Charity Organisation Society. We are presented, instead, with what looks like a humorous perversion of Mr Herbert Spencer's analogy between the animal organism and the social organism. The aristocracy and the middle class constitute the framework of our-leviathan; and it appears well established that the working-classes are the skin! The third part of 'La Charpente' deals with the sufferings of this sensitive outward layer, sufferings which no Jacques Fougeraye would now think of removing, for it is by suffering that progress is obtained!

Magnificent developments, it seems, keep occurring in France in the art of novel-writing, while English authors, such as Mr George Meredith and Mr Thomas Hardy, still continue to describe men and women and natural scenery from an obsolete, unscientific point of view. The fault of the English mind, as Mr. Wells has recently pointed out,

is its dislike of ideas, its love of mere fact. It cannot accept a theory for the theory's sake. Even in the matter of literary art, what can we show against all the new principles that the French writers of late years have exemplified and exhausted? Realism, impressionism, idealism, symbolism, satanism, neo-catholicism, and twenty more! What have we to compare with such a play of ideas? True, we have had the æsthetic movement and the Celtic Renaissance, but even these have obtained little support from the general reading public.

Of all our novelists, Mr George Gissing has shown himself the most open to the influences of continental literature; but we doubt if even he, at the beginning of his career, set himself docilely to translate into English the last achievements of the realistic school of France. That they served as a slight impetus to his work is unquestionable, but he was too true an artist to be a mere imitator; and, even though he had in his youthful days a wish to equal their 'glorious effects of filth and outrage,' he had not the heart to do so. Some of the 'efflorescences' of his very early works no doubt hindered the appreciation of the original qualities which he exhibited, but they were merely passages of youthful braggadocio, and most of them have been omitted from later editions. His first novel, 'Workers in the Dawn,' published in 1880, it would be unkind to criticise minutely. It was promising, but very immature. It shows what books influenced Mr Gissing when he was twenty-one years of age, more than what powers of observation he was to develop; for his characters are distinguished chiefly by the opinions which they are given to express concerning humanitarian matters and the conflicting theories of Comte and Schopenhauer.

In 'The Unclassed,' published four years later, Mr Gissing made a great advance in the foundation of the novelist's art, in insight into human nature and experience of life. In spite of this, however, Mr Gissing still showed that he had yet to learn that the first quality of art was sincerity, and the second, in regard to his talent, moderation. Unfortunately he chose a very difficult and unpleasant subject, in the exposition of which all signs of his defects of insincerity and extravagance were intensified by the nature of the theme—a theme which only a man of genius, of the highest sincerity and self-restraint,

had the right to attempt. The hero of the tale, Osmond Waymark, was, like Mr Gissing, a young novelist, whose first novel concerning the lower classes was not a success. To him are allotted the passages of braggadocio to which we have referred.

‘Two supreme artists,’ he says in one of his outbursts, ‘are at work in the creation of the world,—God and the Devil. Some of us delight to imitate the former, some the latter. In the work of the Devil I find my own delight and inspiration. I have only to go out into the streets all night to come across half a hundred scenes of awful suffering or degradation, every one of which fills me with absolute joy. There is nothing of malice in this; it is simply that every human situation is interesting to me in proportion as it exhibits artistic possibilities, and my temperament is especially sensitive to the picturesque in what is usually called vileness. Thus, for instance, prostitution, and everything connected with it is my highest interest.’ (‘The Unclassed,’ iii, 9.)

It is, in fact, this difficult and unpleasant subject that is dealt with in ‘The Unclassed’; but Mr Gissing’s work is far from ranking with De Goncourt’s ‘La Fille Élisa.’ Instead of taking a low view of human nature, Mr Gissing, it seems to us, rated it too high. The story, in brief, is that of an unfortunate girl of strong and original disposition, who inherits, partly through her own obstinacy, her mother’s calling, but who is redeemed by her love for the literary hero, Waymark. Their marriage, in circumstances of prosperity, ends the romance. In effect, the book is not unlike the ‘New Arabian Nights.’ The figures resemble those in the late Mr R. L. Stevenson’s tales by the manner in which they become acquainted with one another; but what in Stevenson was art was in Mr Gissing artlessness. Some of the characters are not realised, and in other cases their characterisation does not justify their actions. Abraham Woodcock, for example, is laboriously endowed with all the qualities of the general type of petty usurer—the analysis occupies six pages—and yet, towards the close of the book, he becomes a repentant and generous grandfather, who might have brought to a happy ending some Christmas story by Dickens.

As a matter of derivation, Mr Gissing, in his earlier essays in fiction, owed more to Dickens than to any realistic novelist. We say this in spite of the fact that many

of the observations made by his hero might have appeared in the declaration of faith of some very young disciple of realism; for these passages, we think, represented not the result of Mr Gissing's own reflections, but the course of his 'reading.' Nevertheless, Mr Gissing did not imitate Dickens with the obsequiousness with which Mr George Moore, who began to write novels about the same time, imitated the French realists. The inspiration was indirect. Mr Gissing had not the master-faculty of the author of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and he did not counterfeit it. But in studying the works of Dickens, he appears to have seen how much of the real gloom had been left out of the picture of the London populace; how much what was eccentric and humorous had been insisted upon, and how much what was joyless, and yet equally representative, had been omitted; and this darker and more unrelieved side of lower London life Mr Gissing determined to describe.

The result was seen in 'The Nether World,' which appeared in 1889, and it justified the attempt, for the novel was impressive and original. Dealing mainly with the working-classes, however, the work contained neither any 'glorious effects of filth and outrage,' nor any realisation of a character of great nobility of soul, which, to paraphrase the saying of Renan, quoted on the title-page would vindicate the use by an artist of such effects. 'The Nether World,' in fact, is hardly a correct title, as it is not a description of the lowest depths of London life. The hero, Sidney Kirkwood, is a working jeweller in a good position; Clara Hewett, whom he marries, is a girl of intellect and personality; and Jane Snowdon, whom he should have married, grows up into a kind, sensible, capable woman.

Yet for all this, 'The Nether World' is one of the most depressing and powerful of the novels of misery. It is written in a spirit of despondency which affects one more keenly than all the outrageousness of the realistic school. The exceptional natures of the principal actors are fairly and sympathetically portrayed, only to intensify the hopelessness of their struggle to escape from the dull, mean, and yet respectable, condition of the working-classes. And it is also implied, unfairly, but skilfully, by means of secondary figures, that the picture is a repre-

sentative one. Some of the characters are described as patient and tender-hearted; but this, it seems to us, is only done in order to show how useless their virtues are, how cunning, avarice, and cruelty, as personified in other characters, make all their efforts unavailing. Mr Gissing even went out of his way to make the creatures of his fancy unhappy. He was very unkind to Clara Hewett. She had obtained the part of the leading-lady in a touring company. A capable actress, waiting for an opportunity to reveal her power, her position was well assured; but, as she entered the theatre, an angry rival, by means of vitriol, disfigured her for life. Returning home, she renewed her acquaintance with Kirkwood, and covering her horrible face with a thick veil, she induced him to marry her, despite the fact that he was deeply in love with another woman. These incidents are as 'romantic,' to use Mr Gissing's word, as the idealism of 'The Unclassed.' They are, however, of a piece with the misfortunes that overtake most of the other characters; and if these occurrences do not strike the reader as too improbable for belief, it is because of the skill by which Mr Gissing, in the story, sustains the atmosphere of wretchedness which they serve to intensify.

Yet the general sentiment of the novel is not so much pessimism as idealism in revolt. The author, with the intolerance of youth, was dissatisfied with the world as he found it, not because it was the worst of all possible worlds, but because it was not the best. His standpoint, we think, had become a purely personal one; and it was only by depicting in his hero and in the woman he marries two exceptional natures, discontented with their condition, that he was able to write so sincere and impressive a novel. Like Turgenev's 'Virgin Soil,' 'The Nether World' has, in addition to the texture of incident and characterisation, a social interest. As a picture of the lower classes we do not think it a fair one. Judging the proletariat from the standpoint of his own culture, Mr Gissing saw clearly all their defects, but overlooked many of their good qualities because he did not then share them. Most artists are able to endow the creatures of their imagination only with the powers which they possess or sympathise with; and the power which Mr Gissing lacked and did not appear to appreciate justly in others,

was that exuberance of animal spirits of which, in literature, Dickens was the incarnation. A man of sensitive and refined nature, with little spontaneous gaiety, whose temperament is moulded as much by a reaction from mean and vulgar surroundings as by the direct stimulus of culture, is apt to foster a feeling of pitying contempt as a protection against the coarse, vigorous animal life around him. And although Mr Gissing, even in his earlier days, was too strong to give way wholly to this feeling, there still remained a mixture of pity and disgust in his descriptions of the populace. To picture with sympathy or gusto the diversions of a Bank-holiday crowd at the Crystal Palace, one must needs have the merry, kindly eye of a Dickens in selecting the picturesque details and overlooking the unseemly; or else that fierce delight of a Mérimée or a Rudyard Kipling in all the manifestations of the rude energy of life, which would enable one to forgive the accompanying vulgarity. With Mr Gissing a feeling of abhorrence and distant compassion effaced all other sensations, and his ironical description ends in an attack of the nerves. 'A great review of the people. Since man came into being did the world ever exhibit a sadder spectacle?'

It is not as a study of the lower classes that 'The Nether World' resembles Turgenev's novels. The Bank-holiday scenes, and the Peckovers, the Snowdons, and other subsidiary figures are not the essential part of the book. The real interest lies in Clara Hewett, and, more especially, in Sidney Kirkwood. Kirkwood, like Turgenev's Bazaroff, is the study of a type. A good workman, but without the force of character or the power of mind which would enable him to rise far above his fellows, he had been made unhappy through being educated above his position. All the highest refinements of life, its social charm as well as its intellectual tastes, he had sufficient receptive capacity to esteem and hunger after, but not sufficient ability to acquire. He represents not an inconsiderable class of men, and a class that is increasing in number and in discontent. He is a product of a system of universal education which, instead of making technical instruction more thorough and more general, and thus replacing the obsolescent custom of apprenticeship, gives the more sensitive, and often the least powerful minds,

intellectual needs that they will, for the most part, be unable to gratify.

In 'Thyrza' and 'Demos,' two other earlier novels of Mr Gissing, there is the same forcible representation and gloom in dealing with the lower orders as in 'The Nether World'; while the better classes, shown by way of contrast with their culture of mind and character, are described with an admiration so general that one can understand how it was that Mr Gissing, some years ago, saw more clearly the demerits than the merits of the rougher people. Mr Gissing's novels are in one respect a history of his opinions; and it is only fair to say that this merely reactionary admiration was soon replaced by a more critical view. In 'The Whirlpool' and other later works the deficiencies of the cultivated world are observed with a maturity of power much in advance of the impressive but narrow conception underlying the earlier novels, which alone come within the scope of this article. Even 'Thyrza,' the story of a disastrous attempt to introduce the faint sweetness and feeble light of culture, as a means of salvation, into a district of working people, must be passed over here.

'Demos,' on the other hand, is, like 'The Nether World,' a striking study in what MM. Rosny would call the psychology of the English proletariat. In 'Marc Fane,' MM. Rosny exposed the meaner side of French socialism, with the leaders intriguing against each other and against any recruit of ability who threatens their pre-eminence. In a work far superior in point of art, Mr Gissing gives us a subtle and interesting analysis of the vulgar and selfish side of British socialism. The defect of MM. Rosny's figures is that they are symbols, and, at times, merely speeches with a name; they represent ideas more than individuals. Mr Gissing, without the eloquent fervour and enthusiastic faith of the authors of 'L'Impériouse Bonté,' is a better novelist. His characters are, first of all, portraits of living beings, and only in a secondary way types; and this only because they have been selected as embodying typical qualities. For instance, Richard Mutimer, in 'Demos,' is mainly interesting because of his energy and ambition, although, as a socialistic agitator, personifying some of the best attributes of the working-classes, he has also a representative value. Possessing

a force of will that Mr Gissing's heroes often lack, he is analysed very clearly, and not always unsympathetically; and the manner in which his characterisation justifies his actions is a skilful piece of work. Our only regret is that Mr Gissing did not make the novel an equally convincing sociological study. He might have shown how a sincere and upright working-man, who held extremely one-sided ideas of socialism, was forced by his experiences as an employer of labour to see the other side of the question and relinquish the childish theory of the equality of men. Richard Mutimer is not sincere and upright. He is an ambitious egotist, wholly without natural refinement, who subtly changes his political creed when, by the death of a relative, he becomes himself an employer of labour. He is not a type of the man who rises by his own ability: he never would have risen; and the position of wealth and power which he by chance inherits is designed by Mr Gissing to show on a larger scale the essential vulgarity and selfishness of the agitator's nature.

All the characters of the novel are well realised, and one of them, Emma Vine, is a nobly-pathetic figure. In Mr Gissing's portraits of humble and patient sufferers there is never any excess of sensibility; in fact, he often seems to describe, in comparison with Coppée and Daudet, more the squalor than the pathos of their lot. In this instance, however, his restraint is more affecting than the tearfulness of the French writers. Emma Vine was a working-girl, whom Mutimer had engaged to marry, but whom, when he became rich, he cast off, leaving her not only in extreme anguish of mind, but in circumstances of increasing poverty and with increasing responsibilities towards the children of her drunken sister. Through all her troubles the girl remains silent, forbearing, and—this is art—natural. The reader of her story experiences that cleansing and ennobling emotion which is the effect of real tragedy. When Mutimer dies, his widow, who is also a woman of fine nature, visits Emma, and, more by sympathy than by converse, divines the greatness of the little dressmaker.

Adela went away with a heart not altogether sad; it was rather as though she had been hearing solemn music, which stirred her soul even while it touched upon the source of tears.' ('Demos,' iii, 206.)

Mr Gissing, since his knowledge of life has increased, since his art has grown more objective, has written better novels than the earlier works which we have mentioned. He is the representative in English fiction of the development of the novel into a kind of criticism of some social movement, and he excels most of the living continental writers of this school by the greater complexity and individuality of his characterisation; but he has never described a more noble creature than Emma Vine.

It is one of the paradoxes of art that the sufferings of those born into misery are the least fit matter of a tragedy. It is easy to make them melodramatic, either in the sentimental or in the realistic manner; the reality of Mr Gissing's genius is shown by the fact that even in his earlier tales he did not often resort for effect to what R. L. Stevenson, in his essay on Victor Hugo, calls

'that sort of brutality, that useless insufferable violence to the feelings which is the last distinction between melodrama and tragedy.'

To make a tired and ailing beggar, lost upon a wild heath on a stormy night, as tragic a figure as King Lear, would require a force of sublimity greater than that which Shakespeare exhibited. But it would, of course, be easy for any writer with the talent of a descriptive reporter to make the beggar a more horrible figure. Describe him, with repulsive detail, as eaten away by disease, fainting with hunger, and revealing in delirium the utmost degradation of the human soul, and you will produce an overpowering impression upon the mind of any one foolish enough to read you. But all this would have no more relation to art than the physical shock which a man might experience in witnessing a frightful street accident. This 'physiological effect,' as Tolstoy calls it in a criticism of the realistic novel, is generally employed by a man who wishes to write something effective but is powerless to obtain this end by means of art; or by a man who, as Ruskin puts it, delights in convulsion and disease for their own sake, and who finds his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the sufferings of humanity.

Zola, Huysmans, and Mr Kipling! Tolstoy places them together. It must, indeed, be admitted that Mr Kipling has in some of his tales written as pitilessly, as brutally,

for the mere sake of effect, as either Zola or Huysmans. In one of these stories, 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot,' he uses the 'glorious effects of filth and outrage,' which Mr Gissing discussed, but hesitated to employ. As Mr Kipling had, for the purpose of the novelist, rediscovered India, so he further quickened the art of fiction in England by showing the material that lay unused in the foulest slums of London. The story of Badalia Herodsfoot and her husband, Tom, who, when they had been married two years, 'took to himself another woman and passed out of Badalia's life, over Badalia's senseless body,' who robbed, ruined, and deserted the other woman, and who then returned to his wife, knocked her down, and kicked away at her head so that she died of the injuries, might, perhaps, have been intended as an essay on social reform, and not as a work of art. In the same way Mr Kipling's tales of Mrs Hawksbee's adventures were, perhaps, written, not with the gust of immorality with which Maupassant wrote similar stories, but as awful examples of vicious conduct adduced by way of edification. We cannot, however, regret that Mr Kipling has not returned to the brutal surroundings of Badalia Herodsfoot. They offer too strong a temptation to the lower side of his forceful personality.

Mr Arthur Morrison, one of the first to follow in Mr Kipling's footsteps through the slums, did so with the most humanitarian purpose.

'It is the artist's privilege,' he says, 'to seek his material where he thinks well, and it is no man's privilege to say him nay. If the community have left horrible places and horrible lives before his eyes, then the fault is that of the community; and to picture these places and these lives becomes not merely his privilege, but his duty.' ('New Review,' xvi, 318.)

Consequently, either our poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, and our novelists, from Richardson to Meredith, are not artists, or else they have sadly neglected their duty. Perhaps, however, misery did not exist in their day; or it may be that, owing to some erroneous theory of aesthetics, they considered art to be something entirely different from the sensational description of the disgusting, the vicious, the bestial degradation of mankind.

Although Mr Morrison imitated Mr Kipling, it must

be allowed, if effectiveness be the measure of artistic worth, that he possessed greater genius, for his characters represent lower depths of degradation. Tom Herodsfoot, for instance, is a poor hero compared with Billy Chope. Billy Chope, while living on the earnings of his mother, saw how profitable it would be to have two women to labour for him instead of one. He married, therefore, a factory girl, and obtained a considerable increase of income until his wife became a mother and was no longer able to work, when he sent her out in the streets to get him money. Another tale in the interest of social reform, entitled 'A Poor Stick,' relates how a husband became half-witted in consequence of his wife's infidelity; another, 'Without Visible Means,' how working-men rob their fellows, not only of their money, but of their tools, and leave them to die.

These essays in philanthropy appear to have been so successful that Mr Morrison wrote a novel in the same spirit.

'It was my fate,' he says, 'to encounter a place in Shoreditch where children were born and reared in circumstances that gave these children no reasonable chance of living decent lives: where they were born foredoomed to a criminal or semi-criminal career; . . . I endeavoured to do my duty by writing a tale wherein I hoped to bring the condition of this place within the comprehension of others.'

The tale was 'A Child of the Jago.' We think Mr Morrison must have found his duty a very pleasant one. As the intention of his book was not that of a work of art, he was able to cover its lack of construction and characterisation by describing things so horrible in themselves that they would lend an air of brutal strength to any book in which they were narrated. In point of construction, the novel, as a story of the career of a child of the slums, does not give enough space to the principal figure; on the other hand, as a description of a square of two hundred and fifty yards in which 'the human population swarmed in thousands,' it wants that stir of multitudinous life, that movement of the crowd which is necessary to such a picture. There is no sensation of reality in this respect, even in the accounts of the street-fights. Moreover that verisimilitude of presenta-

tion which should be the note of a novel pretending to exhibit only facts, is destroyed by violent coincidences in the plot. That Perrot, for example, should have been unlucky enough to break into the house of the captain-general of London burglars—the one crime the consequences of which he could not hope to escape—is as violent a coincidence as any that occurs among all the imitations of 'Sherlock Holmes.' 'A Child of the Jago' also resembles such later works of Mr Morrison as 'Martin Hewitt, the Investigator,' in that the figures are distinguished more by their crimes or criminal tendencies than by any attempt at characterisation. Weech, the villain of the piece, seems to have been drawn with the greatest care; but he is merely an amalgamation of two well-known characters of Dickens—a Uriah Heep carrying on the business of Fagin.

In spite, however, of these defects, it is indisputable that in 'Lizerunt' and 'A Child of the Jago,' Mr Morrison surpassed, in point of effectiveness, the author of 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.' In fact, as soon as Mr Kipling had shown the way to the slums, he was surpassed in all that he had aimed at by many writers who, like Mr Morrison, have displayed but little talent in other directions. But Mr Morrison has been, in his turn, outdone by a later writer, Mr W. S. Maugham, the author of 'Liza of Lambeth,' who, apart from his greater realistic effect, wrote with a frankness of intention which gives him an advantage over the author of 'A Child of the Jago.' The usual humanitarian motive he did not feign; and finding it pleasant and easy to describe the animal side of the lower classes, he related his story more effectively than any other writer of his school, because he made less pretence of being either an artist or even a social reformer, and more openly enjoyed the scenes of filth and outrage which he depicted. The story itself, a miserable tale of the seduction of a factory girl, does not call for remark. Originality was another quality that Mr Maugham did not pretend to have. His novel stands out from the others, partly because it is written as photographically as the criminal law of England in its present state allows; and especially because of its absolute vulgarity, it having pleased the author to exhibit, in the passages of conversation which occupy most of the book, the vernacular idiom

at its worst; imbecile grossness having been his only idea of wit and humour, and inexpressive and irritating barbarisms his only means of forcible statement.

About the date of the appearance of 'Liza of Lambeth' the English writers of the same kind of novel were sufficiently numerous to constitute a school of fiction feebly imitating the French naturalistic movement in the eighties, described in 'Le Termite' of MM. Rosny. The English authors, however, did not combine under the influence of any theory of philosophy or æsthetics. Their movement was purely commercial in its origin. Save in regard to the works of a few authors of genius too inimitable to be counterfeited, every novelty in English fiction—such as 'The Prisoner of Zenda' or 'A Window in Thrums'—that meets with success is at once imitated by a class of writers whose special office it is to convert into a trade each happy inspiration which at first was not without art. The fact that the works now in question had not from the beginning any pretension to art, made them easier to manufacture. M. Le Goffic, in his book 'Romanciers d'Aujourd'hui,' gave a list of over forty French novelists who wrote after the manner of MM. Zola, De Goncourt, and Huysmans. Our list of their echoes, in which, unfortunately, Mr Thomas Hardy, as the author of 'Jude the Obscure,' stooped to take a place, would consist only of twelve names; and we do not think that from a literary point of view the list would possess the slightest interest. Even an examination of the general character of the tales would merely serve to show how very scanty, after all, was the new material for fiction which Mr Kipling found in the slums, and how seldom it was handled with any originality of method. We need not refer to the grosser subjects. But how many descriptions, almost identical in treatment, are there of a fight between two men about a girl? J.-H. Rosny, by a happy simile, likens the struggle to a combat between two knights for the favour of a noble dame. It strikes Mr Morrison as a battle for Helen of Troy, whilst Mr A. St John Adcock calls his story, in which the lady herself enters the lists, 'Helen of Bow.' In another tale—we have already forgotten the name of the writer—the prize of beauty is described after the fray by both her champions. Another topic, the desire of the very poorest people to give their dead respectable

burial, is a common theme for humorous sketches; and, indeed, MM. Rosny, Mr Morrison, Mr Maugham, and Mr Pugh are perhaps at their wittiest in dealing with this pleasant weakness of human nature. As we have mentioned Mr St John Adcock, it is only fair to say that in many of his stories in 'East-End Idylls' and 'In the Imago of God' he described with sympathy and restraint the obscure and patient sufferings of the weak and outcast. With his talent for characterisation and his gift of kindly humour he might have lightened more than he did the generally gloomy cast of his work. Mr Pugh's 'Tony Drum' is another exception from the school of crude and violent effects; and this tale of an imaginative little cripple of the slums only required some art in the telling of it in order to survive all the other books by the same author. It is possible that Mr Pugh's failure to handle the subject with adequate charm and delicacy was due to the fact that he had blunted his artistic perception by relying on the most horrible and outrageous sensationalism, by describing such a scene as that in which one of his heroes strangles a woman of the streets, and, when she is dead, bites off her fingers and commits other abominations.

During the vogue of the slum novel in England, there was a similar vogue in the fiction of the United States. The two movements were, we think, independent of each other, their resemblance being perhaps due to the common qualities of the two nations, and to their common derivation from the novels of the realistic school in France. As a matter of fact, Mr Kipling's tale, 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot,' had but little priority in date of appearance to 'Maggie: a Child of the Street,' a finer story of the same class by a young American writer, the late Mr Stephen Crane, who republished it in 1896. In this first work of the author of 'The Red Badge of Courage,' one can easily see from whom he learnt his art. Mr Stephen Crane would not have appeared so surprisingly original if he had written in French. As the passages relating to railway engines and wheatfields in 'The Octopus,' by a recent American novelist, seem to have been paraphrased from 'La Bête Humaine' and 'La Terre,' so the style of Mr Stephen Crane's earlier works appears to have been modelled

upon *l'écriture artiste* of the De Goncourt. This impressionistic manner of writing, with its repetition of unnecessary details for the sake of the strange effect obtained by repeating them, its omission of the essential features for the sake of the strange effects obtained by omitting them, its staccato sentences and its other mannerisms, strikes one, at its worst, as the symptom of a nervous disorder more than an innovation in style, and, at its best, as a diction with pictorial qualities that redeem its artificiality. It is undoubtedly curious as an experiment, but one soon wearies of it.

'Maggie' is the New York version of 'Nell Horn' and 'Liza of Lambeth.' She was a rare and wonderful production of a tenement district, a pretty girl. Her father and mother drank and quarrelled, and, by reason of the horror and misery of her home, she drifted into evil ways. The remainder of the story relates her degradation and death. It is told with effect and restraint, in a series of snap-shots, vivid with detail and yet not disgustingly explicit. Its main fault, we think, is a want of logic in the characterisation. The figures are mechanical in their conduct; they seem like curious pieces of machinery in spasmodic action. Yet, for all this, 'Maggie' is the best of all the recent novels of misery; and, together with 'George's Mother,' it represents the talent of the late Mr Stephen Crane employed in its immaturity and upon difficult subjects, but employed with the instincts of art.

If we were considering, generally, the novel of the slums, we should have to mention another class of writers who can scarcely be said to have described only the misery of the poor. But, as in the case of 'De Profundis: a Tale of the Social Deposits,' by Mr William Gilbert, published about 1864, many of these writers, while continuing the traditions founded by Dickens, exhibit in their works all the great defects in construction which only the genius of a master could force us to overlook. Mr Pett Ridge, however, as an exception, deserves notice. For, although he takes a wholesome view of human life, yet we hardly think it can be denied that he describes one side of the existence of the lower classes with as much reality as any of the realists. His novels of 'the social deposits' have many of the faults of 'De Profundis,' and we consider them inferior to his shorter tales and

sketches, for in the latter he happily relies almost entirely on the gift which makes his books worth reading. His real merit consists in the liveliness and vigour with which he describes the rough humour of the London crowd; and in this he claims kinship with Dickens himself. The fact that he has not attempted to create any memorable figure, such as Sam Weller, is owing quite as much to the difference of his method as to his want of power to conceive such a character. In the 'Sketches by Boz,' the merest caricature of a human being is singularly drawn; but in Mr Pett Ridge's work the boisterous manners and rude incisive banter of his personages are the mark not so much of the individuals themselves as of the class to which they belong. Moreover, while these studies are generally so true to a type as to appear to have been rapidly sketched from life, Dickens' idiosyncratic creatures seem to have been evolved out of their author's own abundant vivacity of spirit. To say that Mr Pett Ridge seldom paints the very darkest side of life is but to define and commend his talent. He is a man of humour who prefers to smile where others groan; and we may well be grateful, for 'humour is as rare as genius.

Another American writer who describes the 'tenement' life of the great American cities truthfully and not realistically is Mr Jacob A. Riis. Mr Riis's sketches are as effective as those of the school of filth and outrage; but as he writes in a spirit of charity and pity he has succeeded in strongly influencing public opinion, while the realists have only impressed a little circle of readers with a sense of their descriptive power, which was often only a power to disgust. The other American writers who, for a time, found their material in the slums of New York and Chicago are scarcely known in England; and even the most promising of them, Mr George Ade and Mr J. K. Friedman, must, in our judgment, produce finer work before their English rights become very valuable. Mr Ade is certainly not without talent, but some of his books strike us rather as ingenious journalism than as literature; and he has still to discover that the slang of the Chicago streets is not, as an instrument of expression, equal to the English language. Mr Friedman's last novel would have been a very interesting study of one side of the great industrial undertakings of the

United States if he had connected his scenes by means of a representative incident instead of by a love affair between two young people of the better classes. This defect notwithstanding, it is a meritorious piece of work, which proves that a novelist of ability finds better subjects in the world of work and business and social movement than in dreary and monotonous slums. Even Ibsen has hardly succeeded in investing the business of a sanitary inspector with any tragic significance.

There remains, of course, the philanthropic motive. Our design, however, has been merely to deal with the novel of misery as a form of art, and therefore we have not referred to those writers of fiction who only pretend to ventilate the difficult problems which Mr B. S. Rowntree has properly discussed in his recent work, 'Poverty : a Study of Town Life.' A novel, as Goethe said, proves nothing. The novel of the imperfections of the social scheme is, even at its best, as in 'Les Misérables,' a singularly unconvincing form in which to write a treatise on the condition of the lowest classes ; and when it is written after the manner of Mr Richard Whiteing's 'No. 5, John Street,' it can only influence the opinions of that body of readers who appear to exist for the mere purpose of making poor novels popular. Yet readers of this class have certain negative virtues for which they deserve credit. They require, as the price of their patronage, that the novelist shall adopt their standpoint in art and morals. Now in art their standpoint is very low, but in morals it is not altogether despicable. Consequently they have neglected the novels of the writers who relied upon 'the glorious effects of filth and outrage,' in spite of the fact that the artistic qualities of these works were, generally speaking, exactly consonant with their taste. This lack of popular encouragement would not have put an end to a real movement in literature. Of all the school there would have survived some artists who would have held to their conceptions from the love of their art. But, as we pointed out, the recent vogue of the novel of misery was purely commercial in its origin, and, like most commercial undertakings, it was discontinued so soon as it was discovered that it did not pay.

Art. III.—THE GAME-LAWS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

1. *Oke's Game-Laws*. Fourth edition. Edited by J. W. Willis Bund. London: Butterworth, 1897.
2. *Sport in Europe*. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. London: Sands, 1901.
3. *Notes for Travellers and Sportsmen in the Sudan*. Cairo, 1901.
4. *Game-Laws in brief*. New York: 'Forest and Stream' Publishing Company, 1901.
5. *Codes-Manuels du Chasseur et du Pêcheur*. By Gaston Lecouffe. Paris: Girard, 1900.
6. *Sammlung der deutschen Jagdgesetze*. By Josef Bauer. Neudamm: Neumann, 1891.
7. *Législation de la Confédération et des Cantons*. Bern: Michel, 1895.

SPORT with rod and gun has been so long regarded as the inalienable prerogative of the Anglo-Saxon all the world over, that we are apt to make light of the sporting customs and game-laws of other nations. Here and there, as in Scandinavia, it is true that the Briton was the pioneer of sport, and found his recreation in their lakes and forests before the natives themselves awoke to the sporting possibilities of their otherwise not over-productive country. In the vast majority of cases, however, though the sport of angling may have lacked recognition among the upper classes, the *chasse*, in some form or other, has long been established, formerly as the privilege of Court and clergy, latterly as the right of all who choose to pay the necessary taxes and obey such other regulations as are framed for the protection of the game. These laws, as drafted and administered in the different countries, have an increasing interest in these days of easy travel; and it is the object of the present article to examine a few of the first principles on which they are based in the chief Latin and Germanic communities.

We do not preface this enquiry with any preliminary remarks on the definitions of game and trespass, property and poaching, vermin and shooting rights; for such matters belong rather to the legal specialist, and it is from another point of view that foreign game-laws are to be briefly reviewed in these pages. Nor have we

regarded it as essential to a proper understanding of the subject once more to go over the somewhat hackneyed ground of the ethics of game-laws generally. There is a curious style of argument that professes to blame the law for the very crimes that it aims at suppressing. If there were no game-laws, we are told, there would be no poaching. This is undeniably true, because if there were no game-laws there would soon be no game. The lesson taught and learnt in every land with indigenous or acclimatised game worth the name, is that game-laws are an absolute necessity; and some of the most democratic communities in both America and Australasia have uncomplainingly submitted to sporting-laws more rigorous than those which survive in some of the oldest monarchies of Europe.

In the majority of cases Englishmen will have no difficulty in understanding those broad principles which have inspired the framing of foreign game-laws, though local requirements have often modified the application of these principles. Thus, the question, comparatively unimportant in this country, of indemnifying the agriculturist for damage done by game, whether bird or beast, assumes quite different proportions in Belgium and Germany, where wild-boars thrive in the neighbourhood of cultivated land, and are not merely destructive to the crops, but even dangerous to man. In most European countries, therefore, not only may the boar be hunted at all seasons and without licence (Sardinia alone protects the animal between March 1 and November 15), but those who rent sporting-forests are compelled by law to keep the number of boars reasonably low, even if they have to go to the trouble and expense of organising grand battues for the purpose.

One or two aspects of sporting-laws in other countries find, it is true, no counterpart in these islands. We have not, for instance, the passion for acclimatising new game-birds which seems to possess our neighbours. The Scotch grouse, as a case in point, latterly turned down in western Germany, near Malmedy, or the Brazilian *tinamu*, acclimatised in almost every country in Europe, must soon be provided with special close-times in accordance with their seasons of reproduction where these differ from those of the indigenous game-birds provided for in older codes.

Again, the suppression of vermin other than boars is another serious consideration in some continental countries, of which we have no conception at home. In each of the two dual kingdoms, for instance, Austria-Hungary and Scandinavia, the Government offers large rewards every year for the destruction of birds and beasts of prey; while in Portugal the private 'Associação dos Caçadores Portuguezes' holds out a similar encouragement.

The difficulties arising out of a complicated code of conflicting laws in the various states, counties, departments, or provinces of a country are also almost unintelligible to ourselves, so long have we been accustomed to a practically uniform sporting-code for the United Kingdom. It is true that the hare is protected in Ireland, and not in England or Scotland; but such slight local variations do not affect the general uniformity of our sporting-laws. A disorder yet more incomprehensible to English sportsmen may arise on frontiers between countries or divisions of countries. Thus, the close-times in force for wild-fowl in the estuary of the Scheldt are so various that wild-duck may be shot a fortnight earlier on the Zeeland shore than on that of North Brabant. On Lake Champlain, again, which lies between New York and Vermont States, the Vermont laws are more lax than those of the other State, with the result that New York anglers are seriously handicapped in their black-bass fishing.

Among the cosmopolitan principles which inspire the legislators on game in many lands, mention may be made of the prohibition of night-shooting, of shooting in the snow, and of fishing through the ice. Sunday shooting is only discountenanced by ourselves and in some parts of the United States. In continental countries, however, as well as in other parts of the States, not only is Sunday shooting widely practised, but Sunday is a favourite opening day, and, in some cases, cheaper permits are issued for Sunday sportsmen. As regards the illegality of night-shooting, it may be borne in mind that, whereas it does not in this country cover wild-fowling, fighting or otherwise, this is not the case in America, where such sport is unconditionally forbidden. In some countries the exact meaning of 'night' is very strictly defined, generally as embracing the period between one hour after

sunset and one hour before sunrise; but in others the meaning is extremely vague. Similar ambiguity rests upon the condition that can be defined as 'snow sufficient for tracking purposes'; while the conditional illegality of fishing when ice covers all or only part of a lake has also in great measure to be determined by the eloquence of the advocates or the humour of the law-courts.

The subject of big-game extermination was discussed in these pages* at the time when a convention was signed at the Foreign Office by representatives of the Powers concerned in African development; and it seems desirable, by way of bringing our account of the question down to date, and also as a general introduction to the more characteristic Anglo-Saxon methods of protection, to touch briefly on the new Sudan regulations promulgated in the latter part of 1901. They are in every way admirable. Not only does the combined system of heavy licences and limited bags promise efficient protection of the threatened species, but the authorities have guarded most effectually against any contemplated evasion of this bag-limit by the payment of licence fees in more than one *mudiriah* (i.e. divisional district). This means that the tusk-hunter will not be able to shoot his two elephants in the *mudiriah* of Kassala, and then proceed to bag other two in the *mudiriah* of Sennaar. In all the five game districts into which, for convenience of administration, the Sudan has been parcelled out, we find unconditional protection extended to the zebra, wild-ass, eland, giraffe, rhinoceros, chimpanzee, secretary-bird, shoe-bill, and ground-hornbill. The hippopotamus, on the other hand, which is absolutely protected around Kassala and in the northern province, may, on payment of somewhat heavy fees, be shot elsewhere; and similar conditions apply to the elephant, buffalo, ostrich, and various kinds of antelope. The authorities at Khartum, not satisfied with these already effective measures, have further imposed export-fees on living or dead specimens of almost every animal likely to attract the sportsman or collector, and have set aside a large game-reserve for the exclusive use of officials.

Another regulation, which we have not yet mentioned, suggests a digression upon a subject which must be near

the heart of every sportsman. We should welcome the promulgation of an analogous rule by the County Council which controls the district of the Broads, for it inflicts a penalty of 5*l.* on any one shooting from the Nile river-steamers, either in motion or at rest, except at crocodiles; and even this practice, as the wording quaintly has it, 'is to be deprecated as being more dangerous to the riverain population than to the crocodile.' In very few countries is sufficient attention paid to the careless handling of firearms. With ourselves, there is no sign of any endeavour to prevent shooting accidents, except perhaps in the intention, as suggested above, of the Acts prohibiting shooting at night. In America, indeed, the frequent casualties and fatalities in the deer-forests have caused a general outcry; and the game-laws of the State of Maine go so far as to fix a maximum penalty of ten years' imprisonment, or a fine of a thousand dollars, for any one who, 'while on a hunting trip, or in the pursuit of wild game or game-birds, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds, or kills, any human being.' Those who condemn the low value put upon human life in the United States should bear in mind this unusual legal recognition of responsibility. Where, as now and then happens, an Indian is the victim of a sportsman's carelessness, political considerations complicate the case, for the Indians, who do not perpetrate such criminal blunders themselves, are not unnaturally loud in their reproaches.

It is proposed to make it compulsory in American forests to wear distinctive red caps and jerseys. This attire would inevitably lessen the chances of a good bag, since every experienced deer-stalker knows he must adapt his costume as closely as possible to the background and environment in which he shoots. Nevertheless, the added security may well be worth the price. It must be admitted that shooting fatalities are less common in this country; yet it is not long since a wild-fowler was accidentally shot in the eastern counties, being taken, as he stood up in his punt by moonlight, for a rising bird, and, as such, at once bagged by another gunner concealed among the reeds.

Let us now take notice of some of the more remarkable regulations that affect fishing and shooting in other

countries. We cannot, of course, include every country in this enquiry. We must pass over Russia, which in Europe alone embraces some seven hundred and fifty million acres of sporting territory, and which for all time protects its Lithuanian bison, but, on the other hand, cancels all close-times for the benefit of Siberian exiles who may depend for their bare living on the spoils of the chase. We must spend no time in Turkey, with its loosely framed, and yet more loosely interpreted, 'Règlement de Police,' with its vague March to August close-time for all game, its protection from trap and call of every small bird, with a single exception in the quail, the one bird of passage that most needs protection, and its arbitrary fixing of close-seasons for the fishes and crustaceans. This last example of legislation is most remarkable and almost without parallel, for the *merdjian*, a favourite sea-fish, was protected from March to August in 1899; red mullet were protected during April and May, 1900; then both prohibitions were cancelled, and lobsters in their turn were given a period of immunity. Of the *laissez-faire* noticeable in Japan since the decline of the feudal régime, of the comparatively ineffectual *ley de caza* in Spain, of the mild and inadequate penalties prescribed in Denmark, our tour of enquiry can take no notice; but even with these omissions it may perhaps afford material for a comparative study of the world's game-laws.

The game-laws of France are not, as has already been indicated, a credit to the legislature of that country. As France so long and so strenuously upheld feudal rights, in sport as in other aspects of the national life, it was only to be expected that she would, in the Revolution, witness the most complete *volte-face* in her game-laws. That such was the case, the records of that terrible time abundantly show; but reaction followed reaction, and the excessive liberty allowed to every patriot who had converted into some sort of a fowling-piece the gun which had been given for sterner work, soon attracted the opposition of the agricultural element, so that some semblance of a game-law was hurriedly formulated to meet the new requirements. Ever since that time it may be said that the French Government has incessantly tinkered at its new code, here introducing some strange anachronism from the old, there devising an altogether novel and

amazing expedient to check some real or fancied evil, until there is more law and less repression in France than in any other country in the world. No one perusing the highly complex sporting-laws of modern France would anticipate such widespread complaints of unchecked poaching, on the part of magistrates and deputies in close sympathy with the offenders, and of sportsmen at their wits' ends to preserve the last remnants of a once unrivalled game-list.

Indeed, the French associations and leagues of sportsmen and game-preservers have long despaired of the magistrates, and are now accustomed to take their complaints direct to the Minister of Agriculture or to the Minister of the Interior, according to the jurisdiction within which the particular offence falls. Having owned to sore confusion in our own laws, it will perhaps not be blamed as a throwing of stones at other glass-houses if we pause to notice one or two still more remarkable contradictions in those of our neighbours, who profess to have retained in its severe purity all that was worth preserving of the old Roman law. Now there is a rule in France touching that vexed question, the reduction-to-possession of game—that a peasant who finds dead or wounded game may retain it, if the sportsman who killed it has given up the search. Yet who shall say when such a search is 'given up'? Surely we can all recall occasions when, almost at the end of the walk back to the dog-carts, our eyes always on the ground, our dogs ranging to right and left and sniffing the failing scent at the close of a cold day, we have picked up grouse or pheasants that must have flown or run an amazing distance after receiving their death-wound. Can we be said to have 'given up' the search merely because we perhaps deferred the recovery of one or two birds that we were confident of having mortally hit?

In their definition of 'vermin,' too, our neighbours lack the clearness that shows itself in the lists of some other lands. Thus their *bêtes fauves*, which (if they threaten damage to the crops or live-stock) may be destroyed by landowners at all seasons and without licence, include the boar, fox, roe, otter, weasel and polecat, but neither the rabbit nor the hare, though these also may be treated in the same summary fashion. In

England we compel landowners, like any one else, to take out a game-licence and to respect the established close-seasons. In France, on the other hand, the anti-socialist principles that characterised the Government of the 'bourgeois' king carried, in 1844, a law (still valid) which allows the owner of a walled or fenced estate to shoot on that estate at all times of the year, day and night, and without any licence whatever. With ourselves, again, gun and game licences taken out in the mother-country are valid only within its limits; but the French *permis de chasse* covers both France and Algeria, and may be taken out in either country.

French anglers have even less reason to congratulate themselves on the laws enacted for their benefit than their brethren of the gun; and a more singular admixture of petty control on the one hand and lax indifference on the other it would be difficult to find. The 'after dark' clause in the French fishery-laws, for instance, which bears but one interpretation, and is free from the ambiguity already noticed in sundry shooting restrictions to the same effect, deprives the angler of those two most precious hours of his summer' fishing, the hour after sunset and the hour preceding sunrise. Why fishing should be prohibited during these two periods it is hard to say. There can be no question of the concealment of illegal engines—nets, traps, and the rest of the poacher's paraphernalia—for daylight in June and July lasts more than an hour after sunset and begins more than an hour before sunrise. Side by side with this inexplicable prohibition, M. Dupuy, full of zeal in the interests of the working-man angler, introduces his cheap permits for Sunday fishing throughout the close-season—a suicidal measure that France has lately borrowed from Belgium, where the Sunday permit during the fence-months has long been popular. Such friction with riparian owners as from time to time attracts general notice on the Thames and other of our sporting rivers, could never arise in France, for, instead of enjoying exclusive fishing-rights from his own bank, the French riparian owner on all navigable waters enjoys no rights whatever, the right of fishing being vested in the State, and therefore in the people at large. Each system has its advantages and its drawbacks. In England, riparian owners, secure in their

rights, are encouraged to interest themselves in the maintenance of the stock of fish and to spend large sums in introducing new kinds. In France, angling is thrown open, at a small charge, to the mass of the people. It thus becomes a valuable source of revenue to the State; and, though the sport is naturally indifferent, the mass of the people is content.

Yet the French are ruining their streams with a continual extension of privileges. Until recently we always confessed that their laws had the advantage of our own in restricting the meaning of legitimate angling in State waters to the use of one rod or other tackle held in the hand. Those who are familiar with the banks of our lower Thames on Sundays during the open-season need no reminding of the pot-hunters who fish with two rods. The second rod is, in our opinion, to be condemned, less by reason of the number of fish that it takes, than because of the many which, not being struck and played at the right moment, merely regain their liberty with torn jaws. Until recently such a result was not possible on French streams; but the latest modification of the French law legalises fishing with tackle not actually held in the hand, but placed within reach of the hand—a method answering to the Thames practice that we have deprecated.

Let us, however, be just, and own frankly where we opine that our neighbours have still the better of us. It appears to us that if Mr Mundella's Act fixing the fence-months for coarse fish be satisfactory in years of early summers, it cannot also answer the requirements of the case in years when summer is late and the rigours of winter retain their dominion over the waters until far into the spring. The only possible expedient, then, would seem to be a shifting close-time according to the climatic conditions of each year. This is the French practice, and here it is that the French have the advantage of us. Each year the fence-months for fishes and the close-times for other animals are published, at a sufficiently early date, in the official gazettes. A similar system obtains generally on the Continent and in most parts of America. We alone retain our stationary close-times, fixed and immovable; and in this rigid conservatism our insularity is not seen at its best.

It is necessary, in comparing the laws of another

country with those of our own, to make the proper allowance for different conditions, for without such breadth of view the value of the comparison is slight. We have, for instance, from time to time heard complaints on the part of Englishmen residing in France—and consequently considering themselves entitled to all manner of privileges withheld from French subjects—of the somewhat complicated procedure incident to taking out a game-licence, or *permis de chasse*, in that country. These exiles contrast, with home-sick regrets, our own simple purchase of the game-licence—and no questions asked—at the nearest post-office, with the French routine of application to the local mayor, who in turn procures the *permis* from the Minister of Agriculture. Yet there is good reason for the distinction, as these critics might easily perceive for themselves. Whereas in England the game-licence is a purely revenue-making device, without any protective object, and whereas, furthermore, it carries with it little right to shoot, save on private lands efficiently patrolled by keepers, the French *permis* bestows considerable sporting rights over and above the mere right to kill game. Large tracts of open shooting exist in France such as are not to be found in England, our free shooting being for the most part confined to shore shooting of doubtful quality; and the French authorities have consequently to take precautions that would be quite outside the province of our Excise. No *permis*, for instance, is issued to applicants under sixteen years of age; and even those of less than twenty-one years require written leave from a parent or guardian. Applicants are also debarred whose parents are not on the list of ratepayers, a disqualification which almost places them on a footing with persons convicted of vagrancy, beggary, or theft.

We have already said that French anglers have little reason to rest satisfied with the existing laws; and, in fact, they have lately petitioned the Minister of Agriculture to apply to fishing a law analogous to that which has operated so successfully in the repression of poaching elsewhere, chiefly by means of handsome rewards voted by the authorities to keepers who bring delinquents to justice. This system of rewarding the informant, the reward being often in a fixed ratio to the fine, is very common in continental states, particularly in Italy, where, as we shall presently have occasion to show, the old codes of

each province are still in force, in spite of nearly half a century of attempts to pass a uniform law.* That French rivers are in sore need of further protection is apparent from the increasing number of poaching cases reported; and one of these, from a western department, shows that the poachers have taken to ply their trade in open day throughout the close-season, merely concealing their features in linen masks with pierced eyeholes, not unlike the disguise formerly made famous by the Australian bushranger.

Such, then, is the unsatisfactory state of the sporting-laws in France. It might, perhaps, have been thought that in a land in which the shooting of game has been made the right of the many instead of the privilege of the few, the preservation of the game would in turn appeal to wider sympathies. This, however, is far from being the case; and the small and intelligent minority of Frenchmen who sigh for the reform of their game-laws finds itself as far as ever from the goal of its desires. The attitude of the authorities is not always easy to understand, but it would seem to waver between an increasing desire to conciliate the masses and an anxiety to foster the State revenues, amounting, approximately, to fifty millions of francs, which arise from the powder-tax, the game-licence, and the renting of sporting territories from the State. As a result, the game of France has dwindled seriously; and the French are as completely dependent all the year on supplies of foreign game as we are at Christmastide on the supplies of foreign geese and turkeys. We, it is true, import our quail—of which more hereafter—from the Mediterranean countries; but Paris alone appears to import from neighbouring countries something like two thousand tons of game every year.

This suggests a tempting digression, which, however, we must sternly curtail, on the laws affecting game-dealers, and the radical alteration that the popular estimate of that industry has undergone since the attempts made by Henry VIII, and, later, by James I, William III, and Anne, to put a stop to the traffic. The chief difficulty arises in the case of foreign game sold during the close-time. The burden of proof falls in these cases on the dealer; and

See also Carcani, '*Manuale dei Cacciatori*.' Livorno: Giusti, 1901.

the honesty of the dealer is not always proof against temptation. Black grouse, for instance, are constantly sold in Paris in the French close-time as Scotch birds; and if we seek an example of dishonest commerce from across the Channel, it is not because abundant evidence of similar roguery is wanting in our own country. In America, too, there is constant trouble from the same cause, and it is aggravated where certain animals are unconditionally protected over a term of years. Thus, the State of Missouri has now prohibited the sale of deer, quail, prairie-chicken, and pinnated grouse, killed within the territories of the State, for five years from 1901; but such game may be imported for sale from neighbouring States in which no such prohibition is in force. The difficulty of distinguishing legal from illicit supplies is obvious in such a case. As with ourselves, a certain number of 'days of grace' are allowed in which game-dealers must dispose of their surplus stock after the close-season has begun; and some excitement was caused in New York City, in the autumn of 1901, by the seizure of forty thousand head of game, including quail, duck, and snipe, all of which were found in the store-rooms of a well-known freezing company during the close-time. Even during the open-season most of the American States—Maine is a marked exception—impose exceedingly strict limits on the game that may be taken out of the State by sportsmen who have killed it by legitimate methods; and a case was lately reported * from Michigan, in which sportsmen, debarred from taking the game home to their friends, threw it to the hogs!

The game-laws of Germany and of Austria need not long detain us. Something has incidentally been said of both, and little more need be added. The confusion inseparable from want of unification in the sporting-laws will at once be evident by a cursory comparison of the close-times for Prussia and Würtemberg, as for instance:—

| Species. | Prussia. | Würtemberg. |
|------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Red-deer . . . | December 11 to August 31 | October 16 to June 30 |
| Fallow-deer . . | March 1 to June 30 | November 16 to June 30 |
| Badger . . . | December 1 to September 30 | February 1 to August 31 |
| Capercaillie . . | June 1 to August 31 | May 16 to August 31 |
| Duck . . . | April 1 to June 30 | April 1 to July 15 |
| Woodcock . . . | May 1 to June 30 | April 16 to August 31 |

* 'Forest and Stream,' December 14, 1901.

Although Prussia extends some six degrees of latitude farther north than the little kingdom controlled from Stuttgart, it would be difficult to show that climatic differences warrant so considerable a discrepancy between the opening or closing dates in the two cases.

On the whole, it must be admitted that in both Germany and Austria the game-laws represent the best traditions of the Germanic race and of Courts that have been firm supporters and keen followers of the chase. The love of sport is implanted in all the upper classes of both countries to a degree equalled only among our own; and it would be difficult to assign the palm of enthusiasm between such men as the veteran Emperor of Austria (when in his prime), the German Emperor, and the aged but unconquerable Prince Regent of Bavaria, who, having long since passed his allotted threescore-and-ten years, still hunts the savage boar on foot or waits at his post in the cold dawn for the love-spell of the capercaillie.

German fishing-laws are somewhat complicated, the guiding principle being apparently to reserve as much right as possible to the professional netsmen, and to make the sportsman pay the highest possible sum for strictly limited privileges. Attention has already been drawn to the proposal for a close-time for grouse, the latest addition to the German game-list; and, pending the passing of such an Act, all good sportsmen have resolved to limit each gun to a daily bag of one brace, which is moderate in the extreme. Another somewhat less distinguished game-bird has of late years been brought from over-sea, distributed from the game-farm belonging to M. Galichet, a very successful French breeder of acclimatised species, and introduced into German coverts by Lieutenant Neyman of Plohmühle, Herr Cronau, and other enthusiasts. This is the *tinamu*, a native of the Pampas. Whether the cat-fishes, which have been successfully introduced into many streams in both France and Belgium, will also receive a close-time of their own has yet to be seen.

The position of the gamekeeper in different countries is among those many interesting aspects of the subject under notice of which considerations of space compel the briefest of surveys. We have already had occasion to mention the admirable working of the French arrangement by which the keeper receives a substantial reward

on bringing delinquents to justice. The same principle is carried much further in Germany, where the 'Jagdschützverein' makes it its business not merely to pay handsome rewards in cases of conspicuous bravery or coolness, but also to pension the widows and families of keepers killed in the performance of their duty. The German game-keeper appears to have very full powers, and he is invariably acquitted if he kills a poacher, provided that he shoots him in front, the inference being that the poacher was threatening violence. In Belgium, on the other hand, the gamekeeper seems to be handicapped in doing his allotted work by all manner of vexatious restrictions, for he may only confiscate a poacher's gun in three cases: at night; when the poacher is violent; or when he is masked or otherwise disguised.* Another curious enactment in the Belgian code is that which permits owners of enclosed forests to snare woodcock on their own property for a quarter of an hour after sunset every evening from March 10 to April 15 inclusive. The British game-laws, as the reader is no doubt aware, regard the woodcock as game only for the gun, no licence being requisite to snare the bird; but this remarkable exception to the usual Belgian prohibition of killing game after sunset is a different matter.

It cannot be supposed that the game-laws of modern Greece will have for English readers the same interest as so much else relating to that classic land, yet we may devote a few lines to the two police regulations framed during the last decade of the nineteenth century by the Director of Police for Athens and the Piræus, and apparently taking effect only within his jurisdiction, which is limited to Attica. It is the first of these which chiefly concerns us, for the significance of the second is, as will presently be seen, rather political than sporting. The regulation dated February 16, 1891, is based on information that the practice of the peasants in setting traps for hares all over the country is not only dangerous to both man and beast, but also spoils the trapped hares for food; and further, that the unrestrained shooting of partridges and removal of their eggs must be regarded

* See Clerfayt, 'Guide du Garde-Chasse et Forestier.' Brussels: Vanbuggenhoudt, 1901.

as menacing the survival of the species. It therefore enacts that—

- a. The shooting* of partridges is forbidden between February 16 and July 20 inclusive, and all other beasts and birds, except such as are recognised as vermin, are protected between March 15 and July 20.
- β. The trapping* of hares, as well as exposing trapped hares for sale, is prohibited at all seasons.
- γ. It is also illegal to seek, use, or offer for sale the eggs of the partridge or any other game-bird.

It is unnecessary to give the various pains and penalties to be enforced for contravention of these clauses, but in the original these follow in some detail.

The second regulation alluded to, which bears date November 5, 1898, aims chiefly at the suppression of armed riots, for it orders that, 'considering that certain persons carry arms unlawfully, and that others, sportsmen, shoot in the vicinity of inhabited places and public roads,'

- a. No arms are to be carried in towns or villages.
- β. No arms are to be carried even outside a town or village, save by sportsmen, travellers, shepherds, or gamekeepers, and then only by the bearers of a duly stamped permit.
- γ. There must be no firing of guns within any town or village.
- δ. There must be no firing for sport or other practice near towns, villages, or high roads.†

As might be expected in so poor a country, Greece enjoys the cheapest licences to be found in Europe, for the sum of twenty drachmæ (a drachma being worth a trifle less than a franc) fixed by the stamp-law of 1887 has, since 1892, been reduced to five.

Italy and Portugal, though both Latin countries, contrast in a marked degree in respect of their game-laws.

* ἡ θήρα τῶν περδίκων - ἡ θήρα τῶν λαγωῶν. . . . The same word does duty for both trapping and shooting, and has been differently rendered to suit the requirements of the case.

† The definition of 'near' seems vague, but the original gives no clue to any estimate. Possibly 'within gunshot' is meant to be understood. ;

The former country appears, like France, to have become hopelessly democratised to the point of an extreme toleration of poaching in every form. Those who have rambled amid the beautiful Apennine scenery, or on the slopes of Vesuvius overlooking the Bay of Naples, or on the less ambitious heights of Monte Nero, which overshadows Livorno, must have noticed a singular lack of bird-life; and the Italians, not content with having practically exterminated their resident birds, have latterly turned their attention to the extinction of such visitors as the quail. The case of the quail is a very serious problem of modern game-legislators in continental countries, and is one which should have a special interest for Englishmen, since, justly or otherwise, their partiality for this excellent bird is, by common accord on the Continent, regarded as the chief incentive to its excessive destruction. A prominent Parisian sportsman, M. Jean Robert, has succeeded in obtaining a Franco-German convention to prohibit the passage of crates of quail over the railways during the close-season. Whether M. Robert and his friends are correct or not in their conviction that all these quails find their way to the London market, they are well advised in seeking to force on their respective Governments prompt measures for the protection of that ill-treated bird. It is probably, however, from Egypt, from Tunis, and from Tripoli that the check must come, for it is on the southern shores of the Mediterranean that the heaviest toll is taken of the passing flocks. Yet opinions are divided; and the Italian Government recently rejected a proposition to shorten the open-time for quail to a single fortnight in September. The season, which formerly lasted from August 1 to September 15, had already been curtailed of its first fortnight; and the authorities declined to put the opening day later than August 15.

Reference has already been made to the pressing need of a uniform sporting-law for all Italy, and some idea of the prevailing confusion may be formed when it is stated that whereas the mean close-time for Tuscany lasts about one hundred and twenty-seven days, that of the province of Aquila lasts only eighty-seven days. In Palermo, again, the close-time covers only the first fortnight of August; but even this disgracefully inadequate abstinence

is better than the licence accorded at Pollenza, where some methods of killing partridges are legal all the year round. This is the more strange, seeing that Victor Emmanuel II and his son Humbert I were enthusiastic sportsmen, and that the present queen follows in their steps. It looks, indeed, as if, even more than in France, the deputies were in some cases voted into the Chamber by poaching constituents, and kept there under pledge of jealously guarding the poaching interest. In this view we are merely repeating the opinions of Italian sportsmen themselves. In comparing the close-times enacted for Prussia and Württemberg, we took occasion to doubt whether climatic differences warranted such discrepancies; and it may be mentioned that it is precisely on the ground of these climatic differences, prevailing, for instance, between Lombardy and Naples, that Italian parliamentary lawyers justify the survival of so many provincial statutes. A quaint evidence of official distrust of the police, or *guardia civile*, is seen in the provision in Tuscany that those functionaries may carry a gun in close-times, but that the gun must be loaded with ball, not with shot! Local methods of trapping, too, unfortunately in such wide vogue throughout the Italian peninsula, necessitate in the provinces of Parma, Lombardy, Venetia, and Naples the legal recognition of a complex system of minimum distances, within which no trapper may approach others similarly engaged.

On the other hand, in Portugal, whose king is one of the keenest sportsmen in Europe, the discrepancies between the close-times of the different provinces are far less serious than in Italy; and the Lisbon district regulations simplify matters by imposing a general close-time for all game, lasting from March 1 until August 15, or, in the case of land under cultivation, until the crops are gathered—a very sensible reservation, which we do not remember noticing in the game-code of any other country. The cost of a game-licence is not heavy; and no distinction whatever is made in this respect between the native and the foreigner. Poaching offences, which seem to come comparatively seldom before the Courts, are not, we believe, legally distinct from common theft—a levelling of imaginary distinctions which we could wish to see in more general favour. An unusual but excellent rule

enacts that all game confiscated on public lands during the close-season shall be sent to hospitals and similar institutions. We have already mentioned the existence of a fishery convention between Portugal and her neighbour, Spain; but it cannot be contended that Portuguese fisheries are very prosperous, for neither salmon nor trout is legally protected, nor indeed does the former occur in sufficient quantity to induce the authorities to make special provision for its benefit.

Norway, a first-rate sporting country in a very different part of Europe, has always had a powerful attraction for British lovers of sport. We have already had occasion to refer to the active measures taken by the Government of that country to suppress vermin of all kinds; and to these, as well as, no doubt, to the climatic rigours of the *fjeld* during the greater part of the year, with snow falling early in September, Norway owes the wonderful survival of big game that to-day distinguishes it from the more accessible and more congenial regions of Europe. Yet it is questionable whether, if the Storting continues much further on its present course of making the laws increasingly severe upon foreign sportsmen and increasingly generous towards native gunners, the attractions of the reindeer and elk and roe can long endure. It is not against either the cost of his licence—a matter of rather more than five guineas—or the length of the close-times that the British sportsman would protest, if only Norwegian subjects were made amenable to somewhat similar restrictions. But he finds on reaching the country that, whereas he is restricted and controlled at every step, the native may go anywhere, and shoot at any time. It is virtually the foreigner alone who has to respect the close-times and to confine himself to a brief open-season of a fortnight for reindeer, twenty days for elk, and six weeks for red-deer. It would seem, indeed, as if the authorities, having suddenly awakened to the disastrous outcome of generations of waste—in 1894 alone upwards of twelve hundred elk and over seven hundred reindeer of both sexes were shot—had determined to fleece the foreigner by way of compensation. Nor is it fair to blame the sporting ‘Jæger og Fisker Forening,’ which has brought so much influence to bear on the codifying of the law, for this monstrous handicapping of the foreigner,

to whose purse that impoverished peasantry has owed so much relief during the last quarter of a century: the fault lies rather with the grasping 'patriotic' majority in the legislature. Whether, in the end, this partial policy will justify its inception and the uncommon vigour with which it has been pushed of late years, may well be doubted.

Even the notorious poaching of wild reindeer by wandering Lapps fails to turn the attention of the law-makers of Scandinavia to the mote in their own eye. In this indifference, however, it must be admitted that they are encouraged by the extreme difficulty of interfering in the operations of men who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The circumstances of the case, which may be somewhat new to English readers unfamiliar with that country, are briefly these. A Lapp, with a single dog, will wander over vast tracts of country, as pasture gives out, in charge of an immense herd of perhaps a thousand or more tame reindeer. Every now and again one of his beasts will quietly secede in the darkness and revert to the wild state. *En revanche* a wild reindeer not infrequently attaches itself to the tame beasts, whereupon, before it has time to repent of its sociability, the Lapp promptly shoots the new-comer, in or out of close-time, and lives sumptuously upon the meat.

One important sporting country of continental Europe, Switzerland, we have left for brief notice to the last, in order that its game-laws and those of the greater republic of the New World may to some extent be viewed side by side. In truth, with the vastness of the one and the variety of the other, something of the same confusion rules in both. The mountains and valleys of Switzerland are supervised by a composite but not too efficient force of private and cantonal keepers, foresters, and police, while those of the United States come under the control of game-wardens, whose functions and powers vary considerably in the different territories. The greater confusion reigns in the European republic, owing to the fact that both federal and cantonal open and close seasons are in force. The federal open-time for nearly all game lasts from September 1 to December 15, but is restricted to September for the chamois and marmot, and, in some Alpine regions, for red and roe deer as well; the cantonal

dates, on the other hand, vary to an extent that amazes even the Swiss themselves, and is completely beyond the comprehension of the foreigner. The chamois is the most esteemed beast of the chase, and in some localities—Fribourg, for instance—it may be shot only one week in all the year. According to special requirements, based on the reports of the gamekeepers, cantons are in the habit of proclaiming, on the shortest notice, long periods of immunity for the chamois, marmot, red and roe deer, or any other animal calling for special protection. The only point worthy of remark in connexion with Swiss shooting-licences, which vary in every canton and may cover either mountain or other game, is that the amount charged for the licence is proportionate to the number of dogs used.

We come, last of all, to the United States. The sporting legislation in that vast and heterogeneous league of self-governing communities is so interesting an example of all that is characteristic, for good and evil, of local government pushed to its extreme limits, that we regret having to restrict ourselves, at the conclusion of an already lengthy article, to the briefest account of a few of its more prominent features. As in other things American, there has been, and still is, a good deal of the experimental in the game-laws of the States. This is, in a measure, inevitable; and the net outcome of such experiments in legislation has sometimes been more salutary, let us frankly admit, than the anachronisms favoured by an older and more conservative constitution. The notion, that what was good enough for one's grandfather is good enough for oneself, is a notion that the citizen of the United States will not tolerate at any price; and this striving after improvement is conspicuous in his efforts at game-legislation. The only game-law of importance emanating from Washington is that which controls the transfer of living or dead game from one State to another; and that is not the happiest of laws, for it not only prevents the stocking of depleted States with, say, the superabundant quail of Indian territory, but it may even induce sportsmen to throw to the hogs, as we have already mentioned, game which they are unable to take away for their friends.

Another principle of general application throughout

the States, but separately adapted to local needs by each Government, is that which we have observed in the new Sudan regulations, of limiting the bag of big game. The Americans even extend this so as to include the rarer birds, though how the law is enforced in the case of booty so easy to conceal it would be interesting to learn. Thus, to give an illustration, the laws of Nevada allow each licensed sportsman only two male deer and two male antelopes in the year. In Nebraska the daily limit is ten wild-geese, twenty-five game-birds of other kinds, and twenty-five fishes; but the sportsman may shoot only one deer and one antelope, or two of either kind, in the year. In New Hampshire the angler is restricted to a daily bag of 10 lb. of brook-trout (*S. fontinalis*). Where, as in the case of fish, the alternative of weight or numbers is not clearly set forth in the code, difficulties are likely to arise. Thus, in Wisconsin, the angler may take away with him either two Muskallonge, a gigantic pike of that region, or 20 lb. of the fish. It happened that, towards the close of 1901, a successful angler caught a single fish far exceeding that weight. The game-warden is alleged to have made an attempt to prevent its removal, and to have given way only upon strong representation being made that, by the alternative, the angler was clearly at liberty to take home a single fish.

Both the woodcock and the rabbit enjoy special protection in some of the States. The woodcock is unconditionally protected in parts of New York State, such as Rensselaer County, until the year 1903; and nowhere in the State may the bag of woodcock exceed thirty-six head. The rabbit—it should here be explained that American ‘jack-rabbits,’ so-called, are in reality hares—is held in various esteem in different States. A large measure of protection is extended to the animal in Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Long Island, and other districts. In West Virginia there is no close-time for rabbits, but the prohibition of ferreting ensures to them a measure of security. In New Jersey, on the other hand, farmers are specially permitted, under a kind of Ground-Game Act, to trap rabbits all the year.

That preference given to native subjects which, in its most exaggerated form, we have had occasion to condemn in the case of Norway, also finds expression in many

parts of the States, where the payment of game-licences, as also the employment of local guides, is exacted only from non-residents. Another principle, which will be new to European sportsmen, but which has been found generally necessary and salutary in the West, is the official limitation of the gun-bore. Only shoulder-guns are, as a rule, allowed, and the largest calibre permitted in most of the States is the 10-bore.

The close-times established in the various States for such sporting-fish as the black-bass are no less divergent than those which apply to shooting. It is not unusual, indeed, to find different close-times for the same fish in two counties of a State. While Maine protects the black-bass from April 1 to July 1, Delaware protects it from November 1 to June 1. In Connecticut its close-time covers the months of May and June; in Pennsylvania, it extends from January 1 to May 30. Even if we make all possible allowance for differences in the spawning season, due to climatic or other influences, and remember that the ice may lie thick on the waters of one State for weeks after those of another are open, these close-seasons cover an extraordinary range, the true explanation of which must perhaps be sought in the afore-mentioned proclivity to experiment. One other law particularly applying to anglers is, we think, most salutary, and might with advantage be introduced in some European countries where sportsmen and naturalists show an unrestrained passion for introducing all manner of fishes, suitable or otherwise; we allude to the law which, in some States, forbids the introduction of any carnivorous fish without previous permission from the Government fish-culturist.

We have now glanced at the leading game-laws of many lands. Here and there a European country has been passed over as affording no evidence of sufficient importance; nor has account been taken of big-game protection in the East, or of the increasing importance of New Zealand as a country for sportsmen, the deer and trout of which, both introduced from Europe, are strictly protected by the Government. Yet our survey of other sporting-laws will perhaps have sufficed to confirm a preference for our own. Here and there perhaps, as in the afore-mentioned case of the shifting close-seasons

in vogue elsewhere, we have frankly owned ourselves at a disadvantage, but in the vast majority of cases the British game-laws of to-day may without fear stand the test of comparison. As a mean between the extreme feudal rigour still enforced in some Germanic states and the democratic licence of most Latin communities, our game-laws are preferable. With those who would abolish them unconditionally we have no parley. Game, whether feathered, furred or finned, should, in these days, be counted private property as much as dogs or horses, ; it costs its proprietor, as a rule, far more than its sale could produce. From the point of view of proprietary rights, it would be hard to distinguish the pheasants that haunt the coverts from the trees in which they shelter, or the minerals that lie beneath. To abolish the laws which protect game would not only destroy those rights, but would speedily wipe the game itself out of existence. Gun-licences are an incidental part of the system of protection, and, without inflicting an exorbitant tax on those who are otherwise qualified to use them, contribute an appreciable sum to the resources of the State. Yet it is important to differentiate the two principles involved—the making of revenue and the protection of the game. In continental countries, and in America, where the payment of the one licence entitles the holder not merely to kill game, but to kill it on vast territories open to the public, these objects are apt to be confused. In these islands, however, where even the higher game-licence is worthless unless held in conjunction with the right or the permission to shoot in preserved grounds, the principles are distinct. The only case in which British authorities impose a game-licence with the object of protecting game rather than for revenue purposes is that of the above-mentioned Sudan territories.

Art. IV.—THE ELIZABETHAN LYRIC.

1. *An English Garner*. Edited by E. Arber, 1877-1883. New edition. London: Constable, 1896.
2. *England's Helicon*. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Nimmo, 1887.
3. *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*. Two vols. Edited by the same. London: Bell, 1890-1891.
4. *Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age; More Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age; and Poems from Romances and Prose Tracts of the Elizabethan Age*. Edited by the same. London: Nimmo, 1887-1890.
5. *Lyrics from the Dramatists*. Edited by the same. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1891.
6. *The Works of Dr Thomas Campion*. Edited by the same. Privately printed. London: Chiswick Press, 1889.
7. *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. Edited by F. T. Palgrave. New edition. London: Macmillan, 1891.
8. *A Paradise of English Poetry*. Arranged by H. C. Beeching. London: Rivingtons, 1893.
9. *The Golden Pomp, a Procession of English Lyrics*. Arranged by A. T. Quiller-Couch. London: Methuen, 1895.
10. *The Muses' Garden for Delights*. Edited by W. B. Squire. Oxford: Blackwell, 1901.

IN the year 1600 there issued from the press an anthology called 'England's Helicon,' which may be taken as inaugurating, not only a new century, but also a new epoch in English literature. It was put together by a certain A. B., who is not identified, but must have been a person of remarkable taste in letters; and it was dedicated to a certain John Bodenham, of whom all that is known is that he was the projector of various volumes of elegant extracts. Tottel's Miscellany, published in 1557, the book of 'Songs and Sonnets,' by Sir Thomas Wyatt and Lord Surrey—which, as we learn from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' still represented poetry to the country gentleman at the end of the sixteenth century—had been followed after two decades of silence by a cluster of anthologies: 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices' (1576); 'A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions' (1578); 'A Handful of Pleasant Delights' (1584); 'The Phoenix Nest' (1593). But

though each of these contained some singable songs and readable verse, and the last of them, 'The Phoenix Nest,' displayed a few symptoms of the new era that was approaching, on the whole their names were the best thing about them. 'England's Helicon' marks a complete change of style. To open 'England's Helicon' is to pass for the first time into the Arcadia of pastoral poetry.

How had this remarkable change come about? It was due, not to any general renaissance of taste or learning, but to the initiative and genius of two men, Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Spenser. This becomes clear if we recollect that the Italian models, upon which this new literature was, to a certain extent, based, had been as accessible to Englishmen in the period of Wyatt and Surrey, who wrote while Henry VIII was on the throne, as in that of Spenser and Sidney. Petrarch wrote Latin eclogues as well as Italian sonnets. He was followed by Baptista of Mantua—the Mantuan whose praises are chanted by Shakespeare's pedant Holofernes. Then Poliziano wrote pastorals in Italian, and was followed by a crowd of poets; and in 1504 Sanazzaro, following a model set by Boccaccio in his 'Ameto,' published an 'Arcadia' in mixed prose and verse, which, together with its imitation, the 'Diana' of the Portuguese George de Montemayor, formed the prototype of Sidney's romance three-quarters of a century later (1580). Moreover, a very industrious verse-writer, George Gascoigne, who dominates the dreary interval between Tottel's Miscellany and 'England's Helicon,' was as 'Italianate' as Sidney. Gascoigne describes himself as 'Chaucer's boy and Petrarch's journeyman,' a style better fitted for Surrey, and entitles one of his books 'A hundred sundry flowers bound up in one small posy, gathered partly by translation in the fine outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others, and partly by invention out of our own fruitful orchards in England.' It is all very well therefore to ascribe the credit for the rise of pastoral poetry in England to the 'hotter spirits' of the South, and the direct inspiration of Sanazzaro; but the reason why that particular outlandish importation had not come earlier lay in differences of temperament and circumstance between the two men of genius, in many respects so much akin and alike in the unhappiness of their fate, to whom it fell to

mediate the Italian influence. The Earl of Surrey followed Wyatt in his preference for the sonnet; that was the direction in which he Petrarchised. Sir Philip Sidney also wrote sonnets; but the greater facility possible to him in this measure, on account of the pioneer's work already accomplished by Surrey, left him at liberty to subdue new provinces to the kingdom of English letters; while the closing to him, by the circumstances of his life as an Elizabethan courtier, of an active and adventurous career in the New World, gave him leisure and awakened a strong desire to find a braver world elsewhere.

It is interesting to remark that there is one pastoral song even in Tottel's Miscellany; and this is reprinted in 'England's Helicon,' and attributed there to Lord T. Howard, Earl of Surrey. Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, was the son of the poet, and, if the song be by him, it is his only known achievement in poetry. It is more likely that the T. in the ascription is a misprint. The poem is in many ways remarkable. It is written in the common ballad metre—a metre not known to have been used elsewhere by Surrey; but it is written with grace and skill, and with both odd and even lines rhymed. The pastoral names, too, are interesting. The nymph bears, probably for the first time in pastoral poetry, the name, afterwards so popular, of Phyllida; the lover's name, Harpalus, also an invention of the poet's, does not seem to have been borrowed by later writers, except by Sir David Murray in his 'Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus' (1611), and by Anthony Munday, who wrote a reply to Surrey's piece, which stands next after it in 'England's Helicon.' The poem opens as follows:—

'Phyllida was a fair maid,
 As fresh as any flower,
 Whom Harpalus the herdsman pray'd
 To be his paramour.
 Harpalus and eke Corin
 Were herdsmen both yfere;
 And Phyllida could twist and spin
 And thereto sing full clear.
 But Phyllida was all too coy
 For Harpalus to win;
 For Corin was her only joy,
 Who forced her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
 How often garlands make
 Of cowslips and of columbine,
 And all for Corin's sake!

It is obvious that we have here the work of a practised hand; but whence is the inspiration? Surrey was an excellent artist, but he is not likely to have chosen this new form for English pastoral without some more direct model before him than the popular ballad. The inspiration plainly is not Italian; what English fruit came from the study of Petrarch's and Sanazzaro's *canzoni* we shall see in a moment. What we have here seems to be a last inspiration from an old French pastoral tradition, distinct from the classical bucolics, perhaps through the medium of the Scots poet Henryson. Henryson writes in an eight-line stanza, which comes closer to the ordinary French form than the ballad metre: but it is not a far cry to 'Phyllida and Harpalus' from 'Robin and Makin.'

'Robene sat on gud grene hill
 Kepand a flock of fe;
 Mirfy Makynesaid him till:
 "Robene, thou rew on me;
 I have thee luvit loud and still
 Thir yeiris two or three:
 My dule in dern but gif thou dill.
 Doubtless but dreid I de."'

It is not possible to determine whether Sidney or Spenser was the earlier in the field with pastoral poems, because, although the 'Arcadia' was written during Sidney's retirement from court in 1580, and 'The Shepheardes Calender' appeared in 1579, it is probable that some of the 'Arcadia' lyrics, and perhaps some also of the 'Astrophel' poems, had already been written. Spenser is represented in 'England's Helicon' by two poems from 'The Shepheardes Calender'—'Hobbinol's Ditty in praise of Eliza, Queen of the Shepherds,' and 'Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay'—an excellent choice, because in these poems we have the real Spenser. In 'The Shepheardes Calender' we find occasionally quite another Spenser, a strong Puritan and anti-Bishop-of-London man, who elects to follow Petrarch and Mantuanus and Marot, as he himself was followed later by Milton, in confusing pastoral poetry

with pastoral theology, and who, in consequence, at any rate to a later age, is somewhat dull company. But nothing could be sweeter and fresher and more musical than these two ditties. In one important respect Spenser has harked back behind Tottel's Miscellany, and that is in his use of a tumbling measure. He may have affected this as a rusticity, or he may have deemed it Chaucerian, being a diligent student of Chaucer; for unhappily the secret of Chaucer's rhythm was lost when the inflections which are necessary to the scansion became mute in ordinary speech. Spenser never repeated these tumbling effects; perhaps his later study of Tasso and Ariosto converted him; perhaps Sidney argued him out of them; but he also never quite succeeded in repeating the music of some of these stanzas, which have all the first freshness of an April voice.

‘Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
 Like Phœbe fair?
 Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace
 Can you well compare?
 The red rose meddled with the white yfere
 In either cheek depeincten lively cheer.
 Her modest eye,
 Her majesty,
 Where have you seen the like but there?’

I see Calliope speed her to the place
 Where my goddess shines;
 And after her the other Muses trace
 With their violines.
 Bin they not bay-branches, which they do bear,
 All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to hear.’

‘The Shepheardes Calender’ was ‘entitled to the noble and vertuous gentleman most worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalrie M. Philip Sidney’; and just as Wyatt and Surrey stand together as the great twin brethren of the dawn of modern poetry, each having some necessary gift that the other lacked, so Sidney stands by Spenser. Sidney's poems fall into two classes—those that he wrote in the ‘Arcadia,’ and those that

he wrote as interspersed songs in 'Astrophel and Stella.' In point of time the two sets cannot be far distant from each other, but as poetry they are poles apart. Whether the explanation be that the latter were written with the heart as well as with the head it is hard to determine, for the question whether the love-making with Lady Penelope Devereux, who became Lady Rich, was matter of serious earnest or troubadour-like make-believe is one that divides the critics. Mr Alfred Pollard has no doubt that the love was genuine, Mr Courthope is as sure that it was literary. The strongest argument against the genuineness of the passion lies in the fact that in the poems the lady repels her lover and virtue triumphs; whereas Lady Rich did, some dozen years later, run away from her husband. The strongest argument on the other side lies in a comparison between the Stella series of poems and the tame and affected stuff reeled off in Italian metres throughout the 'Arcadia.' The following is a very favourable specimen of the 'Arcadia' lyric:—

'My sheep are thoughts which I both guide and serve;
 Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love;
 On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterve;
 I wail their lot but will not other prove.
 My sheep-hook is Wan-hope which all upholds;
 My weeds Desire cut out in endless folds.
 What wool my sheep shall bear, whiles thus they live,
 In you it is, you must the judgment give.'

Such writing reminds one of the charades that gentlemen used to write in ladies' albums in Miss Austen's days; and Sidney was capable of writing page after page of this insipid verse under the idea that he was writing poetry; whereas it can boast neither passion, nor imagination, nor distinction of phrase, nothing but facility in versification and in hunting a metaphor to death. But the reader has but to turn to 'Astrophel and Stella' to find songs with a note of passion as sincere and unforced, a style as fresh and buoyant, and as golden a cadence as any love-songs in English. 'England's Helicon' makes as usual a good choice among them, though it omits what is perhaps the most striking of all, viz. the eleventh song, a serenade in dialogue full of dignity and restrained passion. The first verse of this song contains what it would not be

extreme to call the finest use of an interjection in English poetry.

“ Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth ? ”
“ It is one, who from thy sight
Being, ah ! exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.”
“ Why, alas, and are you he ?
Be not yet those fancies changed ? ”
“ Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.”

But the serenade does not keep up its vigour to the close, and most of the songs err in being too long drawn out. ‘ England’s Helicon ’ chooses the fourth, with its admirable refrain,

“ Take me to thee, and thee to me : ”
“ No, no, no, no, my dear, let be ” ;

and the eighth, in which the lover is similarly repelled :

‘ Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framèd,
I should blush when thou art namèd.’

It includes also a song from the 1598 folio, ‘ The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth,’ familiar to all readers from its inclusion in the last edition of Mr Palgrave’s ‘ Golden Treasury ’ ; another, also in the ‘ Golden Treasury,’ which opens, ‘ My true love hath my heart and I have his ’ ; and a third, supposed, by those who hold Sidney’s passion to have been real, to express his first anguish at hearing of Stella’s intended marriage with Lord Rich.

‘ Ring out your bells, let mourning shews be spread,
For Love is dead !
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain,
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.’

After these great masters come lesser people. We have first a band of gentlemen, scholars, and play-wrights, born about the opening of Elizabeth's reign, and so, about 1580, of an age to feel the new influences that were being reflected between the court and the universities. Thomas Lodge and George Peele were at Oxford a little later than Sidney, and Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe were at Cambridge a little later than Spenser. But it is not the direct influence of Spenser or of Sidney that they exhibit so much as a foreign influence at first hand, making for smoothness and grace. Spenser's pastoral style was antiquated from its birth, and it had no posterity, though its occasional snatches of music must have laid a spell upon whoever had ears to hear them. Similarly Sidney's passionate sincerity and freedom from affectation were qualities too individual to found a school, though they also were not without their influence. Of the four lyricists above mentioned, Lodge and Greene were the more prolific, Peele and Marlowe the more inspired. Peele will come under notice when we pass to consider the songs of the dramatists; but mention must be made here of that beautiful 'sonet,' written to be sung before the Queen in a 'triumph at tilt,' 'His golden locks Time hath to silver turned,' familiar in this generation to every reader of 'The Newcomes.' Marlowe's contribution to the pastoral vogue consisted of one piece only, but that is likely to outlive its compeers. Every lover of English poetry has felt the charm of 'that smooth song made by Kit Marlowe; old-fashioned poetry but choicely good,' as Izaak Walton called it, which the milkmaid sung to him on Amwell Hill: even if his practical English mind has recompensed itself for its satisfaction by listening to the milkmaid's mother singing the answer to it 'made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.'

'Come live with me, and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountains yields.
 And we will sit upon the rocks
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

('England's Helicon.')

The lines are Marlowe's or nobody's. No one but Marlowe in that age had the mouth of gold. But Raleigh's reply in its more sober vein is not unworthy of its original.

'If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of care to come.'

Lodge and Greene have not a little in common; but, while Greene's poems are all distinguished by the clever management of their rhythm, carefully studied after Italian models, and also by an indefinable sweetness and grace, Lodge never quite ceases to be the clever amateur. His poems have fine occasional lines and stanzas, and, as a rule, they begin well. One of his openings,

'A turtle sat upon a leafless tree
Mourning her absent fere,'

is interesting as probably the suggestion of some exquisite lines by Shelley, formerly in the 'Golden Treasury,' but excluded for some inscrutable reason from the last edition. What Lodge's verses lack may be felt more easily than described by putting Shelley's version of his couplet beside the original.

'A widow bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough.'

A song translated from Desportes has an often-quoted stanza which shows Lodge at his best.

'The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices.
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms are wringing.'

This is tuneful and buoyant enough; so is another well-known stanza.

‘ With orient pearl, with ruby red,
 With marble white, with sapphire blue,
 Her body everyway is fed,
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
 Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Nature herself her shape admires ;
 The gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :
 Heigh-ho, would she were mine !’

But Lodge had an ear that could tolerate a line like ‘ And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.’ And even when the lines run smoothly their substance is generally thin and uninteresting. Greene is represented in the revised edition of the ‘ Golden Treasury ’ by Sephestia’s song to her child, ‘ Weep not, my wanton.’ A better poem is his ‘ Shepherd’s Wife’s Song.’

‘ Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king ;
 And sweeter too :
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
 His flocks are folded, he comes home at night
 As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier too :
 For kings bethink them what the state require,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?’

The poem has four more stanzas all built on the same pattern and running smoothly off.

There are other pastoral poets in ‘ England’s Helicon ’ who deserve recognition. There is Henry Constable, whose song, ‘ Diaphenia like the Daffadowndilly,’ has won for itself, by virtue of its happy first line, a place in anthologies. There is that strenuous poet Michael Drayton, who wrote so much and every now and then so well. Drayton’s early pastorals are rather clumsy

imitations of 'The Shepheardes Calender,' but they contain one fresh song added later, 'The Shepherd's Daffodil,' in the metre of 'Harpalus and Phyllida.' Nearly forty years later Drayton returned to the old theme, and in 'The Muses' Elysium' struck out a novel vein in pastoral, novel, at least, since Theocritus, by writing idylls of country life as it was actually lived in England. Then there are Richard Barnfield and Nicholas Breton, who excelled in the octosyllabic couplet, and prepared the way for the choruses in Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess,' which are the crown and flower of pastoral poetry in England.

Barnfield was an Oxford scholar and country gentleman, some of whose poems were long attributed to Shakespeare, owing to their inclusion in a small miscellany piratically issued in 1599, called 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' which bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page. From time to time still the effort is made to claim for Shakespeare the piece that begins, 'As it fell upon a day'; but the evidence for Barnfield's authorship is conclusive, and a comparison with Shakespeare's one poem in this metre reveals decided differences in style. There are, indeed, charming lines in Barnfield's poem, notably those about 'King Pandion,' but there are *longueurs*; and the editor of 'England's Helicon' has shown his good taste by cutting it in two and printing only the first half, with a new concluding couplet. Breton, in his 'Passionate Shepherd,' writes these catalectic octosyllables with Barnfield's ease but without his sweetness, for which he sometimes substitutes a very gratifying dash of humour. Moreover, as Mr Bullen points out, he loved the country and kept an observant eye. In Fletcher's writing there is an airy lightness that we do not quite find in Breton or Barnfield, while there is no less clearness and limpidity; and there is also a definite subject-matter which prevents the lines from becoming too diffuse. Along with Fletcher must be remembered George Wither, and his friend, William Browne of Tavistock. Wither at his best, as in the lines on the Muse in 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' is almost as good as Fletcher; but neither he nor Browne could learn the lesson that 'half is more than the whole,' and consequently to-day they lack readers. Still, the 'Mistresse of Philarete' will pleasantly wile away a long summer afternoon. Browne's book also, 'Britannia's

Pastorals,' is delightful reading under the same drowsy conditions, for Browne has that wonderful limpidity which is a lost art in England since Shelley died, and also he is entirely un-selfconscious. Unkind critics have called him garrulous; but he is not garrulous. He has that taking quality, the naïve talkativeness of a well-bred and intelligent schoolboy, heightened, of course, and touched to genius. But at present he can only be said to survive in one or two perfect lyrics: 'The Siren's Song,' 'Shall I tell you whom I love,' 'Glide soft ye silver floods,' 'Welcome, welcome, do I sing,' and the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, 'Underneath this sable hearse,' long attributed to Ben Jonson.

It remains to consider such lyrical writing in the Elizabethan age as fell outside the pastoral tradition, that is to say, the songs, which fall roughly, as songs do still, into two classes; songs written by poets, and songs written for music. Obviously the two classes are not mutually exclusive, but roughly, the distinction holds of Elizabethan songs as it holds to-day; and the two classes of Elizabethan song have come down to us in different ways, the one in the music-books, the other in the works of the dramatists. Speaking again quite roughly, we may remark in the two classes a difference in style. The songs written for music display an Italian influence; they are thin in substance and are apt to be thin in sound, being in intention little more than a hollow form for the music to fill. Their characteristic is that, they are smoothly written and exact in metre. The songs of the dramatists, on the other hand, follow the native English tradition, and inherit much of the character and feeling of the folk-song. They have commonly more substance than the other sort of song, as they arise out of the circumstances of the play; and being for the most part written by men of genius, they have generally a grace and music that leaves far behind the more formal work of the lutanist. The Elizabethan song-books were first brought within the view of this generation by the enthusiasm of Professor Arber, who reprinted in his 'English Garner' those of Dowland and Campion; and the fine taste of Mr Bullen has since collected into his various anthologies all that these and other song-books contain of poetical value. One book by the composer

Robert Jones, which eluded the search of Mr Bullen, has since been discovered and reprinted by Mr W. Barclay Squire. Some of the pieces in these collections are slight enough, mere words capable of dancing to music, but they are gracefully and lightly built. Here are two specimens :—

1.

‘April is in my mistress’ face,
And July in her eyes hath place;
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.’

2.

‘Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part;
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep, therefore, a true woman’s eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.’

The peculiar quality of such songs as these is their tuneful grace and their free-flowing rhythm; what they lack for the most part is magic, inspiration, the breath of genius, the unexpected and inexplicable element that distinguishes the songs of the poets.

And yet there is one of these song-writers who had this quality of genius, and who deserves more recognition than he has yet received—Thomas Campion, a doctor of medicine. He was also an accomplished musician, and wrote words to his own airs. Mr Bullen reprinted all his literary remains in 1889; and in the following year Mr Palgrave introduced a selection of his lyrics into the final edition of the ‘Golden Treasury’; only, with the curious perversity which of late years came over that accomplished critic, he chose to represent Campion, as he represented Blake, by some of his worst and dullest pieces; so that lovers of poetry, who know Campion only by the figure he makes in that popular anthology, are justified in thinking that his late intrusion was unwarranted. But Campion at

his best is a consummate artist. He is, after Sidney, the best exponent in Elizabethan poetry of the Italian tradition; and though he falls below Sidney in several respects, notably in passion, and in that supreme Sidneian accent of sincerity, yet he has more variety; he experiments, and with success, in more keys. Further, he has what Sidney has, and what is so rare in songs of this type, a note and accent of his own, which we learn to recognise for Campion's, just as we learn to recognise the peculiar accent of Sidney himself. He is master, again, like Sidney, of the rare art of making his words suggest an accompaniment of music. The first song in 'Astrophel and Stella' is a fine example of this power; especially happy is the cadence supplied by the eleventh syllable in the line, which suggests the stroke of a lute.

'Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you all song of praise is due;
Only in you my song begins and endeth.'

Something of the same sort of effect is gained in such a piece as the following of Campion's, in which there is an unmistakable undertone of music.

'Kind are her answers
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words
Wing my hopes in vain.
O, did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain?'

Other examples of this musical writing are the songs which begin: 'When to her lute Corinna sings'; 'Kind in unkindness, when will you relent?' and 'Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet.'

One great charm of Campion, it has been already said, is his variety. He can be passionate or satirical, merry or sentimental, by turns; now he is for a drinking-song, and now for a song of good life. On opposite pages in Mr Bullen's edition we have 'Seek the Lord, and in his ways perseúer,' and 'Jack and Joan they think no ill, But loving live and merry still.' To give an idea of

Campion's variety it will be interesting to write down the first stanzas of several of his more excellent poems in different modes and metres, though each must necessarily suffer in being divorced from its context.

'Give beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight
Where her perfections 'bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.'

'Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, "she will, or she will not."'

'Silly boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines clearly;
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love so
dearly.

Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are bereaved:
Little knows he how to love that never was deceived.'

'What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
Kiss, then, my Harvest Queen,
Full garners heaping!
Kisses, ripest when th' are green.
Want only reaping.'

'To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the spheres;
The wondrous order of the stars, whose course divides the
years;

And all the mysteries above:
But none of this could Midas move;
Which purchased him his ass's ears.'

'Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled
breast:

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.'

There are besides these, which are all excellent, two or

three poems of Campion's to which particular attention is due. Mr Bullen is full of admiration for one which, to quote his words, 'for strange richness of romantic beauty could hardly be matched outside the sonnets of Shakespeare.' The praise is high, perhaps a little too high, for a poem which has a dangerous note of falsetto in its classical reference; but that the poem is a considerable achievement every one will agree.

'When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admir'd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move.

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!'

Of really higher quality than this is a love lyric, which it is hard to believe has not strayed out of a manuscript book of Shelley's.

'Come, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine!
Love loves no delay; thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine:
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light.'



The rhythmical irregularities here, which snatch a grace beyond the mere metrist's art, are exactly in Shelley's manner. One other poem of Campion's, in its way a literary curiosity, must be quoted before we pass from this charming song-writer. Its merit was discovered so long ago as 1868 by Archbishop Trench, who came upon it in

Guest's 'History of English Rhythms,' and printed it with a commendation in his 'Household Book of English Poetry,' at a time when Campion's name was quite unknown. It is an unrhymed Horatian ode, introduced among others in Campion's 'Observations in the Art of English Poesy' as a proof that rhyme was an unnecessary adjunct to poetry. Campion was an accomplished Latin scholar and published two books of epigrams, besides other Latin verses. Still it is almost inconceivable how so delicate a lyrist could have written so inconsequently about his own art. His treatise was answered by Samuel Daniel, who pointed out that Campion's own 'commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth.'

'Rose-checked Laura, come ;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed ;
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for help to grace them.
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal.'

There is a song in John Dowland's 'Second Booke of Aires' which is worthy of a place beside the best of Campion's; and it is so much finer than any other writing in the song-books but Campion's, that we wonder Mr Bullen should not have claimed it for his hero. Campion did not print a volume of his own until the year following this book of Dowland's; and, as in his volume some of the tunes are by Rosseter, there is no reason why he should not have previously written a song to be set by the more famous Dowland, whose 'heavenly touch upon the lute' is celebrated in Barnfield's well-known sonnet.

If Campion be not the author, then Elizabethan literature possessed a lyric poet of surpassing skill, who has left no other record of himself.

‘I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow, proud to be advanced so,
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare.
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels;
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.’

If the reader is not convinced that this is the work of Campion, let him put the poem by the side of any of the better lyrics not by Campion in the song-books or in Davison's ‘Poetical Rhapsody,’ the last of the Elizabethan anthologies, published two years after ‘England's Helicon,’ lyrics which are as good as mere rhetorical and musical skill could make them, but which lack the transforming touch of poetry. Many of these lyrics collected by Davison are attributed, in a manuscript list in his own handwriting, to ‘A. W.,’ and Mr Bullen is inclined to believe that this A. W., who is thus made responsible for over a hundred pieces, was a single person. More probably A. W. is only our old friend Anon., the ‘anonymous writer’; for the similarity of style is accounted for by the absence, and not by the presence, of any marked characteristics. The same uniformity of style is found in a later age among the pieces in Dodsley's Miscellany. How clever the minor poet could be in that age, as in this, will be seen from the following lines by A. W. (in Mr Quiller-Couch's collection), which might have come from the pen of Mr Robert Bridges in his less inspired moments.

'Sweet Love, mine only treasure,
 For service long unfeignèd
 Wherein I nought have gainèd,
 Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
 To tell me in what part
 My Lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender,
 Like golden nets entwined
 Which fire and art have finèd,
 Her thrall my heart I render,
 For ever to abide
 With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,
 Wherein that fire was framèd
 By which it is inflamèd,
 I dare not look to find it:
 I only wish it sight
 To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deignèd
 With kindness to receive it,
 I am content to leave it,
 Though death thereby were gainèd:
 Then, Lady, take your own
 That lives for you alone.'

In passing from the songs of the musicians to the songs of the dramatists, we have to recollect that these latter were popular songs, and at the same time that the populace had more or less of a musical education, servants making it a recommendation for service that they could take their part in singing. So that although the songs of the dramatists were as much for the general as for the gentry, the influence of the music to which they were sung conspired with the good taste of the dramatists, who were generally men of education and refinement, to save the popular song from anything like its present vulgarity. Shakespeare, who is as easily first in the lyrical as in the dramatic part of play-writing, has written songs which cannot fail to delight the ordinary reader, while at every reading they leave the student and the critic more impressed with the perfection of their beauty. The nearest of his songs to the old popular type with a refrain is that of the clown in 'Twelfth-Night,' 'When that I was and a

little tiny boy.' The refrain, 'Hey, ho, the wind and the rain,' has that vague quality which we find in so many of the popular songs of old England. Another song with a refrain is the spring and winter song in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' with its double burden of the cuckoo and the owl. But what strikes us here is the extraordinary realism of the thing, so unusual in the old English song. The details are admirably chosen and, as befits a popular song, chosen with some humour, and they make a sharp impression. On the other hand, the spring song in 'As You Like It' is almost pure effect. If a logician analysed it he might say it contained no statements that seemed worth saying or even singing. A lover and his lass walked through a corn-field, sat down, and sang a song. But the student of poetry would reply that the gaiety of young hearts in spring-time has never been more perfectly rendered. How perfect also, in the same way, as an expression of joy in spring on the open road, are Autolycus's songs in 'The Winter's Tale':

' When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale.
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year:
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale':

and

' Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

To discover how excellent these are as works of art, although so light of hand, we have only to put them by the side of songs of the same stamp by contemporary dramatists, whom, since Charles Lamb, though certainly without his consent, it has been the fashion to rank with Shakespeare. Nash's spring song, for example, is spoken of by Mr Bullen as 'delicious'; but it has a touch of affectation, of the *simplesse* which is not simplicity, and this banishes it from England to Arcady. There is indeed only one dramatist who, in the freshness of his wild wood-notes, approaches Shakespeare, and that is Peele; but even from him the best we have are but snatches of song.

' All ye that lovely lovers be
Pray you for me:

Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
 And sow sweet fruits of love;
 In your sweet hearts well may it prove.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
 And chop-cherry, chop-cherry ripe within,
 Strawberries swimming in the cream,
 And schoolboys playing in the stream;
 Then O, then O, then O my true-love said,
 Till that time come again
 She could not live a maid.'

Of the more obviously artistic songs the first of Shakespeare's in order of time is 'Who is Silvia?' in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' a very subtle piece of metrical writing, the lines being alternately trochaic and iambic.

'Who is Silvia? what is she
 That all our swains commend her?'

In the 'Merchant of Venice' this same fundamental contrast is used in an equally brilliant way, the question, 'Tell me where is fancy bred,' being in rising rhythm, and the reply, 'It is engender'd in the eyes,' in falling rhythm, a perfectly natural as well as artistic arrangement. Both the songs in 'Twelfth-Night' are interesting metrically as well as in other ways. In 'O mistress mine' it is curious to note the subtlety with which the poet gives entire newness to a very familiar measure by the introductory interjection, just as he does to 'Full fathom five' by the extra syllable at the beginning; and to the dirge in 'Cymbeline,' 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun,' by the substitution of a dactylic for a trochaic foot in the third place of the opening line, making, as it were, a descant upon the plain-song.

The other song in 'Twelfth-Night' deserves even more patient study for its rhythmical perfection. The opening line, sometimes carelessly read as dactylic, contains what metricians call a sectional pause, the scansion being 'Come away, come away | death,' as the other stanza shows; and the second quatrain, forsaking the anapaestic movement of the first, diversifies its iambs with trochees, but variously in the two stanzas. This song has the unusual interest of being discussed in the play itself. Orsino characterises it as 'old and plain,' and as 'dallying with the innocence of love, like the old age.' The Cam-

bridge editor is of opinion that this description must refer to some other song for which 'Come away, death' has been substituted, but there seems no need of such an extreme conjecture. The song we have is in keeping with Orsino's melancholy, and it is its downright talk about 'black coffins' that takes his fancy. By the 'innocence of love' he means the simple-heartedness of a lover like himself, who is killed at once by his mistress's unkindness, as in the old age of chivalry. There is no doubt some irony intended by the dramatist in making the Duke at the same time point out that the song is a favourite with people whose hearts are quite fancy-free. But this is by the way. Shakespeare set out to write a sentimental ditty, and he has written a masterpiece.

One characteristic of all Shakespeare's songs is that they are made for their place. If 'Come away, death' chimes with Orsino's sentimental melancholy, 'Under the greenwood tree' is as plainly in the cheerful and resigned mood of the exiles in the forest of Arden. The two songs could not be interchanged. This canon enables us to determine, on other than purely æsthetic grounds, the authorship of the song, 'Take, O take those lips away,' which is found, not only in 'Measure for Measure,' but in Fletcher's 'Rollo Duke of Normandy,' where it has a second verse. In 'Rollo' the song has no relevancy to its context, whereas in Shakespeare's play it exactly hits the mood of poor deserted Mariana in her moated grange. It is further obvious that the second verse could not have been written at the same time as the first, as it is in an entirely different key.

Of the other song-writers among the dramatists, Fletcher, as we should expect, takes the next highest place after Shakespeare. Without reckoning 'Roses, their sharp spines being gone,' and 'Orpheus with his lute,' which some critics attribute, on insufficient grounds, to the master himself, Fletcher has written not a few songs, chiefly in a sad vein, that charm us by their musical cadence. The simplest and most beautiful is the song in 'The Queen of Corinth':

'Weep no more nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;

Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see :
 Joys as wingéd dreams fly fast ;
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.'

'Hence all you vain delights,' to which, as Mr Bullen points out, 'Il Penseroso' is under obligations, and 'Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,' are other examples of the same exquisite and melancholy music. It is indeed for the most part in dirges and epitaphs that his fellow-dramatists come nearest to Shakespeare's perfection. Charles Lamb compared the dirge for Marcello in Webster's 'White Devil' with 'Full fathom five,' saying that, 'as that is of the water watery, so this is of the earth earthy'; and Webster has another dirge in 'The Devil's Law-case' which, if a little too sententious for a song, contains some memorable lines on the vanity of ambition. That indeed is a theme that we meet in many of these dramatic songs. We have it in Beaumont's fine lines on Westminster Abbey, and in Shirley's 'The glories of our blood and state'; and wherever it comes it avails to lift the verse above its author's wonted level. In a sweeter form we have it in Dekker's praise of content, 'Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,' one of the lyrics which, coming straight from the experience of that poor but contented singer, has reached the common heart in every succeeding generation.

Of Ben Jonson and of Donne it may seem unpardonable not to have spoken earlier in any account of the Elizabethan lyrical poets, but the fact is that both Donne and Jonson fall outside the true Elizabethan tradition. Both were rebels as much against the pastoral vogue, with its smooth, long-winded Italian stanzas, as against the supposed artlessness of the Shakespearian song; and they sought their effects, the one by a Horatian brevity and choiceness of phrase, the other in the utmost realism of poetic imagery. What vexed Ben Jonson in the writing of the earlier Elizabethans was its apparent amateurishness, its preference of ornament to proportion, its sins against the canons of antiquity. And like other adherents of a school, Jonson had the defects of his quality, and could not see that the instinct of Shake-

speare was surer than his own trained judgment, so that he committed himself on more than one occasion to the dictum that 'Shakespeare wanted art'. We, with less prejudiced judgments, can see that, well written as Jonson's lyrics are, and not only well written, but spirited and gay and expressive, they yet do not bear comparison with Shakespeare's, or even with Fletcher's, because of their lack of that 'wood-note wild,' to use Milton's admirable phrase, which was the especial grace of the Elizabethan song. The best of Jonson's pieces is one of his earliest, 'Queen and huntress, chaste and fair'; and the making of the poem is the slight irregularity in the extra metrical syllable which his instinct and not his canon allowed him in the final stanza. Donne is represented in Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody' by a single poem, that by which he has at last taken his place in the 'Golden Treasury'; and it is a characteristic poem, being an address to 'Absence.' Donne's best lyrics are about his absences and partings from his wife; and the startling directness of his style gives them a poignancy of pathos above all other poems on the same theme in the language. The famous comparison of the souls of the two lovers to the limbs of a compass, at once joined and divided, in itself grotesque enough, takes under his handling a sincerity that brings tears to the eyes:

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if th' other do.
 And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.'

In such writing as this we are far enough from the pastoral Arcadia, far enough also from such romantic songs as 'Who is Silvia?' or 'Come away, death,' or 'It was a lover and his lass.' Donne is, in fact, a changeling among Elizabethans.

Art. V.—THE EVOLUTION OF HARLEQUIN.

1. *The Theatre, its Development in France and England.* By Charles Hastings. Translated from the French by F. A. Welby. London: Duckworth & Co., 1901.
 2. *Geschichte des Dramas.* By J. L. Klein. Thirteen vols. Leipzig: Weigel, 1865–1886.
 3. *Histoire du Théâtre François.* By C. and F. Parfaict. Fifteen vols. Amsterdam and Paris, 1735–1749.
 4. *Masques et Bouffons.* By Maurice Sand (Dudevant). Two vols. Paris: Lèvy Frères, 1860.
- And other works.

THERE are not many more fascinating occupations than the hunting and tracking down of some elusive word which for any reason has challenged our attention, through its manifold windings, doublings, and mazes, till we run it triumphantly to earth in some distant land in the remote or even prehistoric past. Some practical philosophers, indeed, like the poet, confess to having but an imperfect sympathy with the enthusiasm of

‘Learn’d philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah’s ark.’

And yet nothing is more conducive to sound reasoning than an accurate use of words, and an intelligent appreciation of their *provenance* and significance. Even our lightest and most trivial words have a history stretching back into the most distant past. Who, for instance, without the help of the etymologist, could have suspected that a term so essentially modern as our ‘gas’ was suggested by the primeval ‘chaos’ of the old Greek cosmography? In the present article we invite the reader to accompany us over a stretch of country not less wide than that indicated by Cowper, with what he no doubt considered humorous exaggeration, while we engage in the etymological pursuit of one particular vocable, and endeavour to trace it back to its ultimate lair, beyond the ken, it may be, of even such redoubtable *chasseurs* as Professor Skeat and Dr Murray. In our research we may perhaps gain some curious information by the way about the

growth of the idea which it connotes, and at the same time get side-glances into strange regions of legendary lore and primitive superstition.

The word which we propose to 'uncape' (as the Elizabethans would have said), or turn out for our diversion, is the name of the pantomime hero, 'harlequin.' We shall inquire how and when the word and the thing came to England, and then investigate the evolution of the character, its original significance, history, and development. We are all familiar with the sinuous liteness of the slim pirouetting figure, the glittering embodiment of graceful motion and preternatural agility which dazzled and delighted our childhood. The very name 'harlequinade' given to the entertainment into which he entered shows that his was the dominant and essential rôle of the piece. With a wave of his flexible sword, as of a magic wand, he controls the action of the other characters, changes a pumpkin into a coach-and-six, and causes the commonplace exterior of a London shop to dissolve away into a resplendent vista of fairyland. For more than two centuries at least the 'get-up' of harlequin has undergone but little alteration. In the frontispiece of a curious little volume which lies before us, entitled '*Arlequiniana, ou les Bons Mots, les Histoires Plaisantes et Agréables, Recueillies des Conversations d'Arlequin*' (Paris, 1694), we have a representation of a dancing harlequin as he appeared on the French stage at that date. He wears the same close-fitting suit of triangular patchwork which he still affects, and wields a flat *bâton* instead of a sword. A black mask conceals his face, and this is surmounted by a soft black hat with its brim tilted up in front in the manner of a visor.* To these accessories we shall have occasion to draw attention presently, as significant survivals of his earlier characteristics. Old prints of the theatrical booths at Bartholomew Fair show that the English harlequin preserved a costume almost identical in the early part of the eighteenth century, wearing the sable mask and carrying his hat in his hand.

The earliest performance mentioned by Genest in which the name appears in the title is 'Harlequin Dr. Faustus,'

* Similar particulars as to the dress of the *centunculus*, or harlequin of the ancients, are given in L. Riccoboni, '*Histoire du Théâtre Italien*' (1731), vol. i, pp. 4, 5; vol. ii, pp. 307, 308.

brought out at Drury Lane by John Thurmond in 1723-4; * but there is evidence that Rich produced his 'Harlequin Executed' seven years earlier than this. The character seems to have found its way to us from the Italian comedy by way of France. The first recorded instance of the word in English literature is in 1590, when Thomas Nashe introduces it in the dedication of his 'Almond for a Parrat,' in the form of 'harlicken,' a personage whom, he says, he had met at Bergamo in Italy. This incidental allusion quite tallies with what we learn about his origin from other sources. Marmontel states that the comic characters of the Italian comedy were designed in the first instance to ridicule the peculiarities of the natives of different towns of Italy; and that harlequin in particular was modelled on the Bergamasque serving-man, while the pantaloon represented the Venetian merchant or the Bolognese doctor, and Scapin the hare-brained Neapolitan. These local and typical characteristics of manner and dialect are said to have been grafted on the monotonous buffoons of the older comedy by Angelo Beolco, better known by his sobriquet of Ruzzante, 'the Jester,' a playwright born at Padua in 1502, who made the portrayal of clowns and peasants the speciality of his masked comedies.† Accordingly, the Italian Arlecchino enacted the rôle of the valet of Bergamo, a mixture of naïveté and stupidity, shrewdness and mother-wit, always in love and always in trouble on his master's account or his own—something like the Davus and Syrus of the Latin comedy, or the Leporello of modern opera. One of the first to make the part famous was Simone di Bologna, who acted in a troupe at Florence organised by Flaminio Scala in 1578.‡

It would be a violation of all the proprieties of English pantomime if harlequin were permitted to open his lips; but he was not always condemned to this perpetual silence. On the contrary, his Italian original, so far from being a mute, was famous for his quips and jests and repartees. 'Bergamo sent out many Harlequins,' says Hallam, 'and Venice many Pantaloons. They were respected as brilliant

* 'Some Account of the English Stage,' by J. Genest (Bath, 1832), iii, 155.

† J. L. Klein, 'Geschichte des Dramas,' iv, 904-906; M. Sand, ii, 77.

‡ M. Sand, 'Masques et Bouffons,' i, 46. For the dress of a 'harlequino in 1570, see id. i, 67. 'Harlequinus' occurs in a letter of Raulin, 1521 (id. i, 71). Cf. 'a Bergomask dance' ('Mid. Night's Dream,' V, i, 360).

'wits ought to be. The Emperor Mathias ennobled Cecchini, a famous harlequin, who was, however, a man of letters.' Another celebrated representative of the part, Dominique Biancollelli, the hero of the 'Arlequiniana' to which reference has been made, was admitted as a guest to the table of Louis XIV. Samuel Rogers, even in his time, could still describe the Italian mome as one

'Who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.'

The tradition of the English stage, however, appears always to have been different, as Rich, who, acting under the *nom de théâtre* of Lun, became the most famous representative of the part in the early years of the eighteenth century, trusted for his success solely to pantomimic gesture. Garrick, himself a master in the part, thus extols the eloquence of his antic motions:—

'Tis wrong,
The wits will say, to give the fool a tongue.
When Lun appear'd, with matchless art and whim,
He gave the pow'r of speech to every limb;
Tho' mask'd and mute, convey'd his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures all he meant.'

But on the French stage in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he retained his original character as a wit and jester. We find that Arlecchino had already gained a footing there as harlequin in 1585. Indeed, the name appears as one of a strolling company of players, 'I Gelosi,' who visited Paris in 1576, under the patronage of Catherine de Medicis; and two years earlier an Italian Arlequin was to be seen at Madrid. He still maintains his reputation as a satirist in the 'Arlequiniana' referred to above, in which his picture bears the motto, 'castigat mores ridendo'; and it is in this character, as a popular humorist of keen mother-wit, that he is alluded to on the second occasion when he is introduced in an English writer. In John Webster's play of 'The Malcontent,' published in 1604, Bianca taunts the choleric Bilioso with the remark, 'The French Herlakeene will instruct you' (Act iii, Sc. 1). About the same time 'a Harlakeene in an Italian comedy' is mentioned in Day's 'Ile of Guls,' 1606

(Act ii, Sc. 3), the orthography of the foreign word still causing no small difficulty to these early writers.

We are justified in concluding that 'Italy is the mother and nurse of the whole harlequin race,'* and that from his native name, Arlecchino, his designation in other lands has been borrowed. That word itself, however, has much the appearance of being only a reshaping of the older Italian 'alichino,'† which occurs as the name of one of the ten demons in the *bolgia* of Dante's 'Inferno' (xxi, 118), and is probably akin to the Old French 'halequin,' an evil spirit.‡ The devil or demon of popular burlesque or folk-tale has often degenerated by an easy transition into a comic character; it did so, we know, in our own early drama.

If we are correct in our assumption that the older idea attached to the word was that of a sprite or evil spirit, we obtain a valuable clue to the origin of the name, which has been much disputed. In old French writers it is found running almost through the gamut of letter changes, as 'herlequin,' 'herlekin,' 'hierlekin,' 'hellequin,' and 'hellekin,' being used as the name of one of those numerous hobgoblins which tormented the peasantry of medieval Europe with nameless fears. In the 'Miracle de St Eloi' (p. 110) it seems to be employed as a synonym for Satan himself in the phrase, 'par le conseil de Herlaken'; and it is said to survive still in the folk-lore of provincial France as a name for the *feu follet* or will-o'-the-wisp. Indeed, our own Dorset folk use 'harlican' as an abusive term for a troublesome imp or youngster.§

But the word in question was used in a more precise and definite signification than this. In Old French poems and legends it is appropriated to a grisly being who was

* I. D'Israeli, 'Curiosities of Literature,' p. 214, ed. 1839.

† Perhaps under the reflex influence of 'alleceure,' to lick up (O. Fr. 'lecheor,' a glutton). The French character, at all events, sometimes degenerated into a glutton. Compare 'Un certain Arlequin qui passe pour le plus gourmand du Canton.' ('Arlequin toujours Arlequin' (1750), p. 5.)

‡ 'Chevalier au Cygne,' 6247 (in Godefroy). Seartazzini very improbably thinks 'alichino' may be from *chinar le ali*, as if it meant 'wing-pplier.'

§ 'You idle young harlican,' T. Hardy, 'Jude,' part I, i (1896). Curiously similar is the use of 'harlaque' or 'arlaque,' in the Wallon dialect of Belgium, for a naughty child, a little pickle, 'C'est un vrai harlaque,' he is a regular pickle, which M. Sigart suggests may be from 'arlequin,' not, however, the stage character, as he thinks ('Dictionnaire du Wallon de Mons,' 207), but the older name of an evil spirit.

regarded as the personified leader of the phantoms of the dead. 'La maisnie Hierlekin,' or 'la maisnie Helequin,' is a phrase frequently used by French writers of the thirteenth century to denote a troop of ghosts or evil spirits which were believed to ride abroad at night, like the Wild Huntsman and his cavalcade, and were sometimes seen to engage as combatants in the air. This ghostly 'family of Hierlekin,' or household of Pluto, were often seen over cemeteries or other resting-places of the dead which they loved to haunt. William of Paris—sometimes called William of Auvergne—who died in 1249, refers to 'the nocturnal horsemen who, in the French vernacular, are called "Hellequin," and in the Spanish "the ancient army" (*exercito antiguo*, sc. of the dead).' These spectral warriors, he says, were seen to disport themselves and contend with arms in the air. Another old French author, Pierre de Blois, asserts that this aerial host, which he calls 'the soldiers of Herlikin' ('*milites Herlikini*'), as they passed across the nightly sky, could be discerned by their shouts and the hurtling of their arms, which were believed to be ominous of some bloody battle then being toward.

But the oldest and certainly the most curious and circumstantial account of this venerable superstition is that given by Ordericus Vitalis in his '*Historia Ecclesiastica*,'* where he records with great precision that, in the beginning of January 1091, a certain priest named Gualchelmus, of the village of Bonavallis in the diocese of Lisieux, went forth one night to visit a sick parishioner who lived at the farthest end of his parish. As the good *curé* was returning, and was still remote from human habitation, he heard the noise as of a great army approaching. In his terror he thought of hiding himself behind some trees until the menacing danger had passed by; but just then the moon shining out revealed to him a gigantic personage bearing a huge club (*marucam*), which he raised over his head, bidding the priest to halt and not stir a step farther. Thereupon an immense retinue of wailing phantoms passed before him, consisting of women and soldiers and ecclesiastics, amongst

* Lib. viii, cap. 17; in Migne, '*Patrologia*,' tom. 188, pp. 607, 608. Cf. T. Forester's translation, ii, 515, *note*.

whom he recognised many of his own neighbours recently deceased. When they had gone by the astonished priest said to himself,

"It is, no doubt, Herlechin's troop" ("familia Herlechini"). "I have heard say that several have seen it formerly; but I rejected the report with incredulity and ridiculed it. . . . But now I have really seen the shades of the dead." This account,' adds Ordericus, 'I heard from the mouth of the priest himself.'

According to a local tradition, this manifestation took place at the cross-roads of Fosses-Malades, where many who had died of some kind of plague were buried. Here, quite obviously, Herlechin, armed with his club, is the king of the dead, who follow him in long array beneath the glimpses of the moon, and identical with the Dutch 'Hellekin,' who is also a ghostly wild hunter.* Indeed, the 'Hellequins' or 'Herlequins' of French folk-lore still disturb the forests of Jura and Franche-Comté with their fantastic hunting as they ride upon the winds. M. Le Prévost notes that the host seen by the priest must have been 'the Hunt of Hennequin' (otherwise 'la mesnie Hellequin'), who is still known in country parts as a great hunter, who, having sold himself to the devil, is compelled to return to earth during the storms of night which occur in Advent, attended by his huntsmen and dogs.

In some districts of France and Germany folk-etymology has played around 'hellequin' and transformed the word into 'allequinti' and 'Caroloquinti' (in Hesse, 'Karlequinte'), and then invented an aitiological legend that the spectral horsemen which form his troop are the ghosts of the army of 'Charle-quint' or 'le quint Charles.† Thus the old French 'Chronique des Ducs de Normandie' (twelfth century) asserts that 'la mesgnie Hennequin,' which on one occasion appeared to Duke Richard the Fearless, accompanied by strange noises, was nothing else but 'la mesgnie Charles-Quint,' 'who was formerly

* See Chéruef, 'Dictionnaire Historique des Institutions,' 772; Grimm, 'Teut. Mythology,' 941; Henderson, 'Folk-lore of N. Countries,' 101-106; Keary, 'Dawn of History,' 226, 271; Crook, 'Folk-lore of N. India,' i, 258; Baring-Gould, 'Iceland,' 202; Hampson, 'Med. Aevi Kalendarium,' i, 314-317; M. D. Conway, 'Demonology and Devil-lore,' ii, ch. xxvi.

† Godefroy, *s.c.* *Hellequin*; Grimm, 'T. Myth.,' 941, 912.

'King of France'; and a passage in the 'MS. du Roi,' quoted by Le Roux de Lincy, similarly identifies 'Helquin' with 'Charlequin,' and his retinue with 'la gent au Charlequint.'

Whatever be the ultimate origin of the name, Herlekin, when he first emerges in European folk-lore at the close of the eleventh century, was evidently a personification of Death, or the world of the dead, whose shadowy crew he headed in their flight. M. Collin du Planey, for instance, recognises in 'la famille d'Hellequin,' doomed for their impiety to hunt continually till the day of judgment, an offshoot of Hela, who is the Teutonic Hel and a personification of the region of the dead. Grimm is substantially of the same opinion, holding that 'hellequin' may be very probably an idealisation of 'hellekin,' a diminutival form of the German 'Helle,' the under-world. Professor Skeat has come to a similar conclusion, and suggests that the word may represent the old Friesic 'helle-kin,' 'the tribe of hell.' But there is no need to go so far abroad for the original, as we actually find an Anglo-Saxon 'helle-cynn,' i.e. 'hell-kin,' occurring in the 'Book of Exeter' as a word for an infernal race or tribe, and in the same work a synonymous 'heoloth-cynn,' which seems to mean 'the people of the unseen world' (Hades), either the spirits of the dead or the demons in hell.

We may perhaps recognise a survival, in a perverted form, of the word last cited in an otherwise enigmatical name, the old English superstition of Herlething, 'Herle's company,' if it stands for Heleth-kin. This was a phantom host, which was occasionally seen by affrighted peasants in medieval England passing through the air with the noise of horns and hounds and outcries. We are indebted for our knowledge of it to Walter Mapes, who became Archdeacon of Oxford in 1197, and who thus tells the story:

'The night-wandering troops which were called Herlething's appeared down to the time of our Sovereign lord Henry II, a host which, strangely silent, circled round madly and wandered endlessly, among which were observed many who were known to be dead.'

This host of Herlething was last seen, he adds, on the borders of Wales and Hereford in the first year of

Henry II, when the tumultuous cavalcade was seen at midday to rise into the air and suddenly disappear.* No one can fail to see the identity of this with Herlekin's meinie.

As one mistake ever leads to another, the corrupted form 'herlething' seems to have been resolved into 'herle-thing,' and understood to mean the 'thing' (gathering or assemblage) of Herla. The result was that a mythical king of that name was evolved, but one quite unknown to Professor Rhys and other Celtic scholars,† just as, by an opposite error, French folk found Charles the Fifth in their Hellequin. As Mapes, in the work referred to, has a chapter, 'De Herla Rege,' we may fairly infer that 'Herla-king' was the true and proper name of this 'very ancient king of the Britons.' Mapes tells us that

'he and his army pursue their mad career with infinite wanderings and without repose. Many, they say, have frequently seen that army. It ceased, however, to visit our realm as before, in the first year of the crowning of our king Henry, when it was seen by many Welsh people to plunge into the Wye, a river of Herefordshire.'

This very shadowy king Herla, according to another tradition, had been drawn by enchantments into a mountain cavern at the wedding of the king of the pygmies, and, after remaining a long time unconscious, had returned only to find that the Saxon invaders had taken possession of his kingdom during his absence; so that ever afterwards he wandered at large, a disrowned monarch and homeless vagrant.‡ We would suggest that in this mythical wanderer Herla we may probably see the prototype and original of another kindred being, not less mysterious, who has proved a complete puzzle to folk-lorists—Shakespeare's Herne the hunter, who is introduced in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (Act iv, Sc. 4) as well known in ancient tradition.

* Gualteri Mapes, 'De Nugis Curialium,' ed. T. Wright, I, xi, p. 14; IV, xiii, p. 180.

† A fairy tale, entitled 'The Reign of King Herla,' by W. Canton, was published in 1900 (Dent), but it knows nothing of this mythic personage beyond Mapes's mention of him. Can the Scottish 'herle,' a mischievous dwarf or imp (Jamieson), be connected?

‡ Hartland, 'Science of Fairy Tales,' 180. 234; Wagner, 'Asgard and the Gods,' 77.

'There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
 Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
 Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
 You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know
 The superstitious idle-headed eld
 Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
 This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.'

This hunter of the night, who is also a malicious spirit, cannot be separated from the 'Grand Veneur de Fontainebleau,' and is of the same lineage as the Hel-huntsman who led on the chase of the 'mesnie Hellequin.'

It has, no doubt, already occurred to the reader that the phantom host of Hellekin (or Herlekin), which we have met under various forms, is only another phase of that weird superstition of the wild hunt, the rout of restless wandering spirits, which was so widely diffused all over Europe.* In Germany, where it was known as 'das Wütende Heer'—'the Furious Host'—it was believed to be led on by the storm-god himself, Wodan or Wuotan, i.e. 'the Raging One' (Old Eng. 'wood,' i.e. mad); and in some districts the country people still say 'Wode is out hunting' when they hear the wind blowing loud through the forest. It is the wind-god audibly carrying away through the troubled air souls which are of the same aerial nature as himself, recently breathed forth by the dead; and so with the Norsemen, 'to fare to Odin' (Wodan) or 'to go with Odin' were synonymous expressions for dying or yielding up the ghost. It was a natural, realistic conception that the spirit or breath of man should be transported by the wind to its future abode, or, as a punishment, be

'Blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world.' †

* Can a reminiscence of the stormy Herlekin have contributed to Raleigh's spelling of 'hurricane' as 'hurlecan'? ('Second Voyage to Guiana' (1617), p. 187.) The Quiche 'Hu-rukan,' the name of the storm-god, which gave us our 'hurricane,' meant 'great giant,' and in the West Indies it was used for 'devil.' (D. G. Brinton, 'Essays of an Americanist,' pp. 121-123.)

† 'Measure for Measure,' III, i, 126. Compare the similar Hebrew conception of the wind carrying away the soul in Job xxvii, 21.

In the Bernese Oberland and other parts of Switzerland the ghostly procession of the night-folk is conducted by the skeleton Death himself, who marches at their head and, with his weird music, draws after him those who are next to die.*

The 'maisine Herlekin' of the Continent in due time passed over into England, where it appears in the fourteenth century in the curiously disguised form of 'Hurlewaynes meyné,' i.e. Hurlewayn's household, and is used in the sense of a rout of disorderly vagrants. In the 'Tale of Beryn' the Canterbury pilgrims are said to have disported themselves

'As Hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg [hedge] that capes.' †

The word occurs again in 'Richard the Redeles' (Pass. i, 90, ed. Skeat), where one reproach directed against that unhappy king for his evil choice of counsellors is,

'Other hobbis [clowns] ye hadden of Hurlewaynis kynne.'

It is the same word, to all appearance, distorted somewhat by a popular misunderstanding, which, in the form of 'hellwain,' is found as the name of a goblin or evil spirit in Reginald Scott's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' 1584. While giving a portentous list of the various 'bugs' with which, in his time, hapless infants used to be 'frayed' or scared by servants, he enumerates 'the Hellwain, the Fire-drake, the Puckle,' and many more. The nursery-maid surely, in all ages, has had much to answer for. The name of this goblin was long kept in remembrance in the conservatism of children's games, though it underwent a natural transformation due to the ambiguity of its termination. Ray, writing in 1742, gives the following childish folk-saw among his 'Proverbs':

'Give a thing and take again
And you shall ride in *hell's wain*.'

* W. K. Kelly, 'Indo-European Tradition,' 274. The medieval Dance of Death evidently belongs here.

† Al. 'rapes'; 'Prologue,' l. 8, Chaucer Soc. ed. One is tempted to see a kinsman of this Hurlewayn in the S. Herlewin, whose life is given in John of Tynemouth's 'Historia Aurea,' cap. 93. (Horstmann, 'Nova Legenda Anglie,' I, lix.)

‡ Ed. 1855, p. 97. German mythology has a 'Hellwagen,' i.e. a waggon in which the death-goddess, Hell, makes her journeys (Grimm, 'Teut. Myth.' 314, 802); but we doubt if this was known in England.

The original version, we conjecture, was 'with hellwain.' At all events, Cotgrave, a century earlier, associated this particular delinquency with the evil spirit, quoting as 'a triviall proverb' then current,

'To give a thing and take a thing,
To weare the devil's gold ring.'

Gathering up these diverging and yet interwoven threads, which cross one another with curious complexity, it will be seen that we have a sufficiently tangled skein to unravel. We find a Low Latin 'harlequinus,' an Old French 'herlekin,' 'hierlekin,' 'hellekin,' or 'halequin,' an Italian 'alichino,' and an early English 'herlething,' to say nothing of 'hurlewayn' and 'hellwain'—all apparently related and used in much the same sense of a medieval devil or demonic horseman who rides by night at the head of a shadowy company of spectres. Along with these, and more ancient seemingly than any of these competing forms, we have to take account of the Anglo-Saxon 'helle-cynn'—the Frisian 'helle-kin'—as the primitive factor which underlies several of the later forms. The Italian demon 'Alichino,' metamorphosed into the knavish 'Arlecchino,' returned at a later date to the French stage in the garb of 'halequin,' who in turn is the direct parent of our own 'harlequin.' Such, so far as we can judge, seems to be the evolution of the word and the pedigree of the character which it serves to nominate.

At this point we might fairly be content to abandon our chase and sound a 'recheat,' were it not that a fresh scent crosses the trail and makes the pursuit run counter. The new element to which we refer comes into the field comparatively late, and serves to make confusion worse confounded. In many of the forms just cited it will have been noticed that the letter 'r' is present; this demands some explanation, and certainly it should not be ignored as unmeaning. We are inclined to think that it is organic and an essential part of the word. Forms like 'herlekin' and 'arlecchino' might readily enough, by assimilation of the adjacent consonants, change into 'hellekin' and 'allechino,' just as in Latin 'perlucidus,' became 'pellucidus'; but the reverse could not

happen.* Now the disturbing factor which we are about to consider is one that accounts for this essential 'r,' through its reflex influence, while at the same time curiously coinciding both in form and meaning with the words we have hitherto been discussing. This is the name of the death-spectre of Northern Europe, the 'Erl-king,' which Herder, in his 'Stimmen der Völker,' introduced into German literature from the Scandinavian in 1778, and which was afterwards made classical by Goethe in his weird ballad, so powerful in its eerie suggestiveness,

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
 "Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht,
 Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?"

Herder is believed to have borrowed the conception from the Danish, when translating the ballad of 'King Olaf and the Erl-king's Daughter.' In that language 'ellerkonge' was popularly understood as 'elver-konge,' king of the 'elle-folk' or fairies; though another folk-etymology connected it with 'elle,' the alder, because in some instances fays and sprites were commonly associated with trees.† We cannot but speculate what grounds the learned Goethe, in adopting the word, had for spelling it 'erlkönig,' as he did? Did he of set purpose assimilate the Scandinavian form to a more primitive name of the death-monarch with which he had become acquainted in another quarter? This is a question of considerable interest, to which it is not easy to give a definite answer. The word is certainly foreign; and it is significant that such indefatigable collectors of Teutonic folk-lore and mythology as Kemble, Thorpe, Grimm, and Rydberg have nothing to tell us as to the source and habitat of the mysterious 'Erlkönig.' Moreover, an older word, such as we have postulated, is actually known to have existed. A grim king of the Shades and the under-world, corre-

* That the syllable *er* has a natural tendency to pass into *ar* (*herlekin* into *harlekin*) is well known. Compare the Old English 'derling,' 'ferrier,' 'mercat,' 'persley,' 'person,' with our modern 'darling,' 'farrier,' 'market,' 'parsley,' 'parson.'

† A Danish folk-tale makes the 'Eller-konge' take up his abode among the alder-trees (*elle-træ*). D. S. Krist, 'Danske Sagn,' ii, 32-35; Craigie, 'Scand. Folk-lore,' 177. Clarence Mangan actually rendered Goethe's ballad as 'The Alder-king' ('Poems,' 104).

sponding closely to the 'Erlkönig' in name and character held a prominent position in the religion of the peoples of Central and Northern Asia, whence it may easily have been introduced among the Scandinavians by the mediation of the Finns, Lapps, or other Ugro-Finnic tribes.

This being is the 'Erlík-khan,' or 'Aerlík-khan,' who is feared by the Mongols and Tibetans as the judge of the dead and ruler of the abode of the departed.* One of the traditional tales of the Kalmuks, collected by Jülg, relates how the faithful wife of a young Khan went to seek him out after his death, in the gloomy realm of Erlík-khan. After many difficulties this female Orpheus penetrated into his black fortress, which was encircled with a moat of human blood and surmounted with a banner made of human skin—a description which recalls the forbidding aspect of Hel's stronghold in the Edda. The two guards of this ghastly building are the 'Erlíks,' or servants of the Erlík-khan, whose name is said to mean the 'prince of servants.'† Having propitiated these fearsome janitors—who seem to fulfil the functions of cherubim—by means of offerings of blood, she passes through and rescues the heart of her husband; then, returning safely to the palace, she finds him already restored to life and radiant in beauty.

This Kalmuk Pluto, Erlík-khan, as king of the lower regions, wears a terrific appearance, his head being crowned with dead men's skulls and surrounded with flames. His infernal palace is divided into eighteen halls, and here he judges and weighs the souls which are brought before him immediately after death, and treads the wicked under his feet. According to some accounts he has a long nose with which he scents out the dying; and he is attended by a retinue of followers who are

* Dr Edkins also, in his 'Early Spread of Religious Ideas' (p. 82), identifies the 'Erlkönig' with the Mongolian 'Erlig han' (as he spells it), and adduces this as an instance of the Teutonic mythology being affected by the Tatars. For the influence of the Tatars on the Finns, see Hon. J. Abercromby, 'The Pre- and Proto-historic Finns' (1898), i, 200 *seq.* We fail, however, to find any mention of the 'Erlkönig' or 'Erlík-khan' in this work, or in D. Comparetti's 'Traditional Poetry of the Finns,' 1898.

† Busk, 'Sagas from the Far East,' 354. Altaic, *erlík* (Vámbéry, 'Ety-mologisches Wörterbuch der Turko-Tatarischen Sprachen,' p. 34), which seems to be connected with *erlík*, strength, virility, and *er*, man, in another Tatar dialect (*id.* p. 33).]

armed with weapons, slings, and instruments of torture.* Now Kalmuk literature has been shown by Jülg to have been derived from the Tibetan, and that in turn from the ancient Indian. The work from which the story given above is quoted, the 'Siddhi-kür,' is known to be based upon the Sanskrit 'Vetâla Panchaviṅcati.' We are not surprised then to find, as Köppen and Jülg have pointed out, that the Mongolian Erlik-khan is only a disguised and naturalised form of the old Indian god of the dead, Yama. Grünwedel, who also accepts this identification, gives various representations of the gruesome Aerlik-khan, as he prefers to spell it, from Mongolian art, in which he is depicted with many of the attributes of Yama, as a masked figure with lofty horns, brandishing a club or mace carved into a skeleton at the top, while he tramples and exults over the corpse of a prostrate victim. The central figure of a hideous troop, which personates him in the Tsam-dance, wears a blue mask, a chaplet of skulls, and robes of blue, striped with white, yellow, and rose, tricked out with disks of metal.† When Professor Tylor says 'Tatars tell of the nine Irle-chans who, in their gloomy subterranean kingdom, not only rule over souls of the dead but have at their command a multitude of ministering spirits, visible and invisible,'‡ he must be referring to the 'Erliks,' or servants, whose office it was to fetch the souls of the departed and bring them before their lord to be judged; for among the Tibetans and Mongolians there is only one supreme sovereign of the under-world and king of the dead, Aerlik- or Erlik-khan, the chief deity of the Shaman superstition. What these ministers of the grim god of Death denoted we are able to discover by reference to his original. The materials of the stories told by the Mongols were mostly borrowed from India, as De la Saussaye and others have

* Larousse, 'Dictionnaire Universelle de XIX Siècle,' s.v.; De la Saussaye, 'Science of Religion,' 299; M. Conway, 'Demonologia,' i, 197; C. F. Köppen, 'Religion des Buddha,' ii, 206, 207.

† 'Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet' (Leipzig, 1900), p. 168 (fig. 142), p. 62 (fig. 48); cf. p. 166 (fig. 140), and p. 169; 'Encyc. Brit.,' s.v. 'Mongols.'

‡ 'Primitive Culture,' ii, 310 (3rd ed.). The following passage, which occurred in the first edition, was afterwards omitted: 'Their chief, the great Irle-chan, has now his place and name in European poetry as the grisly death-spectre, the Erl-könig' (ii, 282). We venture to think this omission is to be regretted.

noted.* Thence it was that they borrowed the word 'shaman' (Sanskrit 'sramana') as a name for their medicine-man or soothsayer; and thence also they imported their Erlik-khan, who, as we have seen, is only a naturalised form of the Indian Yama (from *yam*, to control).†

As sovereign of the *manes* and ruler of the world of Shades, Yama was one of the most conspicuous deities in the Vedic Pantheon. Some have thought him to be a personification of the setting sun, which each evening descends into the dark under-world and visits the dead—the pioneer in this respect of all mortal men. Goldstücker, however, has conclusively shown that he was originally the prince of the power of the air, identical with Vâyu, the wind, and having the intermediate space between heaven and earth assigned to him as his abode. Sometimes, like that other wind-god, Wodan, he fetches the dead in person, but more often he sends out his messengers daily to seek out the 'fey,' or death-doomed, and to summon them into his presence in the death-realm (Yama-pura). These messengers wear the aspect of spotted four-eyed dogs, two in number, which are called 'Sâramêya' (apparently meaning 'the spotted' or 'dappled'), a name connected with 'Saramâ,' the storm ('the Ganger'—Kuhn).‡ They have been interpreted as meaning the morning and evening breezes, which carry away the souls of the dying, there being a natural association between the moving air and the departing spirit.§ Thus the Rig-Veda says that 'Yama's two messengers wander about among men, taking away their lives.' Quite in accordance with this is the now generally accepted identification of Sâramêya with Hermes, the Hellenic messenger of the gods, who was also a personification of the wind, and the 'psychopompos' or conductor of souls to the nether-world. A relationship between the breath or spirit of the dying

* 'Science of Religion,' 297; M. Müller, 'Selected Essays,' ii, 236.

† Grünwedel equates Erlik-khan with the Sanskrit 'Dharma-râja,' 'king of justice' (*op. cit.* p. 62). Cf. Goldstücker, 'Literary Remains,' i, 319. Köppen identifies him also with the cognate Siamese 'Phaja-jam,' and the Chinese 'Ian-ma-lo' ('Religion des Buddha,' i, 245, *note* 1)—all variants of Yama.

‡ Our 'storm' is really the same word; Sansk. *sârma*, 'a going' (Greek *δρμή*). M. Müller, 'Science of Mythology,' i, 369; C. F. Keary, 'Dawn of History,' 244 *seq.*

§ This interpretation explains why Yama as a wind-god both gives and takes life, which puzzled M. Müller ('Science of Language,' ii, 561).

man and the air which bears it away is recognised in most mythologies.* And as Yama, the king of the dead, became ultimately the grim ruler of hell and torturer of the wicked, in which capacity he carries a club to punish them, his Tibetan and Mongolian counterpart, Aerlik-khan, assumed the same character, and his wind-messengers became the 'Erliks.'

We thus arrive at the certainly strange and unexpected conclusion that the whirling harlequin of our Christmas pantomimes, no less than the wind-riding Erlking of German ballad-lore, may be a remote descendant of Aerlik-khan, the Mongolian Yama, as lord of the circling winds which carry away men's souls. The two ideas may seem to stand *toto cælo* apart, but the following considerations may help to bridge over the gulf between them. It is an acknowledged fact that 'Buddhism, such as we find it in Russia and Sweden, on the very threshold of European civilisation, in the north of Asia, in Mongolia, Tartary, China, and Tibet, had its origin in India.' Marks of its influence among the Finns and Lapps survive in the Indian name borne by their priests and sorcerers, the Shamans; and their religious ideas may be traced from India to Siberia by way of Tibet, China, and Mongolia. Many mythological beliefs from this source, by virtue of community in the Buddhistic faith, made their way to the Mongols, and, through their domination in Europe for two centuries, to countries so close to us as Germany.† When the flood of this Tatar invasion ebbed, it must have left some linguistic and notional waifs behind among the Aryan peoples whom it had submerged.

Such a relic is the 'Hiüne' (i.e. Hun) or giant of popular German tradition, and the Taterman or goblin, originally a Tatar, which in an old glossary is given as the equivalent of *alpinus*, an obscure word, which is itself a latinised form of the Mongolian 'albin,' a goblin or fairy.‡ Another such survival we may suspect in Old French 'halequin,' the name of a demon which is mentioned in connexion

* So in an old Gaelic poem an aged bard invokes a soft breeze to bear his spirit on the wind of its swiftness to the Isle of Heroes (J. C. Shairp, 'Aspects of Poetry,' 291).

† Scherer, 'Jacob Grimm,' 111 *seq.*; De la Saussaye, 207; Gomperz, 'Greek Thinkers,' i, 541; Tylor, 'Anthropology,' 161, 162.

‡ Grimm, 502; J. Edkins, 'Early Spread of Religious Ideas,' 82.

with certain barbarians called Taffurs [? Tatars], in the 'Chevalier au Cygne' (l. 6247), otherwise 'herlequin' or 'herlekin,' if, as we suppose, it was adopted by the conquered peoples from the grim Erlik-khan of the Tatar hordes. Each people may have assimilated its own native 'hellekin,' 'alichino,' 'elle-kong,' etc., to the name of the Tatars' death-king, which sounded much alike, as we know they assimilated the name of that hated race to their own Tartarus, or hell. The curious variations of form in different countries might thus be explained, and also the fact that no European country is able to claim the word as indigenous. 'Ce qui souvent rend les étymologies difficiles,' says M. Littré, 'c'est le croisement de mots qui, partis de points très-différents, viennent pourtant aboutir à une seule et même forme.'* It would certainly be a marvellous coincidence if words so homophonous as the medieval 'harlequinus' and the Mongol 'erlik-khan,' both appropriated to the king of the Shades, had no real connexion with one another or with the synonymous 'erl-king'; whereas a 'contamination,' as philologists call the process by which a new form arises from the elements of one expression mingling with the elements of another, would solve all the difficulties of the problem.

But we may go farther. We can still distinguish a certain similarity between the characteristic features of the stage harlequin and those of the ancestors which we claim for him. These are: (1) the hat or cap formerly worn by the antic, which was supposed to make him invisible when he put it on,† superseded now by (2) the movable black mask which, in the convention of pantomime, is feigned to render him unseen by the other actors when pulled over his face; (3) the magic sword with which he can make things disappear at will and work all kinds of marvels; and (4) the parti-coloured dress. All these insignia are found to belong to wind-gods, which are also death-gods, from Odin back to Yama. Thus, the distinctive marks of Odin are a broad hat with a turned-up brim, a dark mask, a wonder-working spear or staff, and a blue mantle (*hekl*, probably meaning the atmosphere), described as being spotted or dappled (*flek-kôlta*), which he

* 'Histoire de la Langue Française' (1873), ii, 120.

† Dr Clarke, 'Travels,' viii, 104-107; in Brand, 'Pop. Antiq.,' ii, 471.

wears as he rides the blast at the head of the wild host.* Wearing this pied garment, he is called 'Hakol-berand' ('cloak-wearer'), and corresponds closely, as Kuhn and Grimm have shown, to the spotted Sâramêyas and to Hermes, who are also wind-deities, and, as soul-conductors, waft away the spirits of the dead. The Scandinavian god is attended by two hunting-dogs, which are messengers of death, like the dogs of Yama, and the 'Erliks.'† The dark hat in which Odin moves unseen has congeners everywhere. It is the *tarn-kappe* ('concealing cap,' i.e. the cloud or darkness), well known in Teutonic folk-lore; the Anglo-Saxon *heoloth-helm*, which renders the wearer invisible. It is identical with the *petasos* worn by Hermes, for the same reason, by Charon as the ferryman of the dead, by Hades as lord of the unseen world, and by Aita, the Etruscan Pluto or Hermes.‡ In addition to the magic cap, Hermes also bears the caduceus, the equivalent of Odin's staff or wishing-rod, with which he controls the airy souls on their way to Hades. He also wears a chequered garment, and, as was natural for a wind-deity, was the first to draw Æolian music from the lyre. In this respect, too, he agrees with the Herlekin, and the aerial Erking, who originally carried music with him wherever he went, and came with a rushing sound.§

"Hörest du nicht

Was Erenkönig mir leise verspricht?"

"In dürrn Blättern säuselt der Wind."

An apt comparison has been instituted here with the old legend of the Pied Piper who, with the magic music of his pipe, drew away the children of Hameln into the spirit-land in an irresistible dance,|| he being, in truth,

* Odin's characteristic epithets are: *sidh-holtr*, slouch-batted; *grímarr*, mask-wearer; *seipall*, swift and shifty; his steed 'sleipnir' is the wind (E. Magnusson, 'Odin's Horse Yggdrasil,' 61).

† Grimm, 'Teut. Myth.,' 146, 147, 840; Keary, 'Dawn of History,' 2nd ed., 268-271.

‡ F. v. Duhn, 'Charon-darstellungen,' 'Archäolog. Zeitung,' 1885; Homer, 'Il.,' v, 815; Grimm, 463; Dennis, 'Cemeteries of Etruria,' i, 350; J. E. Harrison, 'Myths of the Odyssey,' 105 seq.

§ Craigie, 'Scand. Folk-lore,' 177. Sir G. Cox has already identified Erking with Hermes, the psychopompic breeze ('Comp. Mythology and Folk-lore,' 189).

|| Verstegan, 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence' (1634), 85. O. Mehlender says he was the devil ('Jocorum atque Seriorum Centuriæ' (1643), § 365). See also Baring-Gould, 'Myths of the Mid. Ages,' 417 seq.

' nothing else but the 'gale' (i.e. 'the singer,' as in 'nightingale'), the piping wind, which sets all things dancing, and wafts away on its wings the souls of the little ones. His pied or variegated garment, like Odin's 'flecked coat,' may image the interchange of cloud and light, or the dappled appearance of a windy sky, just as in Sanskrit, *kitrá*, many-coloured—which gives us our word 'chintz'—is applied to the clouds. The same in essential characteristics is the Erlik-khan, who wears a dark mask and a gaily chequered robe, who wields a death-dealing sceptre, the surrogate of the golden wand of Yama his prototype, and causes men to vanish out of the land of the living. We might also note the analogies presented by the Maruts, the personified storm-gods of the Vedas, who, equipped with spears (thunderbolts) and glittering ornaments (lightnings), drive along their horses (the clouds), which are spotted or piebald (*prīshati*). As pipers and dancers they make the music of the storm, and they hurry away the souls of the dying.*

Finally, it may be noted that, all the world over, the whirling wind, especially when it renders itself manifest by the cloud of dust or sand or straws which it raises in its rapid course, has been mythologised into a demon or evil spirit. Thus, in Akkadian, 'lil,' the ghost, with its shadowy substance, is given as a name to the dust-cloud; and it was in such a dust-whirl that the soul of Eabani, in the epic of Gilgamesh, mounted up to heaven.† Sir Richard Burton speaks of pillars of dust and 'devils' of sand sweeping like giants over the desert. These 'phantoms of the plain,' as the traveller, Bruce, calls them, are found as Shaitan (Satan) in the Soudan; to the Arabs they are evil Jinns, to the Hindus they are Bhūts or malicious spirits careering at large.‡ 'Whirlwinds,' says Burton, the anatomist of melancholy, 'are caused by aerial devils'; and he quotes an old writer, Cicogna, as saying that they manifest themselves in these revolving

* M. Müller, 'Rig-Veda,' i, 59, 76; 'Physical Religion,' 318; 'Contributions to Mythology,' pp. 604, 605. Compare, 'One man asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crows who had gone down were out in the storm' (Dickens, 'David Copperfield,' ch. 55).

† Sayce, 'Hibbert Lectures,' 145, 335; Maspero, 'Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria,' 250; Boscawen, 'The Bible and the Monuments,' 151.

‡ Lane, 'Modern Egyptians,' ii, 37; Hughes, 'Dict. of Islam,' 134; H. Spencer, 'Principles of Sociology,' i, 784.

winds when they raise the dust like a column. This belief is shared by the Danakil savages, the Afars, and Russian peasants, who pursue the eddies of dust and stab at them with their swords or attack them with hatchets. The moujiks believe that the dust-storms are moved and inhabited by vampires or witches. The modern Greeks hold that the actuating power of the whirlwind is the Nereid; the Chinese say it is a dragon, Tin-mi-lung; the Russians, a demon, Vikhar; the Germans, the old heathen god, Zio, or the dancing Herodias; the Lower Saxons, the devil, Stepke. The Poles believe the dusty whirl to be a dance of fairies, which agrees with the Irish name, 'sheegaoithe' (sidheann-gaoithe), 'the fairy wind.' 'God speed you, gentlemen,' an Irishman will say to the 'good people' (shecogues) as they ride by in a cloud of dust. And so in English fairy-lore Puck says :

' We own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
To frisk upon a wind.'

In the wind-god, shrouded in his mask of invisibility, wearing sometimes 'a blue mantle with golden spangles,' as was the case with Wodan, wielding a rod of magic potency that causes things to vanish away and transports the souls of mortals to the under-world; in Yama and Aerlik-khan, in Hellekin and Herlikin, in the Pied Piper and the Erlking, which share in all these characteristic features to a greater or less degree; and in the eddying whirlwind, which is so widely held to be an 'afrit,' demon, or tricky spirit gliding across the plain—in all these we recognise the elements out of which our dancing harlequin, with his black visor, his motley coat, his thaumaturgic sword and graceful circumvolutions, has been evolved in the lapse of time after many strange transformations. It is indeed a far cry from Aerlik-khan, the grim Pluto of Tibetan superstition, and Yama, the dread impersonation of death in ancient India, to the lively *figurant* of our Christmas pantomime; and yet the two long-divorced ideas were once before brought together again by an obscure French dramatist, Thomas S. Gueulette, who, probably wiser than he himself knew, entitled a comedy which he produced at Paris in 1719, 'Arlequin-Pluto.'

Art. VI.—GIORDANO BRUNO IN ENGLAND.

1. *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante, or The Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast.* Translated from the Italian of Jordano Bruno Nolano. London, 1713.
2. *Le opere italiane di Giordano Bruno.* Ristampate da Paolo de Lagarde. Göttingen, 1888.
3. *Life of Giordano Bruno the Nolan.* By I. Frith. Revised by Prof. Moriz Carriere. London: Trübner, 1887.
4. *Le opere latine di Giordano Bruno esposte e confrontate con le italiane,* da Felice Tocco. Firenze, 1889.
5. *Giordano Bruno und Shakespeare.* Von Dr Robert Beyersdorff. Oldenburg, 1889.
6. *The Poems and Masque of Thomas Carew.* Edited by J. W. Ebsworth. London: Reeves and Turner, 1893.
7. *The Italian Renaissance in England.* By Lewis Einstein. New York: Macmillan Company, 1902.

'THE prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come'—these words, in Shakespeare's occultest sonnet, have been read sometimes as a stray from the theories of Giordano Bruno. At least they might serve to denote Bruno himself, with his poetical presentiment of modern pantheism and of a modern ethical temper. One of the divining and expressive minds of the Renaissance, full of its clashing elements of ideal aspiration and animal will, he remains, with his vision on distant things, rather solitary in its midst. The Italian books, which are his main bequest, were written, and probably printed, in England. But much as Bruno has been studied, especially since his monument rose on the place of his burning in Rome, the chapter of his visit to England and his dealings with the English world of his own day claim fresh attention, as well as the strange silence of our own records concerning him, the possible traces of his presence in Spenser and Shakespeare, and the fitful appearances of his name or influence in our literature during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

Bruno was in England about two years and a half, like a man waiting in harbour amidst a series of violent voyages, enjoying a peace which to him could only be comparative. He came, not more than thirty-five years

old, with a passionate intellectual experience already behind him. In the shade of the Dominican life at Naples he had read freely, and the irritant, original quality of his thought had soon brought adventures. He had clashed with the Church, had been threatened, and had put off the religious habit and fled. Thus he started on his long unquiet pilgrimage as a propagandist, joining the assailants of Aristotle and those of the old astronomy, and adding theological heresies of his own. He could not rest in the city of Calvin, which would only harbour a convert, though, luckily for Bruno, Calvin was dead. Then he lectured boldly in Toulouse, one of the homes of the Inquisition, and next, to the credit of Henry III, found shelter and a reader's rostrum in Paris. Here he spoke and wrote much, in the sense of the neo-Platonists, on the 'Shadows of Ideas,' or the deceiving shows of sense. These, to him, were faint copies of the eternal realities or Ideas, which in turn emanated from the supreme Idea of all. In the spring, probably, of 1583, he quitted Paris 'because of the disturbances,' bringing letters from Henry to his ambassador in London.

Michel de Castelnau de Mauvissière, a diplomatist of honour and address, had held his post, and the favour of Elizabeth, for nine years, despite his devotion to Mary Stuart. His memoirs, written in London, but ending with the year 1570, show glimpses of philosophic thought which have been held to recall that of Bruno. He was indeed an appointed guardian for such a visitor. Old cuts are to be seen of the low-hung and narrow-windowed mansion in Butcher Row, leading from Wych Street to the Strand, with the fleur-de-lis on its outer walls, and then or later called Beaumont House. The region is now cleared to purge the thoroughfares of London. Here probably were written four or five of the most explosive books of the sixteenth century. Bruno lived as the 'ambassador's gentleman,' under the roof of a staunch Roman Catholic, and safe by privilege from the arm of any Church. His inconvenient estate as an unfrocked priest was made easy by a special exemption from mass. During his whole stay he 'did not go to mass when it was said indoors, or out of doors, nor yet to any sermon.'

Bruno lived on close and happy terms with his host,

who 'welcomed him with such largesse to a notable position in his household,' and who earns all the more credit if he can scarcely have known that he entertained the chief thinker that had come to England since Erasmus. For Bruno such generosity 'turned England into Italy, and London into Nola.' One of his recondite works, called the 'Exposition of the Thirty Seals'—which is not a commentary on the Apocalypse—Bruno seems to have had printed in London soon after his arrival, and to have prefaced with a dedication to Castelnau by way of grateful afterthought. To the same protector he inscribed three of his far more notable Italian books written in London, using terms of a passionate gratitude which rings true through the pile of superlatives. Hatred and calumny are the lot of ruthless reforming philosophers; and Bruno abounds with complaints against the ignorant tale-bearers and caitiffs who assailed him. From all such Castelnau, who heaped one good office on another, was his only rock of defence. Elsewhere Bruno sounds the note of that superlative pride which saves his excessive arrogance from our ridicule and carried his unpacified spirit through to martyrdom. He caught the higher style of that age in his words to the ambassador:—

'In having near you one who is truly worthy of your protection and aid you show yourself, as ever, conformable to princes great of soul, and to the gods and heroes who have appointed you and those like you to be guardians of their friends. . . . For while your betters in fortune can do nothing for you, who exceed them in virtue, you can do for others something which shall straightway be written in the book of eternity, whether that which is seen upon earth or that which is supposed in heaven.'

Another passage begins by loading the female sex, in Bruno's way, with thirty-nine distinct epithets of abuse, the lightest of which are 'frailty' and 'imperfection,' and which are also quaintly contrived to fit his other aversion, the 'first matter' of Aristotle; but he ends, by way of exception, with a compliment—so sudden and vehement are the turns of his tongue!—to the wife and child of Castelnau. His hostess is endowed, he says carefully, with 'no mediocre bodily beauty,' and with courtesy and discretion. Maria, though only six, might, for her speech,

be either Italian, French, or English, and can so 'handle musical instruments that you cannot tell if she is of bodily or incorporeal substance'; while her 'ripe and goodly bearing makes a doubt whether she has come down from heaven or is merely born of earth.' This tone is in the English as well as the Italian taste of the time, and might remind us of some passionate praise of a child in a play of Shakespeare, or of Fletcher afterwards.

Soon after his arrival, Bruno made what seems to have been his one excursion to an English seat of learning. Before the 'Thirty Seals' he had set, not only his dedication, but a Latin letter, conceived in the phrase, an enemy might say, of a cheap-jack, and addressed to the University of Oxford. Its excess of self-praise and reviling is a pitch even above Bruno's ordinary shout of exaltation or disdain. He has not a quiet style. The dust of his advance and the flaming and creaking of the axles of his chariot are something incredible. He accumulates epithet and synonym as though something were to be gained by them, until we hardly know what he is saying. At his best he is variously noble, sometimes full and ample, after the bent of Rabelais, turning his thought over and over, as though loath to let it fall till we have seen its last facet, while at moments he is inspired by Plato, and recalls him. His own ideal of writing he discloses in a sentence: 'Let me not deal in petty, delicate, curt, cramped, and concise epigram, but in a broad and affluent vein of prose, which is large and long, firm and flowing.' But at other times he writes thus:—

'To the most excellent Vice-Chancellor of the Academy of Oxford; to its illustrious Doctors and famous Masters; greeting from Philotheus J(ordanus) B(runus) of Nola, doctor of a more careful divinity, professor of a purer and harmless wisdom; known in the chief academies of Europe; a philosopher approved and honorifically welcomed; a stranger only amongst churls and savages; the awakener of nodding spirits, the queller of insolent and kicking ignorance, in all his actions betokening a general love of mankind; affecting Briton as much as Italian, woman as much as man, and alike the wearer of crown and mitre, and of gown and sword, the cowled and the uncowed; but most affecting him whose converse is peaceful, humane, loyal, and profitable, who looks not to the anointed head, the crossed forehead, the washen hands, and

the circumcision, but to the spirit and the cultivation of the wit, whenever he is suffered to look on the face of a true man; hated by spreaders of folly and petty humbugs (*hypocritunculi*), but loved by men of proof and zeal and applauded by the nobler spirits. All greeting to the illustrious and excellent Vice-Chancellor, and to the chief men of his University.'

After all, this was true in substance; and Bruno was only carrying somewhat far the principle of Flaubert's high counsel, 'Soyons plus fiers!' He goes on, however, to advertise his philosophic wares with a sort of ferocious politeness, which is always breaking down, and intimates his readiness to dispute with any one whom he can answer without disgracing himself.

Bruno thus invited himself to lecture at Oxford and argue against all worthy opponents. Naturally no reply of the Vice-Chancellor, Thornton, is on record. There is no trace of any permit being granted, nor is Bruno named among the foreigners who were incorporated in the University. This silence of all the English chronicles contrasts with the loud volubility of his own. Fond as he was, both in dialogue and farce, of pillorying pomposity, he might himself have posed as another stock personage of contemporary farce. The 'Miles Gloriosus' of the anti-church-militant seems to cry aloud in every allusion that he makes to his Oxford visit. By some means he got his wish. He had already made acquaintance with Philip Sidney, and probably of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who fill so large a place in his later accounts of his English visit. Perhaps it was from them that he took introductions to their own House, Christ Church, of whose Dean, the elder Sir Toby Matthew, as well as of Dr Martin Culpeper, Warden of New College, he speaks with enthusiasm as exceptions to the ruck of Oxford doctors. In any case he says that he lectured; and he chose the two subjects which then filled his mind and were certain to exasperate discussion. He attacked Aristotle's view of the immortality of the soul, and also, in discourses 'De Quintuplici Sphæra,' the still received astronomy. It was probably on the first of these themes that he spoke on the public occasion which is also recorded, though still without any mention of Bruno's name, by Anthony à Wood. So Nietzsche, three centuries later, might have left little impression after haranguing a company of Oxford dons.

On June 10th, 1583, a visitor, Albert Lasco, or Alaski, prince of Poland, a soldier, scholar, and mathematician, 'his personage proper, utterance sweet, nature facile, and wit excellent,' was received by a pomp of scarlet doctors and bailies, entertained with orations and fireworks, and lodged in Christ Church. Among his hosts were Matthew and Culpeper; and he passed three days in a whirl of banquets, speeches, and other demonstrations, 'hearing exercises in the Bible Schools to his great content'; and on the evening of June 11th 'several of that House disputed before him in their common hall.' It may be conjectured that Bruno had the *entrée* of the House, and was allowed speech by Matthew; or he may have spoken at St Mary's, where the customary fencing-match on divinity and on natural and moral philosophy was held; or again, on the morrow, in the schools. For on the latter occasion his friend, Matthew Gwynne, of St John's, not long since Master of Arts, a doctor, musician, and linguist, who recurs later in Bruno's chronicle, contested, on that ancient and husk-laden threshing-floor, the questions 'whether males live longer than females,' and 'whether divination is possible through the stars.' Leyson, the senior proctor, presided; and it is often doubtfully assumed that he was the actual disputant whom Bruno says that he perplexed. There is, again, no evidence, and Wood describes more of such spectacles on the next and last day of Alaski's visit. The whole scene, with its endless gowned formality and loquacity, bursts into froth; the doctors go back to cloister, and the celebrated person departs from Oxford amid more compliments, but from England in a cloud of debts, and is last seen by an English gentleman in Cracow, 'very poor and bare.'

Meantime, the obscure Italian, who remains unnoticed, was to his own sense the centre of all beholders in one or other of these exhibitions. We have his words:—

'Go there and let them tell you of what befell the Nolan, when he publicly disputed on theology with those doctors, before Prince Alasco the Polack, and others, noblemen of England. Hear how they could answer his reasonings, and how that unhappy doctor stuck fifteen times like a chicken in the stubble, amidst the fifteen syllogisms he propounded to us as Coryphæus of the University on that momentous occasion! Hear how rudely and discourteously that swine went on, and

how humanely and patiently spoke that other, showing he was indeed Neapolitan born and reared under a kinder sky.'

If the Church had taught Bruno language, the profit of it was that he knew how to curse. Farther on he pictures the sixteenth century doctors.

'They were clad in velvet, and one of them had two chains of shining gold on his neck, and the other twelve rings on two fingers of his precious hand, like a jeweller . . . and they showed acquaintance with beer as well as with Greek.'

Two of them will re-appear in 'The Ash Wednesday Supper,' where this sharp retrospect of Oxford occurs. But Bruno felt he had gone too far, and in his next work, 'On the Cause,' there is a long recantation. He was able to disown the slur of being 'an odd, impatient, and fantastic featherhead,' who has insulted a whole city and kingdom. For Oxford nursed Greville and Sidney and many keen and gentle spirits; and its well-ordered studies and solemn ceremonies make it, we now hear, one of the first academies in the world. Thus, in one of his quick revulsions, Bruno furls a little sail.

He had, however, retreated, we know not when, from Oxford to the embassy, and doubtless had due occasion to thank Castelnau for saving him 'from these doctors and from hunger.' For seven months no more is heard; but on Ash Wednesday, February 15th, 1584, occurred the scenes described in his book, 'La Cena de le Ceneri,' published in that year, and yielding a unique picture of English life. The astronomical discussion, in which Bruno defended the motion of the earth, is of less note than the framework of half-intended comedy. The heresy put forth forty years before by Copernicus, not as physical truth, but as the best mathematical explanation of the phenomena, was the subject of endless controversy, and could still serve for an evening's baiting. There is some gap at the beginning of the tale. Bruno receives two messengers from a 'royal esquire' saying that his conversation is desired. Then suddenly he is found conversing with Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, now a close acquaintance, who asks him the grounds of his belief.

'To which he [Bruno] replied, that he could not have given him any reason without knowing his capacity; and not know-

ing how far he might make himself understood, he feared to do like those who reason with statues and go on parleying with the dead; . . . but he was ever ready to answer worthy questioners.'

Bruno often violently contrasts the incivility of the English lower orders with the courtesy of the upper. Greville earned the praise by his reception of such a reply; for it

'greatly pleased the Signor Fulke; and he said, You do me a most pleasing service. I accept your offer, and would fain settle a day, when you will be opposed by persons who perchance will not fail to give you cause to display your forces. Wednesday week will be Ash Wednesday, and you will be invited with many gentlemen and learned personages, in order that after meat there may be debate on sundry noble matters. I promise you, said the Nolan, that I will not fail to be there at the hour, yea, and whenever a like occasion presents itself. . . . But I pray you not to make me come before persons who are ignoble and miscreate and of little understanding in such speculations. . . . The Signor Fulke replied that he need not doubt, for those that he proposed to have would be men of the best learning and behaviour.'

This was indeed good manners, and the supper is arranged. But Ash Wednesday comes, and sunset; and neither boat nor horse nor equipage is sent by the host to carry Bruno through the lampless mire of London. It is an insult; and he departs to spend his time with some Italian friends. Returning late, he finds two messengers, probably the same as before, awaiting him. One of these, John Florio, already domesticated in England, and afterwards to be the client of Shakespeare's friend, Southampton, and to make Montaigne an English classic, doubtless served for interpreter; for Bruno scorned to learn more than a few words of English. All Englishmen of rank, he says,

'know that their own tongue is only used in their own island, and would think themselves barbarians if they could not speak in Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian.'

The other companion is the Welsh physician, Matthew Gwynne, who had disputed on astrology and lectured on music at Oxford, and was further a maker of Latin plays. They tell Bruno that a company of knights, gentry,

and doctors are waiting supper for him, and will by no means miss him. With a show of bitterness he consents but only in order to give them a lesson in courtesy.

The route then taken by the three can partly be followed. Greville cannot have been at his mansion, Brook House, in Brook Street, Holborn, but was probably lodged in or near Whitehall. Eight years later Bruno, questioned by the Holy Office, said that the debate of 'La Cena' occurred in the French embassy, and was attended by certain physicians. He cannot well have forgotten. Either there was another occasion, or it seemed well to have aired the alleged heresy under the roof of an unimpeachable Catholic. In 'La Cena' a curious journey is described. It was the statelier as well as easier way to go to Westminster by water. But, on quitting Butcher Row, instead of descending from St Clement's to the Temple Stairs, the travellers for some reason turn eastward first, and get to Dorset Stairs, leading down from Dorset House, the abode of Lord Buckhurst, the poet of the 'Induction' and Elizabeth's trusted councillor. Here they hail a boat; and what follows is like a sudden interlude from Chapman's or Porter's comedy, save that instead of the British joy in farce and blows we feel the fierce nerves and quick intolerant senses of Italy.

'There we shouted and called *oares, id est gondolieri*; and stayed a long time, in which we could easily have got to our appointed place by land, and have done some small business withal. At length, from afar off, two boatmen answered, and right slowly they came to shoreward as though to put in; and then, after much question and answer about the where, and the when, and the why, and the how, and the how much, they brought up their bows to the lowest step of the stairs. And lo, there were two, and one of them, who looked like the ancient mariner of the realm of Tartarus, put out a hand to the Nolan; and the other, who I think was his son, though he was a man of some sixty-five years, received the rest of us.'

The boat creaked and leaked, *accepit rimosa paludem*, and might 'safely rival Noah's ark in age, for it seemed a relic of the Flood.' In this rotten craft they go painfully forward, the two Italians singing, and Florio doing it 'as though thinking of his loves.' The boat seems to be made of lead; and at length the boatmen, instead of

hurrying, turn into shore, and this when they have not gone a third of the way, being only just beyond 'the place that is called the Temple.' They will go no farther, for hercabouts they live. After vain entreaties the passengers pay the fare, and land, it would seem somewhere about the Temple Stairs, not in comfort. They plunge, perforce, through a terrible *tenebroso Averno* of low-tide Thames mud,

'one of them hissing with fury, another whispering, another snorting with his lips, or throwing a sigh and stopping a little, or cursing under his breath.'

At last, after reaching shore, they come to a slough with a dry narrow margin or side-lane, and thence somehow make their way up towards the Strand. And behold, they find themselves some twenty steps from Bruno's house, back near Temple Bar. They debate whether to go on; and, though they have been maltreated, they prefer to conquer by courtesy, and not to baulk the hopes of so many knights and noble personages. Moreover, Bruno is ever anxious to 'learn men's natures, to see manners, and, if it might be, to acquaint himself with some novel truth.'

They go forward, and the adventures begin again, though the route becomes less traceable. Near 'the pyramid by the mansion where three roads meet,' perhaps Charing Cross, Bruno is mobbed, and is thankful (answering *Tanchi, maester*—'thank ye, master') because he is merely hustled, and does not receive the sharp-pointed boss of the ruffian's buckler. This gives occasion for a tirade against the manners of the English populace, which is a mere sink in Bruno's eyes, and the most raw and barbarous ever born upon the bosom of the earth. The scene is convincing, and we feel the hot breath and clamour of Elizabethan London at nightfall.

'The artisans and shopfolk, who know you in some fashion to be a foreigner, snicker and laugh and grin and mouth at you, and call you in their own tongue dog, traitor, and stranger, which with them is a most injurious name, qualifying its object to receive every wrong in the world, be he young or old, in civic dress or armed, noble or gentle. And now, if by evil chance you take occasion to touch one of them, or lay hand to your arms, lo, in a moment you will see yourself, for the whole street's length, in the midst of a host that has

sprung up quicker than the men-at-arms, in the fiction of the poets, sprang from the teeth sown by Jason. They seem to come out of the earth, but in truth they issue from the shops, and give you a most lordly and noble view of a forest of sticks, long poles, halberds, partisans, and rusty pitchforks; and these things, though the sovereign has given them for the best of uses, they have ever ready for this and like occasions. So you will see them come upon you with a peasant fury, without looking where, or how, or why, or upon whom, and none of them thinking of any other; every one discharging the natural despite he hath against the foreigner; and, if he is not stayed by the heels of the rest who are carrying out a like intent, you will find him taking the measure of your doublet with his own hand or his own rod, and, if you are not wary, hammering your hat upon your head withal.'

After such adventures they reach Greville's door.

'The various people and servants in the hall, without giving way, or bowing the head, or making any reverence, and showing scorn by their gesture, did us the favour to point us to the right door. We go in and upstairs, and find that, after waiting for us long, they had sat down to table in despair.'

This behaviour of the great man's retinue leads to a curious and acute digression on the various classes of English dependents—gentlemen's needy gentlemen who wear a badge, bankrupt merchants, runaway sailors, and rogues, who all enter service. Then the supper-party is described in the same vivid, excited, rather distorted way. What eyes, what a memory, what a passion of learned hatred are needed for a picture like this of the Oxford doctor! It might be drawn by an exasperated candidate of his examiner in the schools:—

'With an emphatic visage—like that wherewith *Divom pater* is described in the 'Metamorphoses' as sitting in the midst of the council of the gods, to fulminate that harsh judgment against the profane Lycaon—after looking at his golden necklace—*torquem auream, aureum monile*—and then, having glanced at the breast of the Nolan, where he might rather have missed a button, he sat up, took his arms off the table, shook his shoulders a little, snorted somewhat with his mouth, set his velvet cap straight on his head, twirled his moustache, put his perfumed visage into gear, arched his brows, expanded

his nostrils, glanced behind him and adjusted himself, and leaned his left hand on his left side.'

The two doctors, called here Torquato and Nundinio, sat on each side of an unnamed knight who took the head of the table. Florio, after some polite parleying, sat at the foot, with Greville on his right and Bruno on his left. Contemporary portraits help the sharp outline of the scene. Bruno, spare, short, with a wide persistent gaze and endless vitality, probably not yet bearded, careless of dress and copious of words; Greville, with smallish clear-modelled features, high-bred, dignified, and dressed like a courtier, with, as we may imagine, a halting, fastidious utterance; Florio, another dark Italian face, full of cheerful affectations of speech; the cavalier, possibly Sidney, with more distinction than beauty; the excited rampant doctors; the Latin shouting and arguing over diagrams, the philosophers crying out while the gentlemen keep their heads; the ceremony, so disgusting to Bruno, of passing round the loving-cup; the break-up of the party in confusion; the doctors departing without salutation, having been easily silenced and refuted; and all this about the motion of the earth:—surely few scenes of that period in England have been rescued for us so clearly from the darkness of time! The conclusion is in keeping. The entertainers, still unperturbed, beg Bruno not to be vexed with the doctors, but to pity the poverty of the land, which has been 'widowed of all good literature so far as touches philosophy and mathematics.' Then, after courtesies, Bruno returns in the dark 'without coming on any of those butting and kicking beasts which had molested our advance.'

The years 1584 and 1585 were the most fruitful of Bruno's life. In the leisure and shelter of the embassy he wrote the five or six Italian dialogues which show the full compass of his style and the early maturity of his philosophy. Apart from the Latin poems subsequently published, they contain almost every seminal thought which Bruno yielded for posterity. It is wholly certain, too, that they were issued from a British press, though 'La Cena' mentions no place at all, while the others bear the imprint of Venice or Paris. Long after, at his trial, Bruno explained that all the books dated from Venice, and

practically all dated from Paris or elsewhere, were really printed in England, the publisher supposing that a foreign imprint would increase the English sales. It may not have been easy to find a publisher for works which Anglican and Romanist would alike repudiate. A tradition of some age, found in a note of Thomas Baker the antiquary, steadily asserts that Bruno applied to one of the most courageous and lettered printers in London, Thomas Vautrollier, a learned Huguenot, who had already been checked and fined for producing Lutheran pamphlets, and who fled to Scotland (where he introduced a new era in printing) because, according to Baker, he had been printer to Bruno. The whole tradition is doubtful; for the Italian books, though all from the same London press, bear, according to a recent expert opinion, no resemblance in type or decorations to Vautrollier's issues. Who printed them is unknown.

Thus, when England was barren of philosophy, at least ten years before Hooker's treatise and twenty before the 'Advancement of Learning,' the Italian refugee had probably printed in London the dialogues he had written within a bow-shot of Temple Bar. Each of them shows his temperament colouring a different problem. 'De la Causa, Principio et Uno,' seeks the final, single, and divine principle of things, which is infused into all matter. 'De l'Infinito, Unive: so, e Mondi' refutes the current notion of the physical universe as bounded by fixed walls or 'flaming ramparts.' In the 'Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante,' with its parasitic 'Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo,' a fresher code of human excellence is propounded, and the current social ethics revised. In 'Degli eroici Furori' the upward quest of the soul for illumination is portrayed. Bruno wove no system, but passed on to further developments in his Latin poems, which expound his view of the monad, or constituent unit of all things and thoughts.

In the Italian books there is endless Vesuvian reek and fulmination. There is little trace of the serenity which crowns the conversation of the Platonic Socrates, though there is some of his subtlety. There is plenty of sardonic declamation and noise; and the speakers who disagree with Bruno are too soon, and with too little slyness, made foolish. But the style, so various, often so high, and always alive and never satisfied, animates the

formal metaphysics, disguising, even, the outline of the new thoughts to which it gives all that impetus. One of Bruno's needs is to seek and absorb as much of the picturesque manifold of life as possible. He will have everything, before he feels ready to seek the unity which binds the pageant together. And his other, his co-equal need, is to seek for that unity in life itself, in spirit, in divinity, whose omnipresence he guesses and vehemently asserts rather than approaches by steps of proof. The dialogues quiver with this play of two intellectual passions—so real can the metaphysical quest of 'finding the one in the many' be when thus taken to heart! To such a quest the widening of knowledge in his own day, and the corresponding liberation of human dreams and aspirations, gave reality.

We now return to the narrative of his life in London, which is often wrongly told.

There is no other record of Bruno visiting Fulke Greville; nor is there anything certainly to show that the 'cavalier' at the supper was Sidney. There is no reason why Sidney should not have been named, if present; but Bruno seldom names him before the later dedications—those of the 'Spaccio' and the 'Furori'—though we then learn that Sidney had been among his first English acquaintances. A passage in the dedication to 'La Cena' may be given in full, as it is the main source of what must be called the Bruno legend:—

'What is the drift of this banquet, this supper? Not merely to muse on the disposition of the noble and well-conditioned Signor Fulke Greville, in whose honoured dwelling we met; nor on the honourable bearing of those most courteous gentlemen who were there present to see and hear. But our desire is to see how far nature can go in compounding two fantastic bugbears, dreams, shadows, and quartan agues [these are the two Oxford doctors]. And while the historic sense of this matter is first sifted and then chewed and digested, there are drawn out aptly by the way certain speculations, some topographical, some geographical, or rational, or moral, or again metaphysical, or mathematical, or natural.'

Thus Bruno merely says in his rapid way that all kinds of digressions may be looked for in his dialogue;

and on this remark appears to rest the time-honoured fiction of a 'club,' or periodical gathering, of which Sidney, Greville, and Bruno were the leaders, and which met to 'discuss,' as it is usually put, 'moral and philosophical speculations.' This notion seems to be traceable to a remark by Warton in a note upon a line of Pope. He says that Sidney was 'in a secret club with' Bruno in 1587 (*sic*). Prosy Zouch, the biographer of Sidney, added the vivid detail that 'philosophical and metaphysical subjects of a nice and delicate nature were there discussed, and the doors of the apartment in which they met kept shut.' Later writers have seized the hook, which is baited by the authentic records of the secret 'atheistical' sittings that were charged first against Marlowe and then against Sir Walter Raleigh. There is no proof of the 'club's' existence, and everything discredits the theory. Sidney was the last man in England to deal in philosophical heresy. There is not a sign of his knowing Bruno's views, or of his having any real interest in high metaphysic or freethinkers' ethics. Nor do the pensive and stoical poems of Greville resemble anything in Bruno.

An allied fiction has it that Bruno was well known in London society, and personally acquainted—so the list usually runs—with Dyer, Spenser, Bacon, Temple (the translator of Ramus), and, as it sometimes added, with Walsingham and Leicester also. Of this there is no evidence at all. To the first four of these he never seems to allude, and to the last two, only as illustrious men. Almost every modern authority, except Mr Symonds in his 'History of the Renaissance,' and Dr Höffding in his 'History of Modern Philosophy' (a work which contains the best short account of Bruno extant, and can be read with pleasure by the man of letters as well as the philosopher), repeats the unfounded tradition. Various forms of it may be found in many excellent books, such as the late Mr Owen's 'Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance,' in Mr Fox Bourne's 'Sir Philip Sidney,' in Miss Frith's work on Bruno, in the standard biography of Berti, and especially in the popular Italian accounts of Bruno, which swarm with mistakes about England. To ascribe any such prominence to Bruno is precisely to conceal the most curious problem of his life in England,

namely, why he was ignored. Before touching on this point we may enquire what more he really tells us, and what may safely be inferred from it.

In the dedication of the 'Spaccio' there is ardent praise of Sidney, of his wit and manners, and of his truly heroic disposition and merits, 'shown to me at my very first arrival in the British isle'; and Bruno adds that he would not turn his back on that fair and fortunate land before saluting Sidney in gratitude, a remark which points to the 'Spaccio' having been issued shortly before his departure. With this greeting he couples another to Greville,

'who resembles you in his many inward and outward perfections, being allied to you in the long and strait friendship wherein you have been reared and grown together; and as to myself, he was the first to proffer me his services after you, who were first; and I should have taken and he accomplished them, if the jealous Erinnyes of mean and malignant persons had not sprinkled its arsenic betwixt him and me.'

He adds that some unnamed calumniator had estranged Greville, yet he keeps another book in reserve to inscribe to him. This promise was not kept. We do not know what the calumny was; but Bruno was often both waspish and sensitive, and his prefaces run over with complaints of being misconstrued and defamed. Perhaps, after the exhibition in 'La Cena,' Greville had politely dropped him. In 'De la Causa' he represents himself as a victim of general hatred, envy, and persecution, and Castelnau as his one protector. It might not be unfair to think that he is really angry at not being noticed. He hints also at another side of his experience. Among his troubles, and the last drop in his cup, was a 'mad, malicious, and discourteous feminine scorn.' But the 'Furori,' perhaps a year after, opens with an indifferent sonnet to the 'fair and delectable nymphs of England,' and ends with a long and confused lyrical parable in honour of those ladies, 'the graces of the Thames,' and their queen. Perhaps the nymphs are the same referred to later still in the 'De Immenso,' where Bruno likens himself to the hairy Pan—'*setosum quia me natura creavit*'—well enough, if we think of his large, indiscriminate zest for life, and his fierce buoyancy of temper.

His tone is like that of Walt Whitman; he is strenuous, he says, and invincible, and male; and if he is reproached he has his answer ready for all the Narcissi—‘peramarunt me quoque nymphæ.’ Such an attitude may help to show why his ethics did not appeal to Spenser or Sidney, the sons and singers of chivalry. Of chivalry he had little enough. Crossing his Platonic strain, and at last overpowering it, is the decisive, positive spirit of a Southerner. Sidney may have scrupled to admire a tirade in the ‘Furori’ which Shakespeare might have been glad to invent for one of his ebullient personages. Taxed long after by the Inquisitors concerning his attitude to women, Bruno gave conventional answers; but the passage in question recalls the tone of his early, rampant comedy, ‘The Candle-holder’ :—

‘What? Am I, perchance, a foe of generation? Do I hate the sun? Am I vexed that I and others have been put into the world? Am I the one to bar the holy institute of nature? God forbid. . . . I do not think that I am cold, and doubt if the snows of Caucasus or Riphæus could allay my heat. What then do I conclude? This, O eminent knight, that we should render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s. I mean that women should be loved and honoured—as women should be.’

Bruno had also to own to the Inquisition that he had been guilty of praising heretical sovereigns. But he pleaded that he had praised them, not as heretics, but for their moral virtues. He admits his error in applying the classical adjective *diva* to Elizabeth. ‘But I was all the readier so to call her, because she knew me, as I went constantly with the ambassador to court.’ This is his only reference to his personal knowledge of the queen. But in ‘De la Causa’ he falls into the strain of high but not absurd fancy familiar in Spenser and Drayton. He does not merely dole out the requisite compliment; he had stayed long enough to catch the rising tone of patriotic hope and triumph.

‘With the glory of her eyes, for twenty-five years and more, she has pacified the great ocean, who with perpetual ebb and flow quietly receives into his bosom his beloved Thames; and he without fear and annoy goes on gay and secure, creeping to and fro along the grassy shores.’

The 'rocks unscaleable and roaring waters' of England stayed in Bruno's memory. Part of his Lucretian poem, 'Do Immenso,' must have been written here; and we seem to trace him staying on the south coast. He argues that the eye is deceived by the seeming nearness to one another of the fixed stars, as compared with the distance of the planets, 'just as a corner of this house seems, from the height of Calais, to be farther from the other corner than one distant end of Britain from another.' Later in the same work, which was printed in 1591, we catch a far-off echo of the journeys of Drake, and a kind of naturalised pride in the English fleet, which represents so much toil, and so much of '*nimis imperterrita virtus*,' triumphant over obstacles, yet bringing sometimes, he adds, the pests and maladies of other lands. It was in the late summer of 1585 that Bruno left England for good. There is no reason to think that the slanders about which he is eloquent shortened his stay. It ended naturally with that of the ambassador, who took him back to the French court. He resumed his wanderings, which ceased fourteen years later, in February 1600, in his martyrdom on the Campo di Flora; not dust unto dust, but flame unto flame—a death of which any thinker might be jealous.

Every mention of Bruno's life in England comes from himself, and no allusion to his name has yet been traced, so far as we know, in the English writings of the sixteenth century. Neither Sidney nor Greville speaks of him. It has been suggested that the phrase 'sweet enemy,' which comes in Bruno's sonnets in the '*Furori*,' and in a famous phrase of Sidney, is a recollection; but it is simply one of the paradoxical felicities, like Romeo's 'cold fire, sick health,' which swarm in the verse of the time. Bruno's books were not reprinted for two centuries in the original, and became disregarded rarities. The other great Italians were freely translated; Vautrollier himself issued Fenton's version of Guicciardini. Tasso, as well as Ariosto, Castiglione, and many lesser men, were familiar in English. There are constant allusions to the presence, or signs of the influence, of other visitors from Italy as Mr Einstein well shows in his recent work on 'The Italian Renaissance in England.' But not a line of Bruno's appears to have

been quoted or even alluded to as his until the days of the 'Spectator' and Toland. All this should serve to banish the fancy that he was a recognised focus of thought and culture in London, or that he left a deep imprint on the English mind. As Dr Höffding puts it,

'There is no ground for supposing that there was any real comprehension of his views, even in small and select circles; at any rate no trace of it can be pointed out. . . . Philosophical interest in England ran in quite another direction from that taken by Bruno, both then and in the following age.'

We may, however, ask more exactly, not only why so keen and rare a spirit was neglected, but whether the neglect was total after all. There was so much 'celestial thieving' among the Elizabethans—Spenser seized whole stanzas of Tasso silently—that it would be rash to deny such a likelihood.

Bruno's system never reached cohesion; his style was foreign to that of all contemporary English prose, the nearest analogue, strange as it sounds, being that of Thomas Nash. His vanity and suspicion were not very endearing, and he may have seemed to the superficial a bundle of pretensions and fantasies. He did not speak English. But the causes of his being generally forgotten lay deeper. On one side he was not very original: much of his Platonism, for instance, was part of the common stock of the Renaissance. On another side he was much too original and prophetic to be understood by any of his hosts. During his actual stay there was little true philosophical life in England; and the rise of Hooker or Bacon could only deepen the oblivion which had overtaken the strange, vehement visitor, so soon become a rumour. If anywhere it is among the poets that we must seek his influence. Had he any upon Shakespeare, or upon Spenser?

In 1585, when Bruno left London, Shakespeare is not known to have reached it. Florio, we saw, had met Bruno; and both he and Shakespeare became clients or friends of Southampton. Florio translated Montaigne, and somehow Shakespeare read Montaigne. This is the sole personal channel through which we know definitely that Shakespeare might have heard of Bruno. The language of the Italian dialogues is much harder than that

of Cinthio or the other tale-tellers whom Shakespeare may have read in the original. Still various scholars have insisted on finding Bruno's thoughts in 'Hamlet' or the Sonnets, though all such attempts have brought misfortune. The philosophical ideas which recur in Shakespeare—not as a doctrine but as an intermittent *motif* (if we seek for more we are led as by Ariel's music into many traps and pools)—are usually incompatible with those of Bruno. Dr Beyersdorff of Oldenburg proved this in detail in 1889; and everything confirms his sceptical treatment of two laborious Germans, Tschischwitz and König, who were not content till they had found many parallels between the two authors. Bruno would have said that even Alexander's dust had its share of the *anima mundi*, despite the 'progress of a king through the guts of a beggar.' Hamlet refers purely to physical change, and no one could see any affinity to Bruno's theory who did not confound his pantheism with atomic materialism. Hamlet, too, could 'count himself a king of infinite space,' without his creator being driven to the 'De l'Infinito' for the idea. Shakespeare, in fact, shows no sign of abjuring the old astronomy, which Bruno helped to subvert. His imagery is firmly tied to the orbs and spheres, even as his sun 'rises on the earth.' It is their music that is heard quiring by Lorenzo, it is their predominance over human fates that is doubted by Edgar. There is no sign of Bruno's daring burglary through the legendary outer sphere, in which the fixed stars are 'pegged, panelled, and plastered' as in a kind of cupola. Bruno's conception, which acts on his fancy like a drug extending the apparent range of vision, is that of endless room for innumerable worlds, in one of which the sun is central; and it was not used by our poets till long afterwards.

It is hardly fantastic to say that we know Shakespeare all the better if we see that he is not, after all, at the centre of the new philosophy, any more than the earth, with all its riches, tempests, and entertainments, of which he is the master and presenter, is at the centre of the new heavens. In that single inspired phrase, 'the prophetic soul of the wide world,' there might seem a glance at Bruno's pantheism. But pantheism was not peculiar at this epoch to Bruno; and, moreover, Shakespeare does not elsewhere seem to speak of pantheism or monism.

One sceptical phrase of Hamlet, 'There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so,' is far more likely, as Dr Brandes has shown in his work on Shakespeare, to be an echo of Montaigne than of Bruno. Again, the 'shadow' and 'substance' in Shakespeare's Sonnets have been compared with Bruno's 'Umbrae Idearum'; but the usage is not quite the same. Add to this that no contrast or criticism of the current religions is to be surely traced in Shakespeare, while it was Bruno's task to deride many of the doctrines common to the old faith and the new. What a quicksand the study of verbal parallels may be, is shown in those who compare the allusion in 'Hamlet' to an external providence, or the 'divinity that shapes our ends,' with Bruno's profoundly pantheistic sentence, that 'we have a divinity close to us, nay, it is more within us than we are within ourselves.'

It would be natural to seek for some intellectual contact between Bruno and Spenser, who drank far more deeply than Shakespeare of Italian thought and poetry. Both of them drew from the same sources of neo-Platonism—partly from Plato himself, or Plotinus, but more immediately from the recognised expositions by Ficino, Pico, and Benivieni. From Pico, for instance, could be learned the several stages, each more disinterested than the last, by which the soul rises to the apprehension of a beauty divine and absolute. By the others the contrast of vulgar and Platonic love was developed in a way that is familiar through the 'Four Hymns' and 'Comus.' There are passages in Bruno to match anything in those poems, but we must not infer that Bruno was the creditor of the English poets.

'Love is not a ravishment by the snares of bestial affection, bound under the laws of an unworthy destiny; but it is a rational impulse, which follows on the intellectual apprehension of the Good and Fair, which are known to it, and whereto it would fain conform itself; so that it comes to be kindled by their light and nobleness—comes to be invested with a quality that makes it seem worthy and noble. . . . It does not go stumbling and dashing now into one ditch, now another, or upon a rock, as though drunken with Circe's cups; nor does it change from aspect to aspect like a vagrant Proteus; but it conquers and controls the monsters of terror without any jar to harmony. The affection that is well-conditioned

loves bodies and bodily beauty as a token of the beauty of the spirit. Nay, what enamours us in the body is a certain spiritual quality which we see therein and call beauty.'

Bruno makes as much of Platonism as any Englishman of his century. Of the happiness of mystical attainment he uses much the same words as Spenser makes his tempter, Despair, use of the mere quiet of death :

There is the fruit of toilsome virtue, there is joy, there the river of delights . . . there is the term of tempestuous labours, there peace and rest, there quiet undisturbed.'

The parallel is doubtless again an accident. And the turn which Bruno gave his Platonism removes it far from that of Spenser or of our later Cambridge divines. It was a single affluent of his monism or pantheism, which was so far beyond his own age that it waited for development by Spinoza and Leibnitz. But there are other elements in his thought which it seems less hazardous to discover working upon Spenser.

We do not know if it has yet been noticed as a possibility that Spenser read Bruno's strangest and best-hated book, the 'Spaccio,' which has a fitful history in English literature afterwards. It soon passed out of knowledge or was misknown. Scioppius, whose virulent letter is our chief authority for Bruno's martyrdom, thought that the 'Triumphant Beast' was the Pope. Leibnitz, despite his vast reading, never seems to have actually handled the book, and confused the word *spaccio*, despatch or rout, with *specchio*, a mirror. Even now the work is often ill understood, owing to the cumber and diffuseness of the allegory. It shows in a parable Bruno's vision of a new society on earth, which is preceded by a great, vague catastrophe. The reigning vices and cowardices are superseded by justice and truth. This new earth Bruno's ironic fable shows under the guise of a new heaven. The scene is the pagan Olympus. Jove feels old, cannot descend any more to earth to misbehave in bestial disguises, and dreads to suffer from the universal law of change. Perhaps he may die into something which has no memory of Jove. Like a man, he prays to Fate, while knowing that it cannot alter, and resolves on a reformation which shall begin with others. The god turns pious, rebuffs Ganymede, and taunts Venus with

the physical omens of the dowager condition. On the anniversary of the fall of the giants he assembles the gods, who are to show repentance by instituting a wholly fresh chart of the firmament. In the sequel there is every kind of guerilla warfare against Jewish and anthropomorphic theology; but the chief aim is to construct a new ideal of human ethics. The old stars and constellations merely blaze out the rapine and amours of the gods. The sign of Hercules is a witness of Jove's adultery, and the sky is thus filled with symbols of squalid vices, moral and intellectual. Altogether, these make up 'the Triumphant Beast' who has to be despatched. Jove goes steadily through the work of degrading each of them and promoting its contrasted excellence.

The ethical ideal that results is one of the most significant produced by the Renaissance, and is a corrective to that set forth in the 'Faerie Queene.' It is one of noble daring, magnanimous free-thinking, and frank respect for human needs and passions. It may be called naturalistic, while Spenser's is medieval and chivalrous. Bruno's exposition, though his fable is confused and crowded, is instinct with that sense of the infinite which is his birth-right, and intimates much that we are still trying to express. The cardinal virtues are Truth, 'the purest and divinest of things, nay their essential purity and divinity, which is not stirred by violence, marred by age, wrinkled by time, or veiled by darkness'; Wisdom, with the various sciences in her train; high Prudence, her mundane counterpart; Law and Justice; Courage, which is described in Aristotelian manner as midway between the extremes of Weakness and Meanness on one side, and Insolence and Savagery on the other; Indignation which is just and well regulated; Love of the Commonweal, and many more. Sometimes the turn given is quaint. The dethronement of Cruelty suggests a tirade against the hunting of game—a pursuit only worthy of butchers, and fit to be banished to England or at least to Corsica. The sign of the Cup must disappear and be given to the chief tippler produced by high or low Germany, where Gluttony is 'renowned among the heroic virtues, and Drunkenness among the heavenly attributes.' This ancestral foible of the North had been taxed for centuries; yet we are not surprised to find a German pedant tracing a debt to Bruno

in Hamlet's allusion to the 'heavy-headed revel' of the Danes. As a whole, Bruno's ethics, while not systematised, rank as high, clear, and prophetic, though he has no understanding of the Christian virtues.

In spite of this difference of spirit we still seem to find an echo of Bruno in Spenser's verse. The broken cantos 'On Constancy' recall some of the 'Spaccio' in their machinery, and other words of Bruno in their ruling idea. They play with large conceptions of change and recurrence. Here also is a conclave of gods led by Jove and discomfited by the feeling of decay. Mutability is a 'Titaness' who makes a struggle to revive her dynasty. She pleads before the gods her right of conquest. So far the scenery nearly recalls that of the 'Spaccio,' but the sequel differs. Nature sits in judgment, and before her, in proof of the endlessness of Change, passes the pomp of the Seasons, Months, and Hours.

'For who sees not that Time on all doth prey?
But times do change and move continually,
And nothing here long standeth in one stay.'

But Nature pronounces that if all things change, they change in a fixed cycle (so that change and order imply each other).

'And turning to themselves at length again
Do work their own perfection so by fate.
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign,
But they rule over Change, and do their states maintain.'

The notion, which appears elsewhere in the 'Faerie Queene' (III, vi, 37, 38), is an old one, but had been phrased most recently in the 'Eroici Furori,' though of course without the Christian application given by Spenser.

'Death and dissolution do not besit this entire mass, of which the star that is our globe consists. Nature as a whole cannot suffer annihilation; and thus, at due times, in fixed order, she comes to renew herself, changing and altering all her parts; and this it is fitting should come about with fixity of succession, every part taking the place of all the other parts. . . . Thus all things in their kind have the vicissitudes of lordship and slavery, felicity and infelicity, of the state that is called life, and the state that is called death; of light

and darkness, and of good and evil. And there is nothing which by natural fitness is eternal but the substance which is matter.'

The references in English to Bruno during the next century and a half are usually to the 'Spaccio'; those made by Bacon to his name are cursory and show no sign of study. But the 'Spaccio' is unexpectedly to be traced in an English masque played at Whitehall by Charles I, and set to music by Milton's friend Henry Lawes. It is unknown how Thomas Carew came to use a work so rare and discredited for the fabric of his 'Cœlum Britannicum' (1634). He had been in Venice, where the tale of Bruno and copies of his books may still have lingered. He does not own his source, which we believe was first noted by his biographer in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' nor does he use it with any notion of its scope or grandeur. But he has certainly taken its setting and dipped into its episodes. Momus, the satiric god, a kind of Shakespearian fool in Bruno's Olympus, plays, like Mercury, a part in the masque. Carew makes Mercury promote Charles and his queen into the room of the usurping stars, which are plucked down as in the 'Spaccio.' In one speech a dozen of the signs are saddled with the same vices as Bruno allots to them; while Riches, Poverty, and Fortune, as in the original, though not in the same language, make harangue. The rest is different; but it is curious that this show should have appeared in the same year as 'Comus.'

For long we hear no more of Bruno in English literature, except a few casual words in the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' Burton alludes to his physical theories, and calls him an atheist, which he was not. But the stigma helped to obliterate his work in England. Hobbes and Locke both worked in a different direction; and if Spinoza, who may have studied the Italian, was a misunderstood name of terror, Bruno was apparently quite forgotten. The deistical movement at the beginning of the eighteenth century produced a curious little current of interest in his work. Copies of the 'Spaccio' rose in price at the book-sales to thirty or fifty pounds; and 'nothing,' began Eustaco Budgell in the 'Spectator' (No. 389, 27th May, 1712), 'has more surprised the learned in England.' The work, he says, might be thought formidable, as it was written 'by one Jordanus Brunus, a

professed atheist, with a design to depreciate religion.' Budgell, however, read it, and found it so little dangerous that he 'ventured' to give a cursory and bewildering summary of its contents. Meagre as his relation is, it tells more of the work than Bayle's article in his 'Dictionary' published fourteen years before. So Mandeville, in his 'Remarks' on his 'Fable of the Bees,' refers to the book as 'that silly piece of blasphemy.'

In 1713 enough interest was excited for a translation to appear, which is thus far the only one in English. Few copies—it is said a hundred—were printed, and the execution is so creditable that it might well be revised and re-issued, though the preface to Sidney is not rendered in the copy we have seen. The translator seems to have been Morehead. But he was probably inspired by John Toland, whose reading was wider than that of the other deists, and to whom we owe the only notices of real interest for many a decade. Toland had been attracted already to Bruno. He had summarised the 'Spaccio' in a letter, though he did not dare to name the author. Leibnitz, with whom he corresponded, had, as we have noted, misunderstood the title. Toland then explains further, but 'the matter is not to be communicated to every one.' However, he ventured further. In another pamphlet he quotes and corrects the letter of Scioppius, mentions the 'De la Causa,' gives a fuller notice of the more harmless 'De l'Infinito,' and translates its preface. How much he understood may be judged from the remark that Bruno considered spirit 'only a more movable and subtle portion of matter.' But Toland was the first Englishman, and one of the few men of his day, who showed any inkling at all of Bruno's significance. Allusions to him doubtless exist in the later eighteenth century, but it is only in the nineteenth that the revival of interest in his thought has been great. Still it remains for the twentieth to produce a complete and adequate study of his whole life and thought. His own country and Germany have done much, and England has done something. He should be pictured by some one who is equally versed in the history of philosophy and of Italian letters. Is there no young Scotchman, who understands the temper both of Burns and of Spinoza, who will rise to the task?

Art. VII.—THE EARLY HANOVERIANS.

1. *A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I and George II. The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to his Family.* Translated and edited by Madame Van Muyden. London: John Murray, 1902.
2. *Caroline the Illustrious, Queen Consort of George II and sometime Queen Regent. A Study of her Life and Times.* By W. H. Wilkins. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1901.
3. *Bolingbroke and his Times.* By Walter Sichel. Two vols. London: Nisbet, 1901-2.
4. *Undercurrents of Church Life in the Eighteenth Century.* Edited by Canon Carter. London: Longmans, 1899.
5. *Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission.* Carlisle Papers, 1897; Portland Papers, 1899; Harley Papers, 1899; Stuart Papers, 1902.

EVERY century supplies its own special contribution to the stream of history. In England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that contribution took the shape of great religious and constitutional movements. In the nineteenth, combined with these, we have to note more especially the progress of industry, the emancipation of labour, the growth of scientific discovery, 'the steamship and the railway and the thoughts that shake mankind.' The eighteenth century was comparatively a stranger to all these things, and lies rather like an interval of repose, between two periods of tumultuous activity. Yet it had its salient characteristics. Between the beginning and the end of the eighteenth century we see a much greater change in the manners and customs of society than we see between the beginning and the end of either the seventeenth or the nineteenth. In reading Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' we are perfectly at home: we can drink tea with Mrs Thrale, dine with Mr Dilly, and sit down at Mrs Abington's supper-table without any effort of the imagination. But most of the works whose titles are given above depict a state of society to which we are complete strangers. We can no more fancy ourselves the guests of Lord Sparkish than the guests of William the Conqueror. The eighteenth century came in with lace and swords and full-bottomed wigs and brocaded coats,

with hoops, paint, and powder; it went out with the shepherdess costume for ladies, and coats and breeches for the male sex, such as may be seen on the statue of Mr Pitt at Westminster, and men still living can remember to have seen in their childhood.

Here was a gulf indeed; but it was only in externals. Our remarks apply exclusively to manners. In morals there was little change. There was some, indeed. In George III's reign the Court, at all events, set a better example, whereas under George I the Court played high, and the King drank deep—an example which his loyal subjects were not slow to follow. In the 'Carlisle Papers' we find a letter from Sir Thomas Robinson to Lord Carlisle at the beginning of George II's reign, in which he says that on the King's birthday the gentlemen all got so drunk at dinner that they were unable to go to the ball afterwards, and the ladies were at a loss for partners. He himself was one of the defaulters. He was engaged to a lady, but was obliged to go home instead, being, as he says, 'quite demolished.' Lady Cowper records in her diary that in 1716 a young man came drunk to the Drawing-room and pulled a gentleman's nose in the presence of royalty.

Ladies in general played for high stakes all through the early Hanoverian era. According to Lord Shelburne, the fashion was only introduced in the reign of Queen Anne by Lady Shrewsbury, who gave card-parties 'in a small house which afterwards belonged to General Conway.' If so, her ladyship had much to answer for in the shape of ruined fortunes, shameful compliances, and domestic misery in general. All the memoirs and biographies of the period teem with gambling anecdotes; and the papers published by the Historical MSS. Commission abundantly confirm all that we find elsewhere. In the confidential correspondence between friends, as in Sir Thomas Robinson's letters to Lord Carlisle just quoted, we get at particulars not always to be found in other quarters. Here it is sufficient to say that the most recent of the Historical MSS. publications only confirm what is told by the earlier ones, and fully justify the description given by Lady Cowper (Lord Carlisle's sister) of London in her day. 'London,' she says, 'is like a kept mistress, dissolute in principle, loose in practice, and extravagant in

pleasure.' People 'eat, drink, give balls, and run into debt, and in short do everything but pay.'

In politics the work of the eighteenth century was rather digestive than creative. The great struggles of the two preceding eras being now at an end, England was engaged in realising their results and settling down under the new system. The problems of parliamentary government were being worked out till the system was finally established on its modern basis. The process was not, however, completed without considerable friction, for there were still two principles in conflict, of which the respective supporters appealed equally to the Revolution; and as the question thus at issue is one which is not without a close political bearing on the controversies of our own time, we shall treat the political aspects of the early Hanoverian reigns at some length. The life of Bolingbroke alone brings up before us once more the whole vexed question of Party, and the many vague possibilities connected with it which are from time to time ventilated by ingenious theorists.

The de Saussure letters, which we have placed at the head of this article, were composed from notes taken by a Swiss gentleman in the course of a visit to this country between 1725 and 1730; and the fresh and simple style in which they are written attests the fidelity with which the author has recorded the impressions left upon his mind by what he heard and saw. Sometimes indeed we are rather at a loss to say whether he is to be taken seriously, or not. There are passages which might imply either that he was a humorist of some merit, or the dupe of some cruel wag who took advantage of his ignorance of the English language to cram him with the grossest nonsense. Of this some specimens shall presently be given. While in England de Saussure entered into the best society, both in town and country, was present in Westminster Abbey at the coronation of George II—of which he has left a long and circumstantial description—and went with Lord Kinnoul to Constantinople as chief secretary to the Embassy. These facts show the position which he occupied in England and prove that he had every opportunity of discovering the absurdity of the stories palmed off upon him. But he retained his innocence to the last, if innocence it is; and

it is better to think so, as his book is infinitely more piquant than it would be if regarded only as a solemn joke.

De Saussure believed that English people were specially addicted to suicide, and he frequently recurs to the subject. He thought it a foolish habit, and even the English, he tells us, thought the same in the case of a lady of the *demi-monde* who hanged herself for love of an Irishman. That a woman of this class should hang herself at all occasioned great surprise; but what they could understand least of all was her doing it for the sake of an Irishman. We commend this remarkable instance of Saxon prejudice to the attention of Mr Dillon and his friends.

From suicide we pass easily to murder; and one of the greatest social changes witnessed in the eighteenth century relates to the last-mentioned crime. We find from these Swiss letters that in England, in the reign of George I, the wife who murdered her husband was burned alive, while the husband who murdered his wife was only hanged. To M. de Saussure this seemed an invidious distinction of which he could not conscientiously approve; nor did it fit in with his ideas of justice that a clergyman should suffer at the stake for murdering a bishop, or a servant for murdering his master. Such was, no doubt, actually the law in the eighteenth century, at least with regard to married women; but we need hardly remind our readers that what M. de Saussure conceived to be still the practice had become a dead letter.

A change in manners was certainly the characteristic change of the eighteenth century. M. de Saussure saw many things in England which nobody has seen since. He saw Oliver Cromwell's head stuck on a gate-post at the top of Ludgate Hill. He witnessed the investiture of thirty-six Knights of the Bath—an order to which no new members could be admitted till all the rest were dead. In this instance they had been dead a long time, since this order of knighthood was only revived by George I in 1725; and this is how M. de Saussure came to see the whole number knighted at once. We must not repeat too many of our Swiss visitor's remarks on men and manners, but one other may be mentioned. He was astonished at the cleanliness of English people. The

dinner-table, he says, is always remarkably clean, the linen very white, the plate brilliant, and, what is more surprising, 'knives and forks are changed as often as a plate is removed.' He is also credibly informed 'that not a day passes by without English men and women washing their hands, arms, faces, necks, and throats in cold water; and that in winter as well as in summer. If all the wonders he was told of had been as real as this, his book would have been less amusing.

We learn from M. de Saussure, what is new to us, that in the reign of George I fallow-deer and roe-deer roamed at large in the parks, passing from St James's Park to Hyde Park as they chose. The roe-deer were so tame that they would eat out of your hand. The Mall was then the same kind of society-lounge that Hyde Park is now, and de Saussure's description agrees with that of Goldsmith. He also speaks of the English style of dress much as Goldsmith does in 'The Citizen of the World,' written some thirty years afterwards; and both give nearly the same reason for the simplicity of an English gentleman's ordinary attire, namely, that foreigners had made 'finery and frippery' ridiculous. De Saussure says that if any one appeared in the streets with a braided coat, a feather in his hat, or his hair tied in a bow, he would be mobbed for 'a French dog.' On state occasions, however, he tells us that peers and persons of rank were richly dressed; and nothing is more striking than the minute descriptions which are given to each other by lady correspondents during these two reigns of the dresses worn at Drawing-rooms, birthdays, and other court ceremonies by the men as well as by the women.

One marked feature in the history of the early Hanoverian kings was the family quarrels. 'That family,' said Lord Carteret, 'always have quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation.' It came in time to be regarded as a family tradition. George I quarrelled with George, Prince of Wales; George II quarrelled with Frederick, Prince of Wales; and George III quarrelled with the fourth George. The talk of society during the whole of George I's reign, as may easily be imagined, turned on these court scandals. The 'Harley Papers,' the 'Life of Queen Caroline,' Lady Cowper's 'Diary,' the 'Carlisle Papers,' are full of them. The

quarrel between our first Hanoverian monarch and his eldest son culminated, as we shall see, at the baptism of Prince George William, but it did not begin there. There had been a coldness between them before they came to England, founded on the King's belief that the Prince was not his own son. The Prince's conduct was not calculated to remove this impression. His Majesty complained that his son put himself too forward, and was jealous of the popularity which he and the Princess did all they could to attract to themselves, and which George I was never able, perhaps never tried, to acquire.

The King's absence on the Continent appears to have been felt as a great relief by the Court. The maids of honour looked back with regret, years afterwards, to the merry summers they spent with the Prince and Princess at Hampton Court, when all was fresh, and they knew neither fatigue nor *ennui*. The mornings were often passed upon the river; and in the heat of the day the barge would be drawn up under the trees, while Mary Bellenden sang to them, or their cavaliers recited verses and epigrams of their own composing. They came back to dinner at two, after which the Prince went to bed, and the Princess received visitors. She then wrote her letters, and was ready to go out again with her husband in the cool of the evening. They strolled about the gardens attended by those charming young ladies whose beauty, after nearly two centuries, is still a household word, and by the crowd of fine gentlemen, their admirers, who were a good deal more than mere 'exquisites.' Who would not give something considerable to find himself under the lime-trees and the chestnuts listening to the 'dalliance and the wit,' which had not then acquired its modern appellation of 'chaff'; seeing Mary Lepel toss her head at some whispered compliment from Pulteney, or free-spoken Mary Bellenden aiming her saucy shafts at the veteran lady-killer, Peterborough? Then the gentlemen were called away to play a game of bowls with the Prince, while the ladies took tea under the pavilions which stood at each corner of the bowling-green. After this diversion the gallant company went into supper, which was followed by cards or dancing. On some evenings the Prince and Princess retired to their own private rooms and enjoyed the conversation of the

Duchess of Monmouth, who told them piquant anecdotes of the Court of Charles II, or listened to Dr Samuel Clarke discoursing of time and space and the attributes of the Deity. Both alike were equally welcome to Caroline. On these evenings, which perhaps the lovely Maries liked best of all, there were little parties going on all over the palace. Among the most popular were Mrs Howard's, at which her admirer, the Prince, not sorry, perhaps, to escape from Dr Clarke, was a frequent visitor.

Mary Lepel, when Lady Hervey, looked fondly back on these days, and in a letter to Lady Suffolk declared that a little flirtation would do more to benefit her health than either exercise or hartshorn. She and her sisters, indeed, seem to have thought the prescription as good for the health of their souls as for the health of their bodies; and they behaved so badly in church that Bishop Burnet was obliged to complain to the Princess. Their presence in the Chapel Royal drew all the young men of fashion to the same place; and while the Prince talked aloud during the sermon, they kept up a running fire of nods and smiles and winks with their various male acquaintances. It was poor Sophy Howe who, when rebuked by the Duchess of St Albans for giggling in church, and told she could not do a worse thing, replied, 'I beg your Grace's pardon, I can do a great many worse things.' The Princess herself rebuked the girls for their behaviour, but with so little effect that their pew had to be boarded up high enough to prevent them from either seeing or being seen. They were highly indignant, of course, and got Lord Peterborough to write a squib on the bishop. His lordship rather fancied himself as a writer of *vers de société*, and Thackeray calls his effusions charming; but we should doubt if this particular specimen gave the worthy bishop much pain. Lepel and Bellenden and Sophy Howe and Miss Howard were all of them then in the heyday of their youth and high spirits, amusingly careless of decorum, and laughing at proprieties which at the present day, we presume, are generally respected.

The time came, however, when they found that the life of a maid of honour had its rough as well as its smooth side. It was not all parties on the river and flirtations under the lime-trees, and dancing or quadrille

at night. Their position was no sinecure; and they did not hesitate to say that a maid of honour's life was the most miserable life in the world. What they most disliked was being obliged to get up early in the morning to go out hunting with the Prince and Princess, who never spared them. They found fault with their breakfasts, which consisted only of Westphalian ham. They had to ride all day across country on borrowed hacks, and come home to dinner in a fever and, what was worse, with a red mark on their foreheads from a tight hat. These things were no doubt hard to bear; but they seem to have got plenty of sport to dilute their miseries with after all. If they were bumped about over hedges and ditches all day, they had dancing and flirting and gambling all night to make up for it. But the fun of the fair was over by the time de Saussure arrived. Could he only have seen the Howes, Lepels, and Bellendens at morning service his remarks on them would, we are sure, have been charming.

The ill-will between the King and the Prince, which had long been smouldering, kept alive by the gaieties in which the father could not share, and resented in consequence, broke into open hostility at the christening of Prince George William in November 1717. The Prince of Wales wished his uncle, the Duke of York, to be godfather. The King ordered the Duke of Newcastle to appear at the font instead, which was naturally regarded by the Prince as a deliberate insult. After the ceremony was over the Prince told the Duke he was a villain, which the King in turn chose to consider as an outrage on himself. He ordered his son to remain under arrest in his own apartments, and soon afterwards commanded him to quit the palace. The Prince and Princess set up their Court at Leicester House, which henceforth, for two successive reigns, became—with brief interruptions—the headquarters of opposition. But in spite of the King's order that no one who visited the offending couple should be received at Court, they had no lack of attendance. The company at their first ball, says the 'News-letter,' was numerous and magnificent. There were grand illuminations; and the park guns would have been fired had not his Majesty forbidden it. On the 19th of December the same purveyor of intelligence reported that the terms on which

the Prince and Princess would be readmitted to the palace had been fixed.

'It is said this day that the King has acquainted their Highnesses with the conditions and terms which he expects from them, in order to their returning to his palace; and they say that he demands a surrender of their patents for 100,000*l.*, and that he shall not pretend to the Regency when the King goes abroad, and that he shall go with him to Hanover, and that he shall have none about him but what are approved by his Majesty, and go into the same measures with his own servants. All this is said with great assurance, but whether true or not is not certain or to be depended upon.'

The Prince rejected these terms, the first of which, indeed, the King had no power to enforce; and the rest, with the exception of the Regency, were abandoned. The Prince and Princess, however, were not reinstated in St James's Palace, and they seem no longer to have kept up a rival Court at Leicester House. The King, as he grew older, was less inclined for gaiety, to which indeed he had never been much addicted. Society had been hard hit by the South Sea business. Many of the leaders of fashion, both male and female, were retrenching at their country seats; and the maids of honour, finding life becoming rather slow, began to think of getting married.

Miss Lepel was married to John Hervey, afterwards Lord Hervey of Ickworth, in October, 1720; and Miss Bellenden to John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, early in the same year. The marriage was not announced till June; and the Prince of Wales was very angry when he heard of it. He had promised Miss Bellenden, who had rejected his lover-like advances with great emphasis, that if she did not marry without telling him, he would do something for her husband. But Mary seems to have treated the one offer with as much scorn as the other.

The 'News-letter,' so often referred to in the correspondence of the day, answered pretty closely to the letters of 'Our London Correspondent' at the present time. The composition of these letters was a regular business, by which the writers got a living. These men scoured the town for information, exhausted the gossip of the coffee-houses, pushed their way into the law-courts, where we

fancy some evil-minded Templars must often have played them the same kind of tricks that the young Scotch advocates played on 'poor Peter Peebles,' and picked up all the *on dits* to be met with between the Royal Exchange and St James's Street. Their budget of news was copied by clerks, who despatched it to the various subscribers; and 'many of these curious journals,' says Lord Macaulay, 'might, doubtless, still be detected by a diligent search in the archives of old families.' The Historical MSS. Commission have discovered many interesting specimens of this 'London Letter,' as it was known to our ancestors in the early Georgian era, not differing very materially from the valuable communications with which readers of provincial newspapers are familiar in the present day.

No flattering portrait of our first Hanoverian sovereign is drawn by de Saussure. He describes the King as short of stature and very corpulent; his cheeks are pendent, and his eyes are too big. He is fond of women, and, though much attached to his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, he occasionally amuses himself with passing intrigues. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II, is a better figure and is fond of fine clothes. The Princess has grown too stout, but is 'witty and well-read, and very charitable and kind.' On the death of Sophia Dorothea the King took to himself a second mistress, a dark-eyed beauty, the daughter of Savage's Lady Macclesfield, by her second husband, Colonel Brett. The young lady named a coronet as the price of her dishonour, to which the King agreed. But unluckily for poor Miss Brett, her royal lover died before she received her reward; and she was promptly kicked out of the palace only a few months after she had entered it. She retired with a pension which George I had settled on her, and some years afterwards married a Sir William Leman. During her short-lived reign she had shown herself fit to be a king's favourite; and the row in the palace is a curious instance of what was possible in the early Hanoverian days.

'Her apartments,' says Mr Wilkins, 'adjoined those of the King's grand-daughters, Anne, Amelia and Caroline; and Mistress Brett ordered a door leading from her rooms to the garden to be broken down. The Princess Anne ordered the door to be blocked up again.'

It was pulled down a second time by Miss Brett's command, and replaced a second time by the Princess Anne's. While the dispute was at its height, news came from Hanover that the King was dead; and the Princesses made short work of 'the baggage.' But the King's death did something more than disappoint a pretty girl. It was the ruin of a great statesman. Bolingbroke now steps upon the stage; and a wider scene opens before us. His alliance with the Duchess of Kendal for the purpose of supplanting Walpole in the King's favour forms the drop-scene, so to speak, of George I's reign.

The Duchess was very likely jealous of Walpole's influence; but this was not all. In 1723, when Bolingbroke returned from France, Walpole was becoming not only the exclusive counsellor, but the boon companion of George I. The Duchess must have known very well that the King's life was not a very good one, and may have regarded with some anxiety those suppers at Richmond Lodge when Walpole and his master sat smoking and drinking half the night, rarely separating till they had seen the bottom of the third bowl of punch. It is by no means unlikely that this 'sipping and tipping,' as Miss Oldbuck called it, over 'the common gude o' the burgh,' may have shortened George's life; and in the Duchess's desire to put an end to these symposia most women of well-regulated minds will sympathise. The readiest way to do this was to sow distrust between the two toppers; and to this work did Bolingbroke and the Duchess, of course for very different reasons, seriously incline themselves. But it is a remarkable fact that time was always against Bolingbroke. Had Queen Anne lived two years longer, he would probably have made himself the most powerful subject in Europe. Had George I reached the allotted age of man, it is at least highly probable, as both Mr Sichel and Mr Wilkins believe, that he would have stepped into Walpole's shoes, and, perhaps, had as long a lease of power. Had Wyndham not died when he did, Bolingbroke's dream of a national party might at least have had a fair trial. It matters little whether Walpole's account of the intrigues set on foot by the two confederates is correct or not. He himself was far too wise to put any sanguine construction on the King's words. None know better that the influence of

the Duchess of Kendal would be sure to assert itself in the long run, notwithstanding any temporary check. Supported by the genius of Bolingbroke, whose consummate knowledge of affairs enabled him to supply her at any moment with the arguments best calculated to make an impression on the King, it must, Walpole was convinced, prevail in the end. 'I need not add,' he said, 'what must or might have been the consequences.' He was with difficulty prevented, in the spring of 1727, from resigning office, and, according to one report, retiring with a peerage. But the stars in their courses fought against Bolingbroke. After George I's death he gave up all hope of a return to public life, and devoted himself to vengeance on his enemies.

In the 'Stuart Papers' there is a very interesting correspondence between Bolingbroke and James II, and between Bolingbroke and the Chevalier de St. George, from which we learn quite clearly what Bolingbroke meant by saying that at the Queen's death there was no 'formed plan' among the Tories for the restoration of the Stuarts. This statement, contained in the letter to Wyndham, has often been censured as disingenuous; but only because the censor was ignorant of what Bolingbroke meant by a 'formed plan.' In 1715, before the insurrection of that year, he wrote to James saying that a formed plan was exactly what was wanting, and advising him to postpone action till one had been concerted. An organised scheme must be prepared, by which all James's friends in England and Scotland should rise simultaneously at a given time, which would have the effect of distracting and perplexing the enemy, and give the Jacobites the chance of striking a decisive blow before their adversaries were prepared. A *coup de main* of this kind might compensate for their inferiority in everything except numbers. For Bolingbroke was very clear on this point. He never deceived himself. He told the Chevalier that everything but numbers was against him :

'the face of authority, the legislature as now constituted, the standing forces, the fleet, the greatest part of the old nobility, the moneyed interest, and the whole body of the French refugees, who are more desperate and better disciplined than any other class of men in England.'

It is a curious thing that both conspiracies, those of the '15 and the '45, 'exploded prematurely' without the whole strength of the Jacobite party ever having been brought into the field. A 'formed plan' might at either time have changed the course of English history.

The better to appreciate the political theories which are usually associated with the name of Lord Bolingbroke, we may glance at the state of affairs on the Continent about the middle of George I's reign, on which a good deal of light is thrown by a correspondence printed in the 'Harley Papers' under the date 1720. At this time there were two parties in Europe—Spain and Austria on the one side, and France and England on the other—each party striving after objects of its own, with which it is not necessary to trouble our readers*. One of these was called the German, the other the French party. Stanhope and Sunderland, at the head of the government in England, were the chief supporters of the French party. But their colleagues, Townshend and Walpole, who had been taken into the ministry in the spring of 1720 on terms with which they were very much dissatisfied, might, it was thought, be got at. In the document about to be mentioned, they and their friends are spoken of as the 'disgusted Whigs,' while Stanhope, Sunderland, and their party are the 'Cabal.' The Germans accordingly endeavoured to gain over the 'disgusted Whigs' to their own side, and to induce them to make such representations to the King as would dispose him to change his ministry and throw over the French alliance. Their plan is sketched out in a long letter addressed by Count Bernsdoff, the King's Minister at Hanover, to Count Zinzendorf, the Foreign Secretary at Vienna. A translation of this letter came into Lord Oxford's hands and is printed among the 'Harley Papers.' The project which it unfolds is remarkable for many reasons. The 'disgusted Whigs' were to endeavour to convince the King that the 'Cabal' intended 'to alter the constitution, and so to establish themselves that they should be able in future to give laws to the King and his son, and even remove them when they shall think proper.'

According to de Saussure, it was commonly said by the Tory party that the Whigs were at heart republicans, 'desirous of taking all authority and power from the

sovereign and leaving him no more rights than are allowed to a Doge of Venice.' In other words, their object was, as Count Bernsdoff put it, to 'run the nation into an Aristocracy,' i.e. an oligarchical republic, which is exactly what Lord Beaconsfield always said. This is the earliest mention of the 'Venetian Constitution' with which we are acquainted, showing, at all events, that it was not invented by his lordship. Curiously enough, Townshend and Walpole were themselves accused of nourishing the very same designs as those for which they denounced Stanhope and Sunderland. Edward Harley, Auditor of the Exchequer, and brother of Lord Oxford, asserts unhesitatingly in his 'Memoirs of the Harley Family'—an appendix to the Portland MSS.—that such a scheme was on foot in 1716, and that this was the real meaning of the Septennial Act.

This convergence of evidence may be taken as pretty good proof that the object which the Whigs had in view from 1688 onwards was something more than the maintenance of the Protestant succession and the security of parliamentary government; and that the description of their policy in 'Coningsby,' which, when it first appeared, was treated as a fantastic fiction, has a solid historical basis. It is clear that the 'sham system,' condemned by Lord Shelburne many years afterwards, began under George I; and if, as Mr Sichel asks us to do, we try honestly to put ourselves in the place of Bolingbroke or one of his contemporaries, we may perhaps come to the conclusion that much of the abuse lavished on the Tory party of that date has been undeserved. Mr Sichel, we believe, misunderstands Bolingbroke, but he sees clearly enough that to judge him from the standpoint of the twentieth century is the grossest injustice.

Bolingbroke's career, from the death of George I in 1727 to the formation of the Pelham ministry in 1744, is replete with the liveliest interest, both personal and political. While the Duchess of Kendal was working for him in private, he was resolved to fight the battle with his own hand in public; and for that purpose he established a weekly journal which, under the name of 'The Craftsman,' appeared on the 5th of December, 1726, and lasted over nine years, that is, till the 17th of April, 1736. Bolingbroke and Pulteney, between whom there was

a close alliance, were the chief contributors; but most of the leading men of the day had a hand in it—Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Chesterfield. The editor was Nicholas Amhurst, otherwise Caleb d'Anvers—an able man who wrote a good deal for the journal, but was left to starve when it stopped. Mr Sichel's chapter on 'The Craftsman' will repay perusal. No doubt, as he says, 'its success was unbounded'; that is to say, it was most ably written and had a very large circulation. That it would make no impression on Walpole's Swiss Guards, arrayed in triple brass, might be taken for granted. But the Opposition were encouraged and kept together by seeing their case so ably stated; while, if the power of the pen is good for anything, the vigour, the logic, and the satire of 'The Craftsman' must have told on the class of men described by M. de Saussure, 'men without foolish prejudices or personal interests.' It is impossible to doubt that the decline of the ministerial majority at the general election of 1734 was due in part to the efforts of 'The Craftsman.' But, for political journalism to exercise a decisive effect on public affairs, a large reading-public and independent constituencies are required. In 1734 there was no large reading-public; and, of such independent constituencies as then existed, the majority already carried Tory colours and required no persuasion.

The founders of the new periodical, which constitutes an epoch in British journalism, had no lack of matter. The secret letter of George I consenting to the cession of Gibraltar, the existence of which had been denied by Walpole in the House of Commons; the refusal by England of the offer made to her by Spain that she should act as sole mediator between the courts of Vienna and Madrid; the Porto Bello expedition; the treaties of Hanover, Seville and Vienna, were all turned to excellent account by these skilled controversialists. Walpole employed Bishop Hoadley, under the signature of 'Publicola,' to defend the ministry on the question of Gibraltar; and, if the reader wishes to see an adversary completely doubled up in Bolingbroke's best style, let him turn to the fourth volume of 'The Craftsman,' where, in an article dated January 4, 1729, and in two others in the Appendix, he will find a good specimen of the merciless artillery to which, for nine years and a half, Walpole was

continuously exposed. Whatever its effect—and that it was considerable if not immediate can hardly be doubted—‘The Craftsman’ will always possess this special element of interest, that it was the first deliberate and well-sustained attempt which had yet been made by statesmen and scholars, by men like Bolingbroke and Pulteney, to write down a government.

The history of the Tory Opposition from 1726 to 1736 is one long protest against this series of blunders, this constant and unskilful intervention in continental affairs demanded by our new German interests, and entailing, of course, an over-accumulating debt. If this was the price we had to pay for the Revolution, the Tory gentlemen of 1730 can hardly be blamed for not quite grasping the situation. The new government and the new system were then a novel experiment, of which the ultimate tendencies were invisible, while the immediate disadvantages were flagrant. It was a system which seemed to retain all the vices of personal government without its virtues, and to combine equal facilities for the exercise of arbitrary power with greater facilities for concealing it.

The general election of 1731 was fought with uncommon severity all over the kingdom. A very amusing account of it is given in the Wentworth Papers, describing the contest between the Whig and Tory parties in Yorkshire. The Tory candidates were Sir Miles Stapylton and Mr Wortley, and their opponents were Mr Turner and Sir Rowland Winn. Sir Miles came in at the head of the poll with a majority of seventeen over Mr Turner, who was returned with him. This, although the Tories did not carry both seats, was considered a great party triumph. Yorkshire was a stronghold of Whiggism; and preparations had been made for a grand ball at York to celebrate this victory. The Whig ladies felt their defeat acutely. Lady Winn shed tears; Lady Malton, whose husband belonged to the Whig branch of the Strafford family, turned away a maid-servant who was heard to cry, ‘Stapylton for ever.’ Her ladyship had ordered ‘a fine suit of close’ for the occasion; but, when the poll was made known, the box remained unopened. The disappointment was all the greater because Lord Malton’s people had treated the Sheffield voters with wine, while Sir Miles Stapylton’s agent had only given them ale. The

'Castle interest' was defeated in Leicestershire. Two Tories were returned for Gloucestershire—a thing which had not happened since the Revolution. 'The Craftsman,' of course, had worked the Excise Bill for all it was worth; and it was this more than anything else which robbed the Whigs of such county-seats as still belonged to them. But their overwhelming borough interest was still sufficient to turn the scale. Walpole met Parliament again in the following summer with a diminished majority, but one strong enough to make him safe for another seven years. 'The Craftsman' lingered on for about fifteen months longer; but Bolingbroke left England in the following year, and arrived at Chanteloup on the 23rd of June, 1735.

Bolingbroke was then only fifty-seven—an age at which few public men give up the game, even after the severest disappointment. Various explanations of his retirement at this moment have been offered; but probably Mr Sichel is right in thinking that the symptoms of a schism in the Opposition, which became visible after the general election of 1734, were the principal cause of it. Pulteney and his party had been 'out in the cold' for ten years, buoyed up by the hope that, supported as they were by some of the ablest men of the day, they would in the long run prevail over a government guilty of many great mistakes, notorious for its corruption, and unpopular with the country at large. We do no injustice to Pulteney in supposing that, on finding himself mistaken, he was unwilling to serve another seven years for his Rachel. He was tired of patriotism, tired of that will-o'-the-wisp 'a national party'; and he began to cast about for the best means of turning out Walpole without changing his system, thus, in Bolingbroke's words, only substituting one faction for another. It was impossible for Bolingbroke to work with a colleague who was prepared to 'go about' and abandon the one great object for which both had worked together so long.

Other reasons may have concurred with this to induce Bolingbroke to leave England, at all events for a time; and he may perhaps have believed that when he was gone he would be missed. And so indeed he was. Had he been upon the spot during the last three years of Walpole's administration, things might have turned out

differently. But in his absence the rift in his party grew wider. His advice was disregarded; and at last, when, after the general election of 1741, a combined attack by the different sections of the Opposition would have ensured Walpole's defeat, many of the 'discontented Whigs' refused to support it, and the consequent failure gave Walpole two more years of power.

Thus was Bolingbroke's grand idea knocked on the head. His notion was that a fusion might be brought about between the 'discontented Whigs,' the Tories, and the Jacobites, which would constitute 'a national party,' as opposed to what Stair and others always called 'the gang.' It is not improbable that Pulteney saw through the weakness of this design, plausible as it might appear on paper. It could not, at all events, have been carried out without other changes, as Bolingbroke was very well aware, changes foreshadowed in 'The Patriot King,' to which we will now for a moment turn our attention, as Mr Sichel's conception of that famous work, however ingenious, will not, we think, bear examination.

Bolingbroke, we must remember, had known only the worst aspect of the party system. Of personal government he could give good examples to match the bad. As a set-off against a Richard II or a James II, he had Edward III and Elizabeth. But the party system, as it flourished down to the middle of the eighteenth century and for some years afterwards, would seem to him to possess no one redeeming feature. No doubt, as M. de Saussure observes, there were those, even in the reign of George I, who saw the general advantages of the party system under all its anomalies and abuses. They thought that without party we should be in danger either of despotism or of anarchy which must end in despotism. 'These prudent politicians,' as he calls them, 'are convinced that this form of government is the happiest in the world, and sometimes side with the weaker party to preserve' the balance (p. 351). Here we see 'the balanced interests and periodical and alternate command of rival oligarchical connections' spoken of in 'Sibyl,' which, according to its author, 'could subsist only by the subordination of the sovereign and the degradation of the multitude.' It was for a long time Mr Disraeli's conviction that the Reform Bill of 1832 was destined to destroy this

system. It is, of course, a highly artificial one, worked by very complicated machinery, and naturally repugnant to that class of minds which are enamoured of simplicity. Bolingbroke, however, would have replied to the prudent politicians aforesaid that the balance was not preserved; and that, from the death of Anne to the death of George II, party was based upon the principle of proscription, and would never have come into being had not that policy been insisted on by the Whigs in 1714. That it could ever develope into a really useful organ of parliamentary government never occurred to him. Hence the twin conceptions of a 'National Party' and a 'Patriot King'—for the two must be taken together. Bolingbroke was too clear-sighted not to be aware of what Mr Sichel does not altogether understand—that a national party means in fact no party. Party government presupposes the existence of two political connexions, the one in power, the other in opposition. A national party, including both sides, would leave no scope for an opposition; and without an opposition the minister or the sovereign becomes absolute; that is to say, the idea of a national party, if fully carried out, inevitably means personal government. And Bolingbroke did mean it. If we read his observations on Edward III's reign in 'Oldcastle's Remarks,' as well as 'The Patriot King,' we shall be at no loss to understand what he had in his mind all along.

'Much misconception' (says Mr Sichel) 'has perverted the significance of this famous treatise, which is constantly regarded, like its author, in isolation from its period and from its companion works. . . . What Bolingbroke desired was, in truth, simply what we now possess, a king at once popular and constitutional. The whole point of "The Patriot King" is that he is to be the interpreter as well as the director of the nation. It is not to George the Third, but to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII that we must turn as illustrations of the Patriot King.'

We should be the last to impugn the patriotism of either sovereign; but the kingship is another question. If the king is to be the 'interpreter of the nation,' he will put his own interpretation on its wants and wishes; and who is to guarantee the correctness of his reading? But in truth no such conception of a sovereignty as Mr Sichel

imputes to Bolingbroke had ever dawned upon the eighteenth century. It was not yet born. Such is certainly not the construction which Mr Disraeli placed on 'The Patriot King,' 'recalling to the English people the inherent blessings of their old free monarchy,' that is, the pre-Revolution monarchy. He refers us to Carteret and Shelburne as the true depositaries of the Bolingbroke doctrine; and his language in 'Coningsby' is wholly inconsistent with Mr Sichel's theory. According to 'The Patriot King,' the sovereign, being above all parties and factions, is to prevent the government of the country from being monopolised by any one of them. He is to select his ministers from all alike at his own discretion. He is to take the initiative in government. It is he who is to direct our foreign and domestic policy into the channel most conducive to the public welfare. He is to be, in fact, the mainspring of the whole government machine. This was the lesson which George III learned from 'The Patriot King,' and partly carried out. But that such is a fair description of the Victorian *régime*, who but Mr Sichel would assert? We may appeal to Mr Gladstone as well as to Mr Disraeli in support of our own interpretation of 'The Patriot King':

'The day when George IV, in 1829, after a struggle, renewed the Charter of the Administration of the day, and thereby submitted to the Roman Catholic Relief Act, may be held to denote the death of British kingship in its older sense, which had in a measure survived the Revolution of 1688, and had even gained in strength during the reign of George III.' ('Gleanings,' i, 38.)

This was the kingship which Bolingbroke had in his eye; and this was the kingship which Mr Disraeli found in the pages of 'The Patriot King.' To assert, as Mr Sichel does, that it is represented by the monarchy of to-day is, with due deference to so accomplished and well-informed a writer, to strain after novelty at the expense of common-sense, and to read into Bolingbroke's words a meaning which it is not only impossible that they should bear, but of which our whole parliamentary history for the last seventy years is a standing refutation.

As might be expected, Mr Sichel adopts Bolingbroke's view of Carteret's foreign policy, but he does not write

as if he fully comprehended all that Carteret was aiming at. This was nothing less than a European combination which should have the effect of shutting the gates of Germany against France for ever, and, by depriving her of a pretext for interfering in German affairs, should dry up one of the principal sources of European war. The nature of his scheme, and the selfish means by which it was defeated when success was all but assured, are recorded in Mr Ballantyne's 'Life of Lord Carteret,' and summarised in the Quarterly Review for January 1888. It was natural that Bolingbroke should look askance at any pretext for reviving the Grand Alliance. He had had enough of such alliances. He was all for pressing the war against France, but not by these means. The Tory plan will be found in the Marchmont Papers, vol. i, p. 31. It was to call home all our troops, throw our whole strength into the navy, harass all French and Spanish coasts by perpetual descents upon them, burning their ports, destroying their shipping, and annihilating their commerce till they should be glad to make peace on any terms. That there is a good deal to be said for this system we admit; but it would not have ensured the object which Carteret was anxious to effect. It would not have created a united Germany, which was his ideal; nor would it have had the cordial support of King George II. It might be said that this was no business of ours, and that our policy was to stand aloof from all German complications. Which of the two plans was the better one in the abstract is too large a question to embark upon in this article. But with a George I or a George II on the throne, only one was possible; and Carteret probably preferred that one for its own sake. It was a bold and brilliant policy, just the thing to captivate a mind like his.

The last scene in which Bolingbroke took any active part was in the formation of the 'Broad-bottom Administration.' But it was only to discover that a national party was a theory too refined for political human nature as it then existed. 'After a short vibration,' says Gibbon, whose father was Tory member for Southampton in the parliament of 1741, 'the Pelham Government was fixed on the old basis of the Whig aristocracy'; and thus ended the first attempt of the early Hanoverian monarchy to throw off the yoke of party. Carteret advised George II to

appeal to the people, but his Majesty declined the suggestion; and it is doubtful whether so hazardous an experiment, which, carried out under totally different conditions and by totally different means, was partially successful in the next generation, would have been equally fortunate in 1744. 'A National Party' was a capital cry; and a capital cry we think it is destined to remain. It has never been wholly lost sight of. But we shall not now repeat the reasons which we have assigned on several former occasions for thinking the revival of it at the present day, at least in the form contemplated by Bolingbroke, a practical impossibility. What time may have in store for us no man can say. As we said twelve years ago, 'the almost intolerable evils which the party system has brought upon us during the last quarter of a century are enough to make men look in any direction for relief.' But a national party, look at it how we may, means personal government; and when the country is prepared for the one it will be time enough to talk about the other.

The Church of England is not commonly supposed to have shown to much advantage in the eighteenth century. But on de Saussure the London clergy seem to have made a good impression. They have, he says, a very comfortable appearance. They pass for being lazy, but de Saussure rather thinks they are maligned. He likes their style of preaching: their sermons combine both eloquence and brevity. They employ none of the transports and gesticulations which make preaching seem so exaggerated in France. There are many first-class scholars to be found among them, whose writings are sound and convincing, showing serious thought and very great ability. Our Swiss friend may not have been an altogether competent judge; and we must go elsewhere for the character of the English clergy in the eighteenth century—a period, says Mark Pattison, which the High Churchman blots from his calendar. Undoubtedly the Whig ministries from 1714 to 1760 did their best to lower the character of the episcopate. Walpole, indeed, was too wise to try a fall with the Church of England; and when Gibson, Bishop of London, refused to consecrate Dr Rundle to the see of Gloucester because he was an Arian, Walpole gave way, and provided for Rundle in Ireland—in

those days the common refuge of the destitute, both in Church and State. So late as 1764 George Grenville said that he considered bishoprics to be of two kinds—'bishoprics of business for men of ability and learning, and bishoprics of ease for men of family and fashion.' Among the last he reckoned Durham and Winchester. By 'business' was not meant active discharge of spiritual and episcopal duties, frequent visitation of the clergy, and so forth, but due care of their estates, and the propagation of Whig principles in their respective dioceses.

A great gulf was thus formed between the bishops and the clergy. The Tory fox-hunter in Addison's 'Freeholder,' bewailing the existence of meeting-houses in his own county, dwelt on the happy condition of the neighbouring shire, in which 'there was not a single Presbyterian except the Bishop.' The gulf kept widening as time went on, and as the bishops appointed during the reigns of Charles II and Queen Anne were gradually replaced by the nominees of Stanhope and Walpole. Among the first was Hoadley, who in 1715 was made Bishop of Bangor, and who, as we have seen, was employed many years later to answer 'The Craftsman.' He was Bishop of Bangor for six years, during which time he never once visited his diocese, but occupied himself with preaching and writing against the received doctrines of the Church. These services to Christianity greatly endeared him to the Whigs; and when Convocation condemned him, our newly-imported defender of the faith was advised to suppress that institution, to which he readily agreed. This was the first great blow which the Church received from the early Hanoverian monarchy. But there was more for Hoadley to do yet. He was engaged by the government to trick the Dissenters into supporting Walpole at the general election of 1734 by leading them to believe that in the next parliament he would repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, which, as Hoadley well knew, he had not the slightest intention of doing. For this pious fraud he was rewarded with the see of Winchester, a 'bishopric of ease' being clearly the proper return for his services as a 'bishop of business.' Hare and Sherlock, two of the royal chaplains, were both dismissed for venturing to write against Hoadley; though, owing perhaps to the influence of Queen Caroline, both were afterwards

promoted, Sherlock to Bangor in 1728 and to Salisbury in 1734, and Hare to Chichester in 1731. Sherlock ultimately became Bishop of London.

On the episcopal bench and among the higher clergy, especially in the larger towns, there were, during these two reigns, many men of great learning and ability; but not men representing the catholic side of the Church of England, or disposed to exercise any vigilant supervision over their rural vicars and rectors, who were left to go pretty much their own way. Their own way conducted them to the hunting-field and the bowling-green, and to all the ordinary diversions of rural life, which they shared with the country gentlemen—their chief, if not their only associates. The poorer men among them, curates or others, could not, of course, indulge in these amusements or mix with the same class of society; but they had no higher sense of duty, and in too many cases contracted habits which have been falsely represented as those of the whole body. There were bright exceptions to be found in all grades of the clergy; nor had ‘the ancient religion,’ as Newman calls it, entirely died out among them. The torch of catholic truth had still been kept alive, and burned dimly through the mists of selfishness, indolence, and Erastianism which filled the atmosphere. But on the whole the condition of the Church and the resident country clergy was what might have been expected in the circumstances. There was no one to recall them to any consciousness of their spiritual obligations. Neither the ‘bishops of ease’ nor the ‘bishops of business’ appointed by the early Hanoverians thought it any part of their duty to interfere with the parson’s recreations, or to enforce any stricter standard of clerical efficiency; and, when at length Bishop Butler lifted up his voice against that ‘neglect of external religion’ which was the natural consequence, he was accused of Romanism.

It is likely enough that many of the parochial clergy may have been only too glad of this excuse for neglecting his advice. What was calculated still further to lead them in the same direction was the growth of Methodism, which, whatever its ultimate effect in awakening the Church of England from her torpor, had the immediate effect of creating a general prejudice among the clergy against anything approaching fanaticism or enthusiasm.

Men thought they were showing their antipathy to these dangerous excesses by running into the opposite extreme, and decrying all spiritual earnestness as either hysterical or hypocritical.

Parson Trulliber and Parson Adams are, of course, gross caricatures. The Church was fair game for a Whig *littérateur*. But in an age when the Prime Minister could make a man a bishop on condition that he married one of his illegitimate daughters, and when the King could consent to the appointment of another whom he called a rascal and a scoundrel, there is no want of charity in supposing that the popular estimate of the clergy in general during the reign of George II contains a large element of truth. Yet one eminent English writer is clearly of opinion that the Church of England in those days stood on firmer ground, and had far more influence over the minds of the people than she has now. Referring to the Trullibers and the Adamases of that period, Froude contends that such men may still be found in the Church; and that they were just as exceptional in the Georgian era as in the Victorian.

‘If in some places there was spiritual deadness and slovenliness, in others there was energy and seriousness. Clarissa Harlowe found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could find it now.’ (‘Short Studies’: Essay on Progress.)

But Froude partially answers himself. The rural clergy in the eighteenth century—and Fielding’s novels were published exactly in the middle of it—are described by the historian in a passage which has often been quoted, but which we cannot resist the temptation of quoting once again :

‘Their official duties sat lightly on them. . . . They farmed their own glebes. They were magistrates and attended Quarter Sessions and petty sessions, and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, they were the most effective guardians of the public peace. They affected neither austerity nor singularity. They rode, shot, hunted, ate and drank like other people ; and occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon them, they kept the hounds.’

We are far from denying that such men formed a very useful class of society, and did a great deal of good in

their day. A later generation of them found a *vates sacer* in George Eliot. But it could not have escaped the notice of reflecting men in any age that such were not the duties for which the clergy were ordained, or that glebes and tithes were not assigned them that they might grow corn and cattle, shoot partridges, and keep the hounds. If these pursuits could be combined with the due discharge of more sacred functions, well and good. There would be no harm in them, rather the reverse. An admixture of secular with clerical occupations is calculated rather to increase than to diminish the legitimate influence of the clergy. But we fear that a proper balance was very far from being preserved in Fielding's day, when, as Froude euphemistically puts it, the official duties of the clergy 'sat lightly on them.' Here and there might be a Jones of Nayland; but the predominating type, there is every reason to believe, were men like Johnson's friend, Dr Taylor, whose talk was of oxen, or the Vicar of Wakefield, who 'rode a-hunting' in the mornings and spent the evening in dancing and forfeits. In Mr Hore's history of 'The Church in England from William III to Victoria' we have a description of it in the early Georgian era of which there is no reason to doubt the accuracy, fully justifying the strictures which Froude protests against. Never, says he, had the prospects of the English Church looked brighter than they did at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In less than fifty years they had so completely clouded over that when, in 1747, Butler refused the Primacy, the Church had sunk so low that he declared it was too late to save her.

Of the abuse bestowed upon the eighteenth century in general, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have come in for their full share, with probably about the same admixture of truth and error as is contained in the popular tradition concerning the state of the Church. Gray went to Cambridge in 1734 and Gibbon to Oxford in 1752; and, if we are to believe their accounts, the lethargy which descended on both Church and Crown with the incoming of the Hanoverian *régime* extended to both Universities, and especially to Oxford. But in Dr Johnson, who entered Pembroke in 1727, and Bishop Lowth, who entered New College in 1729, we have witnesses for the defence who tell a very different story.

When Oxford, in Mark Pattison's words, 'lay torpid under the besotting influence of Jacobite and High Church politics,' undergraduates were expected to attend college lectures as they are now; and many of the tutors were men of learning and ability. College exercises were then a reality; and, if they were very good, the writer might obtain a university reputation by them. Lowth, who took his M.A. degree in 1737, declares that he passed the interval 'in a well-regulated course of discipline and studies'; and he profited thereby. His prelections, says Mark Pattison, no willing witness, 'combined the polish of a past generation long gone with the learning of a new period to come. The lore of Michaelis was here clothed in Latin as classical as, and more vigorous than, Addison's.' The truth seems to be that Oxford in those days was still regarded rather as a place for independent study than as a great continuation-school intended to finish a boy's education before he went out into the world; rather as an abode for scholars and men of letters than as the temporary residence of young men in quest of a degree. Oxford was fast losing this character during the second half of the century, but it clung to it as late as Gibbon's time; and traces of it lingered in the saying attributed to Gaisford, that the new examination system instituted in 1802 would be the ruin of scholarship. Gray's account of Cambridge only goes to show that he disliked mathematics, and that in his opinion classical studies there were at a low ebb. Yet Bentley was then Master of Trinity and at the height of his reputation as one of the first classical scholars in Europe.

Of course there was a good deal of port wine consumed in both Universities; but it did not become the beverage of statesmen till a later period. Carteret, after his days pheasant-shooting in the Isle of Wight, no doubt regaled himself with Burgundy. This was also Bolingbroke's favourite drink, and he probably took plenty of it when he came home tired after following the wolf or wild-boar in the forest of Fontainebleau, whither he had his English hunters sent over to him. We do not know what was Pulteney's particular 'vanity'; but he was so fond of shooting that, even when the most important business was on hand, nothing could keep him in town over September 1st. George II himself was very partial to

the gun, and kept up a large flock of wild turkeys in Richmond Park. They were hunted with dogs and, when driven into the trees, afforded pretty pot-shots for his Majesty; but they so encouraged poaching and caused so many fatal affrays that they were destroyed before the end of his reign. Hunting in all its forms—the stag, the hare, and the fox—was fashionable under the first Hanoverians. At court, besides the Master of the Buckhounds, there was also a Master of the Harriers. The Duke of Grafton of that date kept hounds in Surrey. The Duke of Wharton hunted the fox in Yorkshire so early as 1721, and in that year we hear of his wanting a good terrier. But fox-hunting did not attain its final supremacy till towards the end of the century, perhaps not till the French Revolution cut off the dandies from the Continent, and it became ‘the correct thing’ to hunt in Leicestershire.

The early Hanoverian age was not favourable to works of imagination. It was the age of reason and common-sense, of solid pudding and of sound prose. The whole nation, in fact, was in a mood to eat, drink, and be merry, to sit under its vines and its fig-trees. It was weary of ideas and revolutions, and inclined to rest and be thankful. Such a frame of mind is not very favourable to earnestness of any kind, but rather to self-indulgence, and to such views of things in general as do not trouble the intellect, disturb slumber, or interfere with digestion. Such was the general character of the early Hanoverian period, gradually waning with the fierce political struggles which ensued under George III, and disappearing altogether under the influence of the French Revolution. They were the days of Old Leisure, ‘who did not concern himself with the causes of things, being satisfied with the things themselves.’ He came in with the two first Georges and went out with the two last, oppressed by a moral atmosphere in which he felt he could no longer breathe.

Art. VIII.—THE COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF JAPAN.

1. *Memorandum on the Comparative Statistics of Population, Industry, and Commerce in the United Kingdom and some leading Foreign Countries.* By Sir Alfred Bateman, K.C.M.G. Board of Trade; Commercial Department, 1902.
 2. *Japan and its Trade.* By J. Morris. International Commerce Series. London and New York: Harper, 1902.
 3. *Japan in Transition.* By Stafford Ransome. London and New York: Harper, 1899.
 4. *The Mastery of the Pacific.* By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: Heinemann, 1902.
 5. *Reports on the Trade and Shipping of Japan.* By Mr Consul Longford. Foreign Office Reports. London, 1886-1901.
 6. *Report on the State of Trade in Japan.* By Byron Brenan, C.M.G. Foreign Office Reports, 1897.
 7. *Annual Return of the Foreign Trade of Japan.* Department of Finance. Tokio, 1902.
 8. *Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon.* Statistical Department, Imperial Cabinet. Tokio, 1902.
- And other works.

IN a previous article (July, 1902) we traced the political development of Japan. We showed how a nation secluded from the world, bound with the iron fetters of a rigid feudalism, distracted by internal anarchy, and consisting for the most part of an ignorant, down-trodden, and unenterprising multitude, has become a strong and consolidated state, ready and able to make its voice heard and respected in the great councils of the world, with a constitutional government successfully tried by over ten years' working experience, a powerful army and navy, and a patriotic, courageous, and determined people, actively sharing in the administrative affairs of the empire, and displaying a high degree of political enterprise, both domestic and international. The object of the present article is to show that Japan's commercial and industrial progress has been no less marked than her military and political development; and that, starting from equally unpromising beginnings, it has already advanced to a stage, not only of substantial importance

in the present, but, if the experience of the past is a trustworthy guide, of the fairest promise for the future. To Englishmen all subjects connected with the progress of Japan should be of especial interest. The defensive alliance recently concluded with her, alone among all the Powers of the world, causes her military and political condition to be of vital importance to us. Her commercial and industrial condition is rendered of no less importance by the fact that for many years we have held a commanding position in her import trade; that the United Kingdom now supplies her with manufactured goods to the average annual value of over six millions sterling; and that, as manufacturing communities, Great Britain and Japan meet as friendly rivals in the Far East, equally eager to secure by honourable competition the lion's share in its markets.

No apology is therefore needed for dealing with such a subject; and we are fortunately provided with ample materials for doing so. Sir Alfred Bateman's able memorandum on the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, and its principal industrial and trading competitors, shows clearly the increasing competition which we are now experiencing on the part of both Germany and the United States, which nowhere threatens us more seriously than in Japan and other Eastern markets. In the works of Mr Ransome, Mr Colquhoun, and Mr Morris, Japanese trade and industry are handled in varying degrees of fullness and accuracy. Mr Brennan's report is exhaustive and interesting; while the reports sent home from time to time by Mr Longford, our consul at Nagasaki, are full of original information, and constitute a complete and detailed summary of the trade of the empire.

From Mr Longford's reports, and from an interesting paper by the same official, read before the London Chamber of Commerce during the present year, we propose to borrow largely. Numerous statistical publications, issued in the English language by the Japanese government, provide valuable material for testing the soundness of the propositions advanced by the writers we have mentioned. One paramount lesson is to be learned from all—it is inculcated by Sir Alfred Bateman generally, but is specially applicable to Japan—that we cannot maintain our past

pre-eminence without strenuous effort, and that unless the Prince of Wales's warning, that the 'old country must wake up,' is taken seriously to heart, we shall fail, not only to advance, but even to maintain the position in the trade of the Far East which we have hitherto held.

'We are still ahead' (says Sir A. Bateman) 'of our two great rivals in our power of manufacture for export, but . . . each country is travelling upwards more rapidly than we are who occupy a higher eminence.'

Sir Alfred Bateman is referring to Germany and the United States, but we may apply the remark with equal reason to Japan. That country is steadily developing manufacturing and industrial power. Its population is rapidly increasing and setting towards the towns; each year will add to its acquired capital and skill; and its competition with us in the Eastern markets, and even, it may be, in those of Australia, will become increasingly serious.

The International Commerce Series now being issued by Messrs Harper, of which six volumes have already appeared, should, if properly carried out, prove a valuable assistance both to manufacturers and merchants. The objects of the series are to supply accurate information about the commerce, resources, and requirements of the principal countries of the world, the conditions under which great nations are competing for its markets, and the wealth of those nations. We are here only concerned with the volume which deals with Japan, and we cannot but regret that it very imperfectly fulfils the admirable objects of the series. It is, we believe, nearly a quarter of a century since its compiler had direct experience of Japan. All his information as to the present must therefore be secondhand; and even so, he has not sufficiently availed himself of the sources that were open to him. In some instances he is guilty of what it is not too severe to term slovenliness. His statistics on kindred subjects are carried in some cases only down to 1898, in others to 1899, and in others again to 1900, while there was ample material for extending all to the close of 1901.* His ten

* His values in specific instances are sometimes quite incorrect. He gives, for instance, the value of the import in 1900 of grey shirtings as 743,000*l.* from Great Britain, and nearly 3000*l.* from other countries, and of

years' comparative table of exports and imports is totally misleading, owing, we presume, to the conversion for the earlier years of the decade of the native silver currency into sterling at the exchange of the present day instead of the far higher one that then prevailed. The result is that he represents the whole value of the foreign trade of Japan in 1890 and 1891 as about 14,000,000*l.*, whereas the correct amount was about 23,000,000*l.*

In his preface Mr Morris states that the foreign merchant and manufacturer attempting to establish himself in any part of the Japanese empire is confronted with the initial difficulty that perpetual leases are not granted to aliens, overlooking the fact that perpetual leases have been granted at all the former open ports, at which alone even yet foreigners are established in any considerable number, ever since treaty relations existed with Japan; and that foreigners can now obtain such leases, as distinct from freeholds, in any part of the empire. Even if we admit without qualification—which we do not—the disability which he describes of the tenure known as ‘superficies,’ he ignores the provisions of Japanese law which constitute partnerships or companies, created and registered in Japan, even though composed entirely of foreigners, juridical persons, and confer on them in that capacity, where not specifically excepted, all the rights of persons, including that of the absolute ownership of the land. In his list of established foreign firms in Japan, those at Nagasaki, an important and rising port, are entirely omitted; while the list of those at Yokohama and Kobe contains no mention of Jardine, Matheson & Co., Butterfield & Swire, Lane, Crawford & Co., perhaps the oldest and most important British firms in Japan, though

white shirtings, in like manner, as 138,000*l.* and 631*l.* The figures first quoted represent the total import into Japan during the year of all shirtings, grey, white and twilled; and all the latter figures, as well as 34,000*l.* for twilled shirtings, form part of it, not additions, as represented by Mr Morris. The value of the import of cotton prints in the same year, on the other hand, appears to be largely understated, that from Great Britain, given as 96,000*l.*, having exceeded 195,000*l.*

Our fellow-subjects in the Australian Confederation are using their best efforts (in which they are cordially seconded by the Japanese) to extend their trade with Japan, and this book should therefore have a large circulation among them. It will be news to them that Australia sent 60,000*l.* worth of refined sugar to Japan in 1899, and followed it up by an export in 1900 valued at 310,856*l.* Australia is, of course, an error for Austria.

it includes one firm which more than a year ago liquidated into non-existence. Nor is any discrimination made between the firms mentioned which might guide a manufacturer in England seeking a suitable agent in Japan, though the business of one, for example, is solely the export of what we may call 'articles du Japon' (curios, matting, etc.), of another the import of metals and machinery, and of another again the import of yarns and piece-goods. Again, there is no mention whatever of the great Japanese firms of high repute which have established their own branches in London, though all of them are in direct communication with our manufacturers, and carry on a rapidly increasing trade.

But Mr Morris's worst blunder, one that might easily entail disastrous consequences on any merchant so unfortunate as to rely on him, is in his chapter on tariff and customs regulations, which should have been thoroughly exhaustive, but in which he simply quotes *in extenso* the statutory tariff of Japan as originally established. He ignores entirely the conventional tariffs, and the specific duties which have been substituted for *ad valorem* duties on many of the most important articles in the trade. He does not mention the Customs Tariff Law, Certificates of origin (which are all-important), the countries entitled to 'most-favoured-nation' treatment, the rules under which duties are calculated and measurements made, tonnage dues, and statutory changes made in the tariff since its initiation. He represents the duties on alcohol and tobacco, for example, as 40 per cent., whereas they are now respectively 250 per cent. and 150 per cent. He gives those on refined sugar and kerosene oil as 20 per cent. and 10 per cent. respectively, whereas both have been converted into specific rates on a very much higher scale. The increase in the latter is, however, mentioned in another part of the book. The book contains a mass of interesting statistical information; but these errors, which we have found on a random and very far from exhaustive examination, considerably impair, if they do not nullify, its value. It is to be hoped that other volumes of the series are free from such blemishes.

From the imperfections which mar this book it is a pleasure to turn to the works of Mr Ransome and Mr Colquhoun, in both of which the chapters on trade and

industry are full of interest, and, in Mr Ransome's case, of detailed and accurate information, which may well be taken to heart by every British trader.

Economic history as compared with political is usually regarded as dull, and appeals only to the few. But Japan has ever been a land of romance; and even the story of its commercial development is not entirely devoid of romantic incidents. During the sixteenth century, while the Jesuit missionaries were meeting with marked success among Japanese of all ranks and classes, and enjoyed the powerful protection of the Shogun Nobunaga, a Portuguese trading-colony was established in Japan, and its commercial progress rivalled the spiritual triumphs of the missionaries. Unfortunately, it took into its service a Dutchman named Linschoten, and his accounts of the high profits gained by the Portuguese traders induced the Dutch East India Company to send a vessel to Japan early in the seventeenth century. The venture succeeded; and further vessels were subsequently sent from Amsterdam, carrying political officers charged with the mission of negotiating a treaty with the Japanese government. They were favourably received at the capital, had an audience of the Shogun, and obtained a charter conferring the same privileges of trade throughout the empire as were already enjoyed by the Portuguese. Thereupon ensued a struggle between the two European nations. To commercial rivalry was added bitter religious antagonism; and it was not long before the Dutch began a series of unworthy intrigues against the Portuguese which culminated in the forcible expulsion of the latter from Japan. Nobunaga's encouragement of the Christian missionaries had been replaced by the relentless persecution of his immediate successors. The Dutch encouraged this persecution, and accused the Jesuit missionaries of being political agents, aiming at the conquest of Japan. They repudiated any sympathy with Christianity, and supplied the government with firearms and ammunition, which were effectively used at the storming of Shimabara, when the last native Christian stronghold was destroyed and the converts annihilated.

The reward of the Dutch was the exclusive privilege of trading with Japan; and this monopoly, which they

retained for over two hundred years, was a source of enormous profits to the Dutch East India Company at large, and to its individual members who were its agents in Japan. But these profits were earned by abject submission to exacting and humiliating conditions. That the Dutch were Christians after all was speedily discovered; and the discovery brought with it the utter contempt of the Japanese for those whom commercial cupidity had induced to deny their religion. The Dutch factory was rigidly confined to the small island of Desima in the harbour of Nagasaki; and its members were locked into their quarters at night, constantly guarded by police, and strictly forbidden to hold any intercourse with the people. No commercial transactions could take place except through officials; all goods landed had to be sold within one year; the number of ships was gradually restricted until only one annual voyage was permitted; and even that one ship was always compelled to sail on the date fixed by the government. Each year the chief of the factory was obliged to visit the capital, a journey of over eight hundred miles each way by land, performed in sedan-chairs carried at a slow walking pace. He was rigidly guarded throughout the entire distance; and, as an example of what the Dutch were willing to submit to, it may be stated that trampling on the cross was one of their enforced experiences while in the capital. The history of the Dutch factory in Japan, originating in treachery and deceit, was true to its origin throughout; and the contempt into which everything connected with trade fell in Japan during the *régime* of the Tokugawa Shoguns owed not a little to the scorn engendered, in the minds of men to whom death was always preferable to dishonour, by the unworthy merchants of whom alone the Japanese had any experience.

The harbour of Nagasaki is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the world, though the progress of the great shipbuilding industry that is now carried on in it, and the erection of powerful fortifications, is depriving it of much of its old picturesqueness. As one approaches from the sea through a chain of pine-clad islands, the harbour is reached through an entrance scarcely a quarter of a mile in width. It is perfectly land-locked, and surrounded by well-wooded hills, which rise to a height

of over one thousand feet. At its upper end, directly facing the entrance, lies the little island, scarcely a couple of acres in area, which was for two hundred years the home or prison of the Dutchmen, some of whose houses remain to this day. It still preserves many of its old features, but these will soon be swept away by the extensive harbour works now in progress.

There is one interesting historical incident connected with it which we cannot remember to have previously seen in print. In 1810 Holland was annexed by Napoleon to the French empire, and ceased to exist as an independent kingdom; but the little colony in Japan was forgotten alike by conquerors and conquered. No ship was sent to it, and its members remained in ignorance of the great events that were occurring in far-distant Europe. During four years, until the fall of Napoleon restored the mother-country to independence, the Dutch flag was daily hoisted in the factory; and this was the one and only spot in the world in which it was flying. It is not difficult to imagine the eager look-out that must have been kept by the imprisoned traders for the ship that never came, their home-sick longing, and the daily disappointment of their hopes of release. Great indeed must have been the gains that could compensate for such a banishment.

In 1859 Japan was by treaty thrown open to foreign intercourse and trade, and the Dutch monopoly came to an end; but it would be difficult to imagine anything more unpromising of a brilliant commercial future than the condition of affairs which then prevailed. The government of the Shogun, in which was vested the entire control of the national administration, was tottering to its fall, and civil war was imminent after more than two hundred years of peace. Pressed on the one side by the Court at Kioto, with all the semi-divine authority of the legitimate sovereign, to free the land from the hated pollution of the foreigners, and on the other by these same foreigners, backed by irresistible naval forces, to open the country to their trade and residence, the bewildered Shogun, ignorant of international usages, and advised only by ministers as ignorant as himself, was driven to accept, for the sake of momentary relief, any terms which the masterful strangers laid before him.

The customs regulations, to which he assented, opened the way to gross frauds on the revenue, not seldom perpetrated by those who professed to represent the commercial honour of enlightened countries. The currency was in what seemed to be hopeless confusion. The relative values of gold and silver were out of all proportion to those outside the limits of Japan; and an export of gold therefore took place which threatened speedily to exhaust the entire national supply. Financial embarrassment tempted the government to issue a debased coinage, which gave rise to large claims for compensation; and, even after the ratio of gold and silver had been fixed on a proper basis, further difficulties arose in the exchange of the native and foreign silver currencies, and inequitable obligations were pitilessly imposed.

With all this to contend against, the commercial history of the country is one of almost unbroken progress, steadily maintained through civil war and financial anarchy, and triumphantly overcoming national ignorance and inexperience, as well as foreign contempt and oppression. In 1870 the value of the foreign trade was estimated by the late Sir Harry Parkes, then our minister in Japan, at 10,000,000*l.*, more than half of which was in British hands; but it was not until two years later that the Japanese customs service began to be conducted in such a manner as to enable a fairly accurate estimate of the real value to be formed; and it was not until 1883 that the customs returns began to distinguish between the countries of origin of imports and destination of exports. In the latter year the value of the whole trade was nearly 13,000,000*l.*, and that of the imports alone was nearly 6,000,000*l.*, of which considerably more than half were of British manufactures, while little more than one twentieth came from Germany. The United States had not yet entered the field at all as a supplier of manufactured goods. In 1901 the value of the whole trade was nearly 52,000,000*l.* If we follow the example of Sir Alfred Bateman in taking an average of five years (1896-1901), we find that the annual import trade of Japan has grown to nearly 26,000,000*l.*, four and a half times what it was in 1883, while the annual export is over 20,000,000*l.* Such a rate of increase, during what in the history of a nation is a short period, may fairly be described as unprecedented.

This rapid commercial advance becomes all the more striking when contrasted with that of the neighbouring empire of China, where an industrious, intelligent, frugal, honest population, seven times as numerous as that of Japan, inhabiting a country rich in all the most alluring potentialities of trade and industry, has made so little progress that after half a century's experience, its total purchasing capacity amounts only to 35,000,000*l.*, while its exports are valued at little over 25,000,000*l.* It is the custom to picture the commercial future of China as presenting visions of wealth surpassing the dreams of avarice. It may be that, if ever the administration of that vast empire falls into the hands of an honest and capable government, these visions may be fulfilled; but what in China are only visions are already tangible realities in Japan. Here a people no less industrious and intelligent than the Chinese, guided by statesmen of unquestioned integrity and enlightenment, who make the encouragement of trade and industry one of the foremost planks in their platform, may be expected to show in the future a progress not less marked than that of the past, and gradually to raise their beloved country to a foremost position among the great commercial powers of the world.

Not only British manufacturers but statesmen and writers have been too apt to disregard the actualities of Japan for the possibilities of China; but the time has come when we must give the fullest recognition to Japan's commercial importance, and 'wake up' to the conditions of a new competition which threatens to oust us from our hitherto predominant share in it. Sir Alfred Bateman regards France, Germany, and the United States as our principal commercial rivals. In Japan it is only the last that we need seriously dread.

The imports from France in 1901 were less in value than those from Belgium or Austria, and their most substantial items were goods which we do not attempt to produce. Those from Germany amounted to nearly 3,000,000*l.*, more than half the value of those from Great Britain, more than tenfold what Germany supplied to Japan in 1883; and, with the exceptions of sugar and wool, all the items composing them were such as are in active competition with British manufactures. Carefully

fostered by government, and aided by the co-operation of state-owned railways and subsidised steamers of the largest freight-carrying capacity, by industrial banks granting long credits, by cheap and highly disciplined labour, German competition in foreign trade must always be a serious factor. But experience has shown that 'made in Germany' is not the best of recommendations in Japan; and while, on the one hand, cheapness may win the preference for German woollen goods, drugs, dyes, and many miscellaneous articles, on the other hand, in all metal manufactures and machinery, the import of which offers the highest promise for many years to come, German competition may be regarded, if not with complacency, at all events without extravagant alarm by British manufacturers. Very different is the case of the United States, which, till a few years ago, hardly any one contemplated as a possible manufacturing competitor with Great Britain within a calculable period. In 1883 United States imports to Japan were little over 600,000*l.* in value, and consisted mainly of kerosene oil, flour, and tobacco. In 1891 this total had nearly doubled, and it then included manufactures to the value of about 160,000*l.* In 1901 the total amounted to nearly 4,500,000*l.*, of which three products—raw cotton, kerosene oil, and flour—represented 2,750,000*l.* The balance consisted almost entirely of manufactures, among which instruments, machinery, and metals were the main items.

The principal British imports to Japan are cotton-yarn, and piece-goods, woollen piece-goods, steamships, and the three classes of goods last mentioned among those from the United States. Both the spinning and weaving industries in Japan are now making such progress that not only can an indefinite continuance of the cotton import trade no longer be confidently looked for, but Lancashire may within no remote period find in Japan a formidable competitor in the Chinese market. Flannels, rugs, blankets, and shawls are already being made in Japan; and, as experience teaches the Japanese the superiority, in their changeable climate, of wool, as a material for clothing and bedding, to their native silk and cotton, it may be assumed that their characteristic energy will stimulate them to supply their own requirements.

During the last five years Japan has purchased merchant steamships to the value of two and a half millions sterling. Casualties, wear and tear, the ambition to extend and improve the already large and well-conducted mercantile marine, will necessitate constant renewals of the fleet, which cannot be fully supplied by the native shipyards, however remarkable the progress made by them within a very few years; and in this respect it may be hoped that British builders will retain their supremacy. But, as previously remarked, the metal and kindred trades are those from which most is to be expected. Spinning, weaving, printing, and sugar-refining machinery, electrical appliances, railway rolling-stock and material, water-works appliances, bridges, boilers, fire-engines, arms and munitions of war,* will all be largely required for many years to come. The spinning and weaving industries are growing year by year, as is the printing of newspapers and books. Refined sugar has heretofore been one of the most important items of the import trade, second in value only to that of raw cotton; but a heavy duty has now encouraged the establishment of refineries in Japan. These are being pushed on with keen and enterprising activity; and the necessary machinery for them must be obtained from abroad. The water-power that is abundant almost everywhere renders electric lighting and traction practicable even in remote villages; and for this also foreign machinery is required. The exceptionally hilly nature of the country causes the wear and tear of railway rolling-stock to be far heavier than in our own. Bridges of the most solid and substantial nature may be destroyed in one day by floods or earthquakes; storms play havoc with telegraph, electric, and telephone wires; and terrible epidemics of cholera have thoroughly taught the people the value of a sanitary water supply.

These circumstances imply a large and growing demand for mechanical appliances; but in few of the items in question has production in Japan advanced beyond the empirical stage; and it depends upon the British manufacturer himself whether he can work out

* The value of arms and munitions, vessels of war and naval materials, imported by the Japanese government in 1901, and not included in the general trade returns, exceeded 2,500,000*l*.

his own salvation, and maintain the position he has held in the past against his new and energetic rival from the United States. The latter is favoured by geographical position, by the fiscal policy which gives him large profits at home and enables him to sell the surplus of his products cheaply abroad, by the co-operation of intelligent and ambitious workmen, by his freedom from the methods and traditions of the past. Energy, foresight, and ungrudging adaptation to the new conditions of the world will alone enable the British manufacturer, who can rely on no state assistance, to fight successfully against the advantages enjoyed by his enlightened and progressive rival; but the struggle is well worth his efforts. In Japan Great Britain has not of late years held her ground. Twenty years ago she possessed far more than half of the import trade. In 1901 her share was less than one fifth. It is true that its value is now nearly double what it was, and that it is still far ahead of that of her competitors; but its advance has been relatively much slower. If this state of things continues, Great Britain must soon expect to be left behind in a race in which she had a long start; and the lead, once lost, will hardly be recovered.

We will now turn to industrial Japan, to Japan as a manufacturer and exporter and a possible competitor with ourselves in the supply of manufactured goods to the markets of the East. We find here an advance more startling even than that which has taken place in her foreign trade in general, an advance which gives ample evidence of the increasing technical skill, enterprise, and energy of the people, and the successful policy of the government in fostering native manufactures. Thirty years ago the exports from Japan were worth little over 4,000,000*l.*; and manufactures took a very paltry share among them. In 1901 her export trade amounted to nearly 26,000,000*l.*, 40 per cent. of which consisted of agricultural products, showing that agriculture still remains the chief national industry; mining and fishing products furnish nearly 28 per cent.; and manufactures the rest, that is, nearly one third of the whole.

Increased national expenditure, necessitated by the newly-acquired international status of the empire, requires new sources of wealth. The population is, as will

be presently shown, increasing at a marvellous rate; and it may well be estimated that, should this rate continue, Japan may, in the course of another century, be called upon to provide for a population of over 120,000,000 souls. The resources of domestic agriculture must have a natural limit, and, even if that limit is extended to the utmost, they will prove insufficient to supply the demand long before the population has reached the numbers we have ventured to prophesy. Japan is already a great importer of food-stuffs; she is yearly tending more and more in that direction, and her only hope of being able to pay in future years for her growing requirements in this respect, as well as for the large cost of internal administration and the maintenance of her great place among the nations of the world, lies in the development of the manufacturing industries and the gradual conversion of an agricultural into a manufacturing people. To this end the best energies of the government are being devoted; and no opportunity is lost of stimulating the people towards its attainment, both in the press and in public addresses by statesmen and the great leaders of trade. How much has been already achieved a very few figures will show.

In 1872 the exports from Japan consisted entirely of agricultural, mining, and fishing products, raw silk, silk-worm eggs, tea, rice, copper, coal, vegetable-wax, timber, and seaweed; and the only manufactured articles were paper, fans, lacquer and porcelain ware, and miscellaneous curios, the whole value of which, out of a total export trade of 4,250,000*l.*, did not exceed 90,000*l.* In 1901 the value of exported manufactures, exclusive of those not enumerated in the customs returns, reached a total of nearly 8,500,000*l.*, and included, in addition to her original manufactured exports, cotton-yarn, cotton and silk textiles, straw-plaits, glass, cigarettes, matches, floor-matting, umbrellas, all to large or at least substantial values; while, if a complete list of the non-enumerated goods could be provided, it would be found that there is scarcely one single class of manufactures in which the Japanese are not now endeavouring to compete with European and American producers. Prominent items in such a list would be beer, boots and shoes, buttons, clocks, engines, and machines of various kinds, hats and caps, lamps, paper, photographic appliances, safes, soaps, stoves, port-

manteaus, tooth-brushes, towels; and, as an instance of the distance to which Japanese manufactures have penetrated, we may mention that we recently found Japanese tooth-brushes, of excellent appearance, for sale in Brighton, while in the United States they are vigorously competing, both in price and quality, with those made in France. Taking only the principal staples, the advance in the exports is shown by the following figures:—

VALUES OF PRINCIPAL EXPORTS (IN THOUSANDS).

| — | 1897. | 1900. | 1901. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| | £ | £ | £ |
| Silk piece-goods and handkerchiefs . | 1,343 | 2,210 | 2,978 |
| Cotton piece-goods. | 232 | 522 | 505 |
| Cotton-yarn | 1,370 | 2,101 | 2,183 |
| Matches | 573 | 588 | 754 |
| Matting. | 328 | 337 | 354 |
| Straw-braiding | 323 | 410 | 305 |
| Porcelain and lacquer ware . . . | 263 | 361 | 355 |
| Total *. | 4,432 | 6,529 | 7,634 |

With the exception of the last, it may be repeated, not a single one of these staples was exported in 1872.

In 1872 Japan's entire import trade may be said to have consisted of manufactured articles. Raw material had then no place among imports; but a very rough estimate of the material imported for manufacturing purposes in 1901 shows its value to have been very little short of 8,000,000*l.* The import of machinery also furnishes a fair criterion of Japan's progress in manufacturing industry. In 1872 machinery of all kinds was imported to a value of 36,000*l.* In the following year this grew to 75,000*l.*; but until 1887 little advance was made in any one year, nor was the import ever considered to be of such importance as to merit more than a passing reference in consular reports. It was only in 1888, when the prospects of the spinning industry began to attract attention, that the import of machinery for the first time reached a substantial value. During eight years (1894–1901) the value of machinery imported, exclusive of locomotives and boilers, exceeded 6,000,000*l.*; besides which it

is to be remembered that the Japanese have learned to make, not only for themselves, but also for export, a great deal of machinery of the simpler sorts from foreign models, and that numerous foundries are now in active work in every industrial centre in the empire.

Following Sir Alfred Bateman's system, and using his words, we will now refer 'to points connected with Japan's progress and development when looked at from a more general point of view than that afforded by trade statistics.' The population of the empire, exclusive of the newly acquired colony of Formosa, has increased from 33,110,793 in 1872 and 40,072,020 in 1889 to 44,260,604 in 1899; and taking the average of five years (1895-99), we find that the steady annual increase may be estimated at nearly 490,000. Detailed statistics are only available to us from 1894 to 1898; but as it was in 1894, the year of the war with China, that the great industrial movement in Japan began to assume its present proportions, it will be interesting to note the subsequent growth of the population. In 1894 it numbered 41,813,215, of which the urban population (i.e. that of towns with over 10,000 inhabitants) was 6,732,808, and the rural 35,080,407. There were then 35 towns with populations of from 30,000 to 100,000 (aggregate 1,620,394), and six towns with populations of over 100,000 (aggregate 2,585,746). By 1898 the whole population had grown to 43,763,153, an increase of 1,949,938; but, while the increase in the rural population was only 673,500, that in the urban was 1,276,438. The towns with populations of between 30,000 and 100,000 had increased to 39 (aggregate 1,770,512) and those with over 100,000 to eight (aggregate 3,497,910); the increase in the last-mentioned aggregate being no less than 912,164, or nearly half the total increase in the whole population of the empire. In every instance the increase is largest in those towns that are the seats of the most recently introduced industries—Osaka, Tokio, Nagoya, Kobe, and Nagasaki; and as the rural districts of Japan have, as in Germany, been long settled, and the area available for profitable cultivation is fully occupied, it is to be expected that the future increase in the population will, in even a greater degree than during these five years, take place in the urban portion of it, and that the manufacturing in-

dustries will be further stimulated by the growing severity of the struggle for existence that must ensue.

The production of coal during the same period (1894-98) increased from 4,261,000 tons to 6,696,000 tons, and the internal consumption from 2,560,000 tons to 4,510,000 tons, all these figures being, however, only very roughly estimated. It is to be remembered that there is practically no domestic use of coal by the Japanese people for either cooking or warming; and the internal consumption is therefore exclusively for industrial purposes or those of communication. In 1894 the total length of railways in Japan was 2118 miles; in 1901 it was 3915 miles. In 1894 Japan possessed a mercantile steam marine of only 273,419 tons; in 1901 its tonnage was 577,660. It is now almost entirely composed of vessels of the highest and most modern types of construction, some of the largest of which have been built in Japan, well equipped, efficiently manned by seamen of Japanese nationality, and regularly displaying the merchant flag of Japan, not only on the coast of China, but in all the leading commercial ports of the world.

To this rapid growth there are, however, certain drawbacks. Formerly the supply of labour in Japan was as cheap as it was abundant. The Japanese workman was handy, intelligent, quick to learn, and extremely docile, and his simple requirements for existence or pleasure were satisfied at little cost and permitted a very low scale of wages. All this is no longer the case. Many of his old faults remain. He continues to be less energetic than his European *confrère*, less thorough in the execution of what is entrusted to him, and therefore requires more supervision. He is inclined to reduce his day's output by long pauses for rest and recreation, and he takes frequent holidays. To these engrained defects have been added an arrogant disposition, impatience of legitimate discipline, unwillingness to undergo the long training that alone can render him an efficient workman, and a keen appreciation of the might of combination and the strike as an effective method of settling in his favour disputes with his employers. The standard of comfort has greatly risen, and what were formerly regarded as luxuries to be only occasionally enjoyed have become daily necessities, so that the scale of wages in

every industry has of necessity largely risen, while the artisan's natural tastes and habits have to be eradicated to some extent before he can accommodate himself to the conditions inseparable from industry on a large scale and from factory life. Thus the advantage enjoyed by the Japanese manufacturer in cheap labour is yearly decreasing in a greater degree than can be counterbalanced by the growth of population; nor can his management be said to equal that of the European in efficiency or cheapness. His advance towards the desired goal, which is the control of the markets of the East, will therefore not be without difficulties; but his confidence in himself is immeasurable, and that he will ultimately reach it he is fully convinced.

The lessons to be derived from this outline of the commercial and industrial history of Japan are that, while she is still, and is likely for some time to be, a large purchaser of many articles which we can supply, the time should be anticipated when she will be an active and formidable competitor with us in the great Eastern markets, in which her geographical propinquity, her knowledge of Eastern peoples and their habits, and her close sympathy with many of their customs and traditions, will give her valuable advantages. A most interesting sketch of business methods, with valuable suggestions for their future conduct, is to be found in Mr Ransome's exhaustive chapters on 'Business Relations' and 'Modern Industrial Japan.' Many of these suggestions have been anticipated in the consular reports, and it is disappointing to find that they have had so little effect. Send out to Japan, Mr Ransome says, experts, technical men who thoroughly understand the details of their particular specialities. We find precisely the same suggestion made in the strongest terms in reports dated so far back as 1886 and 1896. The local British traders, according to Mr Ransome, speak less Japanese, and associate less with people of the country, than any other section of the foreign community; and the great obstacle to satisfactory trade with Japan is the defective knowledge of the Japanese language possessed by our traders. A consular report of 1886 states that, though nearly twenty years had then elapsed since British merchants first began to reside in Japan, they

had not advanced one single step towards intimacy with the genuine commercial classes; and that they conducted their dealings with middlemen of low class, with whom alone they were in direct contact, not in the Japanese language, but in a vulgar and degraded patois, bearing as much resemblance to Japanese as the gibberish of a West-Indian negro does to the English spoken by a highly educated London merchant. The commercial advantages to be gained by a knowledge of the language and by the cultivation of more intimate relations with the better classes of the people were urged in the same report in terms almost equally strong.

Even then foreign rivals were beginning to encroach on assumed British preserves, and to display unsuspected qualities of commercial enterprise. Competition then only threatened, has since become an active and formidable reality; and, unless both merchants and manufacturers awake from the apathy engendered by the unquestioned superiority of former years, they may see the rest of their trade reft from them by more energetic and progressive rivals. The resident British merchants in Japan are worthy representatives of the best traditions of British commerce in regard to industry and scrupulosity in all transactions. They remain, however, fettered by conditions which, unavoidable in the past, are now no longer necessary. Though the whole country is open to them, though intercourse and commercial partnerships with the people are unrestricted, they continue, with very few exceptions on the part of some progressive firms, to conduct their business entirely at the former open ports, the original seats of trade, with the enriched descendants of the low-class adventurers with whom they were first brought in contact. Their sphere, as the first intermediaries between the European manufacturers and the ultimate native buyer, is being steadily encroached on by native merchants of the best classes, who are now rapidly acquiring as full a knowledge of foreign business methods as they themselves possess.

Moreover, the interests of the British merchant are not always identical with those of the British manufacturer. Just as the manufacturer will sell his goods to the best purchaser, regardless whether he is English or

Japanese, so the British merchant in Japan will place his orders with the seller who best satisfies his requirements, regardless whether he is German, American, or British. In this respect neither manufacturer nor merchant is in a position to cast a stone at the other. But, other things being equal, the flag will carry the day; and, if the British manufacturer will bring himself to show the same consideration for the requirements of Japan, in regard to time (a most essential element in all Japanese contracts), quality, suitability to peculiar needs, and price, he may assuredly rely on the cordial co-operation of his fellow-countrymen on the spot.

The struggle to maintain the marked predominance which has hitherto distinguished British trade in the East will undoubtedly be severe. Japan herself is now bound to us, it is true, by strong ties of political gratitude and friendship, and her interests in the Far East are common with our own; but neither political alliance nor friendly sentiment can override the hard facts of trade; and, while she evinces in every way the keenest desire to extend commercial relations with us, it can only be expected that her trading classes will bestow her most valuable favours on those who most assiduously strive to win them.

We have already remarked that the British manufacturer can rely on no assistance from the state. That appears to be a fixed principle of British economic policy, into the merits of which we do not propose now to enter. But we cannot acquit successive governments of a certain culpability in neglecting to promote, or even to maintain, our commercial position in Japan, and in failing to render to British merchants legitimate assistance entirely within their power and compatible with accepted rules of policy. For example, a short-sighted economy in the withdrawal of the postal subsidy has driven our mail-steamers following the Red-Sea route from Japanese waters, and has surrendered the entire control of the passenger service, and a large portion of the carrying trade, to German lines.* We shall await with interest the report of the Steamship Subsidies Committee of the House of Commons, now sitting on this subject. Again, although commercial

* Interim Report of the Committee on Steamship Subsidies. Printed by order of the House of Commons. H.M. Stationery Office, 1901.

secretaries have been appointed to our diplomatic missions in many European countries, as well as in China, no secretary has been appointed in Japan, in spite of the fact that such an appointment was urged in the strongest terms nearly five years ago by Mr Brennan, when specially sent by the Foreign Office for the purpose of investigating the condition of British trade with that country. Finally, the neglect of the consular service, to which we have already more than once called attention, is at least as marked in Japan as elsewhere.

Much has been written about the dishonesty of Japanese merchants; their incapacity to keep a contract, no matter how solemnly made, when it involves a loss; the impossibility of trusting them as sellers; their insensibility, not only as individuals, but as a class, to criticism or exposure when clearly guilty of flagrant breaches of trust; and their deficiency in the sense of honour that should be the primary foundation of all commercial transactions. A very few months ago Baron Shibusawa, the president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce and Japan's greatest merchant, visited London. In a conference with the London Chamber of Commerce, in which he invited suggestions for the promotion of commercial intercourse between England and Japan, the members of that corporation impressed on him, with more vigour than good taste, the evil consequences of the commercial immorality which, according to the chairman, is almost a national characteristic.

Now the Japanese nation as a whole is not dishonest. The government has always scrupulously observed every engagement made by it, and even when, as not unfrequently happened in its early days of inexperience, shamelessly tricked, it invariably fulfilled the obligations it had inadvertently assumed. There are old-established mercantile firms of which the same may be said, firms to which credit may be and is constantly given with the same confidence as to British firms of the best standing. The writer, throughout a long experience, has found the Japanese tradesman compare favourably with the English, and has met with many striking incidents of honesty in its best form on the part of domestics, artisans, and labourers. A Japanese policeman is absolutely incor-

ruptible, and a railway-guard or a postman would look upon a 'tip' as an insult.

That Japanese merchants, as a class, have earned for themselves an evil reputation is only the natural result of their history. During the *régime* of the Tokugawa Shoguns, traders were regarded almost as social pariahs. Foreign trade was rigidly forbidden, and internal trade was hampered by monopolies, by guilds as arbitrary as the most bigoted of our own trade-unions, by different currencies, and by the total absence of communication or intercourse between adjoining provinces governed by rival and independent feudal chiefs. When Japan was opened in a limited degree to foreign trade, respectable native traders, dulled by centuries of oppression and restriction to narrow spheres, naturally failed to grasp the new opportunities that were afforded them; while on the other hand needy and unscrupulous adventurers, destitute of every sentiment of honour, and guided in all transactions solely by the desire for gain by any means, foul or fair, and with no reputation to lose among their own countrymen, flocked to the open ports, and speedily secured for themselves a practical monopoly of foreign trade. It was with these men that British merchants in Japan were first brought into contact. It is with their descendants—many of them now enriched beyond what their progenitors could have foreseen even in their wildest dreams, but largely preserving the inherited taints of trickery, dishonesty, and disregard of good name—that the majority of resident merchants continue to deal, in spite of the fact that they still continue to suffer at their hands almost as severely as in past times. Is it surprising that, with an experience limited to men of this class, there should be many bitter memories of broken contracts, fraud and deceit, or that the sufferers should be tempted into hasty generalisation about a whole people?

Better days are now dawning. Even in the feudal times there were great mercantile houses in Japan, and we find their successors in many Japanese firms which have entered the field in late years and now carry on a large part of the foreign trade of the country. Against these no lack of probity in its best form has ever been charged. Commercial schools are inculcating commercial morality as an essential part of business enterprise; trade

is no longer confined to those destined for it by descent; and youths of gentle birth, freely adopting commercial careers—as they now do in large numbers—bring with them traditional ideas of honour. An instance which occurred not many months ago, in which a native bank endeavoured by a contemptible quibble to shuffle out of a contract with a foreign bank, affords a striking illustration of the change for the better which has come over the country. The action of the Japanese bank was condemned in the strongest terms in the courts of justice and the press, by other native banks and by public opinion, to such an extent that it was speedily forced to withdraw from the position it had taken; while eight years ago a similar action on the part of a dealer in cotton-yarns towards a British firm, a most unscrupulous evasion of a petty contract by a man of great wealth, not only passed unnoticed in the press but was cordially and vigorously supported by the whole guild of yarn-dealers. Mr Chamberlain, in his book, 'Things Japanese,' has given a full account of this incident, mentioning the defaulter by name; but he has omitted to state that the personage in question was almost immediately afterwards elected a member of the municipal council of Yokohama, and is still a director of one of the greatest banks in Japan.

However, things are doubtless steadily improving. Since the day, nearly thirty years ago, when the Emperor, on the opening of the first railway in Japan, gave recognition to the principle that trade might not be wholly dishonourable by receiving an address from a deputation of Japanese merchants, and when Baron Shibusawa resigned high official rank, to which birth and talent had elevated him, in order to adopt a commercial career, the social status of the trader has been steadily rising. The successful merchant now freely mixes on equal terms with the best in the land; and Baron Shibusawa is not the sole representative of his class in the peerage. May we not then, on our part, hope that the one blot which stains the commercial progress of Japan will soon be removed, and that her merchants as a class will in no long time attain a standard of honour and upright dealing which will place them on a level with our own?

Art. IX.—WELSH ROMANCE AND FOLKLORE.

1. *The Text of the Mabinogion, and other Welsh Tales from the Red Book of Hergest.* Edited by John Rhys, M.A., and J. Gwenogvryn Evans. Two vols. Oxford: J. G. Evans, 1887.
2. *Les Mabinogion, traduits en entier pour la première fois en Français, avec un commentaire explicatif et des notes critiques.* Par J. Loth. Two vols. Paris: Ernest Thorin, 1889.
3. *Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx.* Two vols. By John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.
4. *The Mabinogion. Mediæval Welsh Romances.* Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. New edition, with notes, by Alfred Nutt. London: Nutt, 1902. (First edition, in three volumes. London: Longmans, 1849.)

OF the three poetic matters which, to the exclusion of all others, were pronounced by an old French *trouvère** to be worthy of concern, one alone, the 'matter of Britain,' retains its vitality for the maker, as distinguished from the reader and the student, of literature. It was the latest of the three to become known in Europe generally, but it ousted the other two from literary favour with astonishing rapidity. Compared with the 'matter of Rome the great' which, while signifying to the French poet not much more perhaps than the tales of Troy and of Alexander, embraced well-nigh all known antiquity, but had none the less been all but exhausted, the sudden and predominant vogue of the 'matter of Britain' was largely due to its novelty. But it could not claim any advantage in this respect over the 'matter of France,' which had to do with events of a much later date and more determinate character, and had besides, for French writers at least, its patriotic interest to recommend it. The Carlovingian romances, however, even in France itself, speedily and hopelessly lost ground before the sweeping advance of the Arthurian legends. 'Alexander,' as M. Jussérand† tersely puts it—and, we may add, Charle-

* Jean Bodel, in the thirteenth century 'Chanson des Saisnes,' l. 6, 7 :

'Ne sont que trois matières à nul home antendant,
De France, et de Bretaigne et de Rome la grant.'

† 'Literary History of the English People,' vol. i, p. 131.

magne—'had been an amusement; Arthur became a passion.'

This triumph of the 'matter of Britain' over the other two was due mainly to its adaptability to the conditions and demands of a time ripe for new literary enterprises. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the lettered classes in Europe were no less bent upon experiment and adventure than the crowd of writers who, three hundred years afterwards, felt the impetus of the great Italian Renaissance; and the Arthurian legend prevailed with them, in a word, because of its unrivalled possibilities of literary exploitation. It lent itself even to the reconciliation of the seemingly incompatible ideals of knight-errantry and of the Church; and the strange blend of chivalric with ecclesiastical and remote pagan elements, which the fully developed legend eventually became, cast over the imagination of Europe a spell which has not yet lost its potency. When, in course of time, the allegorical capacity of the legend came to be fully realised, its literary triumph was complete. Romance and allegory, fable and symbolism were wedded in the legend of Arthur as in no other; hence its strange fascination for almost every type of the poetic temperament.

As in the nature of things it should be, that fascination has been felt most of all by British poets; but it is not its British origin alone that accounts for the persistent domination of the story of Arthur, evoking, as it has, even in nineteenth century England, some of the most brilliant poetic achievement of the time. It is its superexcellence as a purely romantic subject that has given Arthurian fable its vogue and interest in England as elsewhere. British though the legend unquestionably is in its origin and in its rudimentary literary form, yet, as Renan has said, 'the heroes of the "Mabinogion" have no fatherland'; and the matter of Britain owes 'its astonishing prestige throughout the whole world' to its ideal and representative character.* To only two or three British bards at most has it been given to rise to the full height of what poetic argument the Arthurian legend has; and the very difficulty of capturing its secret may be another of the

* 'Essais de Morale et de Critique' (Paris, 1859)—'La Poésie des Races Celtiques,' p. 410.

causes of its importunate charm. Few poets have been able to leave it alone. In England, at any rate, ever since Sir Thomas Malory quarried among formless masses of mediæval romance and pieced out of them the mosaic of his matchless prose narrative, no poet of quality has been without concern for the story of King Arthur, or has withstood the impulse to venture on some fresh Arthurian quest. The fairy Arthurian realm still claims the poets as its citizens, and among them the fellowship of the questing knights is still preserved. One of the most distinguished of them among the living* finds, indeed, but little substance in some of these 'wan legends' of early Britain as compared with the more solid 'matter of Rome the great,' and laments that

'Dead fancy's ghost, not living fancy's wraith,
Is now the storied sorrow that survives
Faith in the record of these lifeless lives.'

But he is fain to justify himself for dallying with them by citing illustrious precedent :

'Yet Milton's sacred feet have lingered there,
His lips have made august the fabulous air.'

It is, however, Milton's misfortune that he has to be classed with Dryden as one who

'In immortal strain
Had raised the Table Round again,'

but for other preoccupations. The prime glories of achievement remain with Spenser and Tennyson, and—shall we say?—with Mr Swinburne himself.

The Arthurian legend has in our time ceased to be the exclusive property of the poet and the romancer. An army of 'Arthurian specialists' in the various departments of mythology, philology, ethnology, and folklore has recently annexed whole provinces of the legend, and is busily engaged in assigning prosaic causes and explanations to incidents and names which the lover of mere literature has for centuries been content to leave inviolate in the dim atmosphere of romance. Matthew Arnold, perhaps, little expected what was in store for those who

Mr Swinburne in the Dedication to his tragedy of 'Loerine.'

came after him when, in his lectures on 'The Study of Celtic Literature,' he recommended the application of the 'science des origines' to the oldest monuments of the literature of Wales and Ireland. But, even without his advice, the study of Arthurian origins would have been prosecuted with sufficient zest. For the peculiarity of the 'matter of Britain' is that it takes us back to a pre-Christian era so indeterminate and remote that a philological and mythological inquirer comes to feel that he is on a scientific equality with the geologist. There is a *detritus*, to quote Matthew Arnold's own words, to be got at and 'disengaged.' And the attempt to disengage this *detritus* may be followed by all who have the patience to do so in the pages, mainly, of recent French and German periodicals. No Celtic scholar in this country can now afford to approach any Arthurian subject without some knowledge of what Foerster and Zimmer among the Germans, and Gaston Paris, Joseph Loth, and Ferdinand Lot among the French—to name only the protagonists in a profound and often fierce debate—have written. America also has begun to send trained emissaries on these critical quests; while in England Dr John Rhys and Mr Alfred Nutt, with several younger scholars in their train, attack the various problems suggested by the legend with a knowledge and insight unsurpassed by any other worker in the field. Some of Professor Rhys's and Mr Nutt's more recent labours will claim our attention by and by. Our more immediate concern is with the literary side of the Arthurian legend, and with those primitive Welsh presentments of it which, in spite of the accumulation of critical lore that now surrounds them, have lost none of their charm for the student of letters.

The literary popularity of the 'matter of Britain' began with Geoffrey of Monmouth. He it was who first opened the eyes of French poets and romancers to the value of Arthurian story for purposes of literary entertainment. Geoffrey himself, we hold, was much more of the deliberate romancer than of the sober historian. He was a man of his time, responding instinctively to the new impulses that were at work, and alert for an opportunity of supplying, himself, some fresh stimulus to the imagination. Had he lived in later times he might have been another Defoe or a first-rate special correspondent. He

is one of the most artful and complacent retailers of fiction in an age when, in the words of Professor Ker, 'the dealers in romantic commonplaces were as fully conscious of the market value of their goods as any later poet who has borrowed from them their giants and enchanters, their forests and magic castles' ('Epic and Romance,' p. 371). Geoffrey knows when he has a good thing in hand, and employs all his cunning to make the best of it, taking just sufficient care not to arouse the suspicions of the ingenuous readers who were invited to accept his fables as authentic history. He conforms with the conventions of his time by adopting the chronicle as his literary form, and makes a bid for patriotic sympathy by his adroit use of the traditional descent of the British race from Trojan and Roman heroes, thus giving that engaging fiction a currency which imposed upon some Welsh historians even down to the nineteenth century. So in form the famous 'History of the Kings of Britain' is scarcely distinguishable from other chronicles of the time, but in substance and spirit it is charged to the full with the seductive magic of romance.

But while Geoffrey must be regarded as a more or less deliberate romancer masquerading in the garb of a chronicler, he is not so much an inventor as a deft literary manipulator of matter which he found at his command. Although the manuscripts of Geoffrey's History are older than any texts of French and Welsh romances which have come down to us, it would be a mistake to assume that the quasi-historical form of the legend is older than its purely romantic elements. Whether Geoffrey was acquainted with any primitive forms of Welsh romance can never be determined; but there is strong presumption that he was familiar with a mass of popular tradition which was current either in Wales or in Brittany, or in both, and that he incorporated much of it in his book. William of Malmesbury, writing probably before Geoffrey began his History, speaks of Arthur as one 'about whom the idle tales of the Britons rave even to-day';* and certain monks of Laon tell us that they raised a tumult in Cornwall in 1113 by refusing

* *'De quo Britonum nugæ hodieque delirant.'* (*'Gesta Regum Anglorum,'* i, 8.)

to believe that Arthur still lived.* Geoffrey had doubtless written documents to his hand besides the chronicle of Nennius, but that he borrowed largely from oral tradition does not admit of doubt. His claim to literary distinction is that he perceived the value of the romantic material which through various channels came in his way, and put it into a form which at once arrested attention. The appearance of his History is the chief literary event of the twelfth century. Its popularity is still attested by the extraordinary number of manuscript copies of the work scattered among public and private libraries.

Geoffrey professed to have translated a certain 'British book' which was given him by Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, but which no other writer of his own time appears to have seen and no subsequent research has been able to discover. It matters little whether the book was Welsh or Breton, or whether it existed at all. What we certainly know is that Geoffrey incorporated in his own book a mass of matter which is Welsh in origin; and this matter is the most specifically romantic part of his History. It is, however, remarkable—and of this fact some of the students of origins make much—that there is comparatively very little in common between Geoffrey and the oldest examples of Welsh romance which we possess. A few of these romances, although preserved in manuscripts of a later date than Geoffrey's History, are palpably much more archaic in character and content than Geoffrey. In four of them Arthur does not appear at all; and there is no evidence that of these tales—the 'Mabinogion' proper—Geoffrey had ever heard.† Again, the later Welsh romances, in which Arthur becomes an imposing figure, and which are in their incidents substantially identical with well-known French romances, show very few, if any, traces of Geoffrey's influence. The notable thing about the 'Mabinogion'—including under that term all the stories to which Lady Charlotte

* 'Sed sicut Britones solent iurgari cum Francis pro rege Arturo, idem vir coepit rixari cum uno ex famulis nostris . . . dicens adhuc Arturum vivere. Unde non parvo tumultu exorto cum armis ecclesiam irruunt plurimi.' (Migne, 'Patrologia,' vol. 156, col. 983.)

† *Llyr*, or *Lear*, indeed, figures in Geoffrey's book, but what is told about him there has no connexion with the stories of the 'Mabinogion.'

Guest applied it in her famous translation—is their almost complete independence of Geoffrey. Their redaction into the literary form in which we have them belongs virtually to Geoffrey's time, or to a time when his influence was widely felt; but they are a presentment of the 'matter of Britain' quite distinct from and strangely unaffected by the writer who, above all others, launched that matter on the full tide of European literature.

Hence their unique value and interest. The 'Mabinogion' may claim to be the most authentic and characteristic, as they are certainly the most delightful, expression of the early Celtic genius which we possess. The only other considerable body of ancient Celtic literature which has come down to us is the Irish prose literature of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But the Irish tales, full though they are of a strange barbaric power, are inferior to the 'Mabinogion' in those subtle qualities of selection, of arrangement, of tone, of style which show the hand of the conscious and sensitive artist. There is a finish about the Welsh tales which bespeaks a curiously alert literary intelligence. They are the products of a trained literary class; and the distinction of this class in Wales in the twelfth century was that, while it doubtless owed much to Christian and classical culture, it managed to preserve its native idiosyncrasies, and to keep the national subjects upon which it exercised its literary art free from the contamination of that culture. What the culture of the Church did for the Welsh story-tellers was to inform and refine their natural literary capacity, with the result that no mediæval prose surpasses the 'Mabinogion' in delicate precision of form and in its admirable adaptation to the matter with which it deals. This is why Wales, far more than Ireland, influenced the literature of mediæval Europe, and why the 'Mabinogion,' even in a translation, continue to attract and delight the most cultured reader. 'Wales,' writes Mr Nutt*—by preference an admirer and devoted student of Irish rather than of Welsh story—

'unlocked the gates of the older fairy world, but she attenuated what in its aspect might have been too fantastic, too uncouthly strange. It is not hard to understand why the Norman who went to Ireland remained unaffected by the

varied and splendid Irish literature, while from Wales he brought back the Arthurian romance. The explanation of this fact holds good to-day. For one modern reader who can grasp the significance and appreciate the excellence of such Irish stories as the 'Tain bo Cualgne' or the 'Destruction of Daderga's Hostel,' fifty can feel and respond to the charm of the 'Four Branches' or the 'Lady of the Fountain.' In the one the barbaric world appears under an aspect which at first bewilders and estranges; in the other, whilst retaining its richness and its savour, it has shed whatever fails to allure and to fascinate.'

Unique specimens as they are of what was soon to become, even in Wales itself, a lost art, the 'Mabinogion' have been singularly fortunate in their English translator. It is by this time perfectly well known that Lady Charlotte Guest did not perform her work single-handed; and it is only right that the scholarly clergyman who assisted her should have the credit which is his due. A Welshman of the Welshmen by name and education—the Rev. John Jones of Jesus College, Oxford, better known to his countrymen by his bardic pseudonym 'Tegid'—he deserves to be remembered as the man who furnished Lady Guest with her copy of the text of the 'Mabinogion,' and who helped her to the sense of the more difficult passages. The absence of any reference to his share in the undertaking is a fault we have to find with the compact and comprehensive notes which Mr Nutt appends to his most acceptable new edition of Lady Guest's book. As a literary artist, however, Lady Guest had powers to which Tegid could lay no claim. She had so signal an instinct for the right language in which to present these primitive Welsh tales in English that she may well be said to have been by nature endowed with a special gift for translating the 'Mabinogion.' Mr Nutt does full justice to her genius for this particular work; and one can wish for no better tribute than that which he pays to

'the mingled strength and grace of her style, the unerring skill with which she selects the right word, the right turn of phrase, which suggests an atmosphere ancient, remote, laden with magic, without any resort to pseudo-archaism, to Wardour-Street English.'

The success of Lady Guest's achievement is felt most of
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all by those who have attempted to translate the 'Mabinogion' themselves.* It is possible to better her work in the matter of strict adherence to the letter of the text, but hopeless to attempt to produce anything which, as a whole, so well preserves, not merely the tone and the 'atmosphere,' but the very form and pressure of the original.

Some few years ago a highly meritorious French translation of the 'Mabinogion' was published by M. Joseph Loth; and Mr Nutt pronounces M. Loth's work to be superior in point of accuracy to Lady Guest's. M. Loth enjoyed the advantage of having at his command a much better copy of the text of the Red Book of Hergest than Lady Guest had. Instead of Tegid's imperfect transcription, he had before him the diplomatic edition of the Red Book text by Professor Rhys and Dr Gwenogvryn Evans. M. Loth's translation certainly corrects Lady Guest's in many places and supplies what the author calls the '*lacunes volontaires*' of her work, omissions imposed upon her by her desire to make the tales suitable for 'the edification of youth,' although, as it happens, there is scarcely any real grossness in the 'Mabinogion.' Considered as literature, however, M. Loth's work is not of the quality of Lady Charlotte Guest's. It may be a more exact translation—though we ourselves have found it in many places to approach perilously near a paraphrase—and may give in a less attenuated form '*des crudités de langage et des brutalités de mœurs qui sont cependant loin d'être sans intérêt et sans importance pour l'histoire et la critique*' (Pref., p. 3). But even one who but imperfectly appreciates the felicities of French prose style must feel that M. Loth's version falls short of Lady Guest's in suggesting the delicacy and the simple charm of the original Welsh. We value M. Loth's work chiefly for its extensive and exceedingly helpful apparatus of critical notes.

Fortunate as they have been in their translators, the

* The present writer is one of these. He has had, however, the hardihood to essay only a few passages; and as, here and there, Lady Guest's translation does lose somewhat by its rather free rendering of certain characteristically Welsh touches in the original, some of these attempts at a more accurate version are given further on. When Lady Guest's translations are quoted, references to Mr Nutt's edition are given in each case. †

'Mabinogion' have perhaps been even more fortunate in engaging the interest of two of the most brilliant literary critics of our age. The poetry of Tennyson undoubtedly sent many eager readers to Lady Charlotte Guest's translation; but it is questionable whether even Tennyson did so much to popularise and direct attention to the 'Mabinogion' as Renan and Matthew Arnold. Renan was no Celtic scholar, and he wrote before Celtic scholarship had achieved some of its most striking results in determining the age and the comparative values of ancient documents; yet his essay on 'The Poetry of the Celtic Races' remains one of the most illuminating and suggestive literary treatises on that subject which we possess. No one has brought out more felicitously than he the distinctive literary traits of the 'Mabinogion'—the simple grace of their narrative, their delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, their feeling for nature, their charm as reflecting the '*aimable sérénité de la conscience celtique, ni triste ni gaie, toujours suspendue entre un sourire et une larme,*' no less than their significance as the channels of a new and potent influence upon the literature of Europe.

Following Renan came Matthew Arnold with his memorable 'Lectures on Celtic Literature,' delivered from the chair of Poetry at Oxford. He protests that 'an unlearned belletristic trifler' like himself is not the man to do justice to the work of Celtic scholars who, by their prolonged researches among obscure manuscripts, provide the material which helps us to 'know the Celt and his genius.' But a 'belletristic trifler' like Matthew Arnold often goes much farther than the most laborious scholar in divining the secret and in getting at the very heart of an ancient literature. Arnold, amid much that is irrelevant but always entertaining, exhibits in these lectures a marvellous instinct for the essential things in Celtic literature, for what was of value, and likely to be of value, in the labours of Celtic scholars, as well as for the significant literary qualities of the older Welsh prose and poetry. He has a good deal that is fanciful, perhaps, to say about the Celtic magic, the Celtic sentiment, the Celtic Titanism, with its 'indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact.' But his critical insight enables him, at the same time, to disentangle, with a precision wonderful in one who knew no Welsh, the true

from the false, the archaic from the late and spurious, the vital and the salient things from the trivial and the jejune in the poems and romances which he discusses. Thus he goes at once to the root of the problems suggested by the 'Mabinogion' when he says, in an oft-quoted passage :

'The very first thing that strikes one, in reading the "Mabinogion," is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building his hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely; stones "not of this building," but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestic. In the mediæval stories of no Latin or Teutonic people does this strike one as in those of the Welsh.'

It may appear ungracious to utter here a word of complaint against men who have done so much to interpret the Celtic genius as Renan and Arnold, but it must be confessed that they have done some disservice to Celtic literature by encouraging 'belletristic triflers' of lesser calibre to indulge in a good deal of random talk about 'traits' and 'tendencies.' We hear nowadays of a 'Celtic renaissance' and a 'Celtic movement,' of attempts to reproduce the Celtic magic and glamour, and to give new expression to the Celtic sentiment, and so forth. But, in spite of much pretentious and illusory literary effort which the term is made to cover, there is at the present time a genuine Celtic 'renaissance' in the shape of a serious endeavour to get at the actual matter and meaning of the older Celtic literature. Ireland has hitherto shown the way; and the great work done of late years by the editors and translators of old Irish texts is one of the most heroic enterprises of modern scholarship. But Wales has not been far behind. Ever since Edward Llwyd in 1707 complained, in his 'Archæologia Britannica,' that he might have given many manuscript treasures to the world but for 'the instigation of certain persons, pseudo-politicians rather than men of letters,' there have been Welshmen who made great efforts to collect and publish the unprinted remains of old Welsh literature.

To Owen Jones—'the Denbighshire statesman,' as

Matthew Arnold calls him—from the vale of Myvyr, and his coadjutor William Owen Pughe, belongs the credit of having brought together at the beginning of the last century the largest and most valuable repertory of Welsh literature ever published, the 'Myvyrian Archæology of Wales.' But the era of accurate Welsh scholarship can scarcely be said to have dawned until Professor Rhys began to settle down to his work in the Oxford chair of Celtic. It is to him, and to one whose exceptional gift for palæographical work received its first serious direction in Professor Rhys's classes—Dr Gwenogvryn Evans—that we owe, not only an exact printed copy of the Red Book text of the 'Mabinogion,'* but a series of Welsh texts, and of catalogues, collations, and transcripts of Welsh manuscripts surpassing in value anything hitherto done for the literature of Wales. Their edition of the 'Mabinogion' has placed in the scholar's hands as exact a reproduction of Lady Charlotte Guest's original as it is possible to give. The Red Book text, it should be said, is not the oldest extant text of the 'Mabinogion.' It is based upon that of the White Book of Rhyddereh, a MS. in the Peniarth library, of which Dr Gwenogvryn Evans is understood to be preparing a diplomatic edition. Welsh scholars are already under an immense debt to Dr Evans; and it is impossible in any discussion of the 'Mabinogion' to leave unnoticed a work which challenges comparison with anything of its kind in the whole field of palæography.

The Red Book of Hergest is a *corpus* of Welsh prose and poetry, transcribed in the fourteenth century, and includes, among a rich variety of curious matter, all the tales translated by Lady Charlotte Guest except the 'History of Taliesin.' Lady Guest printed and translated

* Their edition of the 'Mabinogion' is a diplomatic reproduction of the text of the Red Book of Hergest after a method which Dr Evans claims to have been at the time (1887) unique in this country. The different founts of type employed are in themselves a study, and the editors, while not professing to satisfy every taste in their style of printing, maintain that they have 'made their reproduction final, for every proof-sheet was collated with the original manuscript at least three times—collated backward as well as forward.' They have so printed the MS. that 'every scholar who has any knowledge of manuscripts will be able to restore in his mind's eye the exact spacing of the original, while the beginner will not be bewildered by treating simple words as compounds.'

that famous compilation, whence Thomas Love Peacock drew most of his matter for 'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' from two manuscript fragments of a late date. 'Taliesin,' in the form we have it, is of undeniably late composition, and is a strange medley, assorting but ill with the other romances. It was in 'Taliesin,' however, that Matthew Arnold saw the *detritus* which, 'instead of being called recent, because it is found in contact with what is recent,' should be 'disengaged and made to tell its own story'; and Mr Nutt defends its inclusion among the so-called 'Mabinogion' on the score of 'its interest and importance at least to the student of Celtic mythology.'*

The name 'Mabinogion' is strictly applicable to only four of the twelve stories in Lady Guest's book. Professor Rhys's explanation† of the term *mabinog* as signifying a 'literary apprentice,' and of *mabinogi* as his matter or 'stock-in-trade,' is a very doubtful one. There is no evidence other than that of the Iolo MSS.—a notoriously untrustworthy authority as to many matters affecting old Welsh literature and tradition—for the use of *mabinog* in this sense; and no cause has been shown why *mabinogi* should not be taken to mean 'tales of youth,' or 'tales for the young'‡—not necessarily 'nursery-tales,' as Lady Guest seems to have regarded them, but tales for the entertainment of youth, told, probably, by a professional class. Each of the four 'Mabinogion' proper is called, in Welsh, 'ceinc y Mabinogi,' which means 'a branch of the Mabinogi'; and the correct title for the group should be 'the four branches of the Mabinogi.' The 'four branches' are the tales known as 'Pwyll, Prince of Dyvod'; 'Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr'; 'Manawyddan, the Son of Llyr'; and 'Math, the Son of Mathonwy.' These constitute a separate and distinctive group which Mr Nutt, in his rearrangement of Lady Charlotte Guest's collection, places first, under the general title of 'The Mythology of Ancient Britain.' His second group, entitled 'Romantic

* Some of the points it suggests to a student of mythology are touched upon by Professor Rhys in his 'Celtic Folklore,' vol. ii, pp. 613-617, where he deals with 'transformations and rebirth.'

† Preface to the Oxford 'Mabinogion' (1887).

‡ Professor Rhys himself, in a note to his 'Arthurian Legend' (p. 2), reminds us that the Welsh equivalent for the title of the apocryphal gospel, 'Infantia Jesu Christi,' is 'Mabinogi Iesu Grist.'

British History,' comprises 'The Dream of Maxen Wledig' and 'The Story of Lludd and Llevellys.' These two stories are probably later than Geoffrey's History, and are more closely related to that work than any of the other tales; they are certainly inferior to the rest in interest. Under the heading, 'Arthur, Champion of Britain,' Mr Nutt includes 'Kulhwch and Olwen'* and 'The Dream of Rhonabwy'—two Arthurian stories apparently of purely British origin and of quite a different character from the French Arthurian romances. 'Arthur, Flower of Knighthood,' is the title which Mr Nutt gives to the later and better known group of Welsh Arthurian romances—'The Lady of the Fountain'; 'Geraint, the Son of Erbin'; and 'Peredur, the Son of Evrawc.' These three tales correspond respectively to Chrétien de Troyes' 'Le chevalier au lion,' 'Erec,' and 'Le conte del Graal.'†

The exact relation in which the Welsh romances stand to Chrétien's poems is a matter of sore controversy, among some French and German critics in particular, into which we have neither the space nor the inclination to enter. Mr Nutt gives a concise summary of the main points in dispute, and himself favours the view of Gaston Paris that these tales, after passing through the hands of Anglo-Norman story-tellers, came back to Wales, and were rewritten 'freely and with added colouring and detail drawn from the older, purely native versions.' As literature, and as examples of romantic narrative where 'is to be heard the indescribable plaintive melody, the sigh of the wind over the enchanted ground, the spell of pure Romance,'‡ these prose tales rank far above the French poems.

The 'Four Branches,' or the 'Mabinogion' proper, deal with what is probably the most archaic body of Welsh

* It is to be regretted that Mr Nutt should write *Kulhwch* rather than the correct Welsh form, *Kulhwch*.

† 'Le conte del Graal' is only in part the work of Chrétien.

‡ W. P. Ker, 'Epic and Romance,' p. 383. Cf. Renan, 'La Poésie des Races Celtiques,' p. 393. 'C'est le récit limpide d'un enfant, sans distinction de noble ni de vulgaire, quelque chose de ce monde doucement animé, de cet idéal tranquille et calme où nous transportent les stances de l'Arioste. Le bavardage des derniers imitateurs français et allemands du moyen âge ne peut donner une idée de cette charmante manière de raconter. L'habile Chrétien de Troyes lui-même reste en cela, ce me semble, fort au-dessous des conteurs gallois.'

tradition that we possess, and they are largely mythological in character. Their redaction into something like the form in which we have them took place, approximately, in the latter half of the twelfth century. But that they must have been current long before the great outburst of the Arthurian legend with Geoffrey of Monmouth is almost certain, for Arthur does not appear in them at all. Professor Rhys maintains that they are tales embodying traditions peculiar to, though not necessarily indigenous among, the Goidels of Britain; and he propounds in his 'Celtic Folklore' (ii, 552) the somewhat startling theory that 'the stories which I have loosely called Goidelic may have been largely aboriginal; and by that I mean native, pre-Celtic, and non-Aryan.' To this adventurous hypothesis we may have an opportunity of returning by and by.

The 'Four Branches,' as they stand, suggest many points of analogy with the mythic tales of Ireland. They deal chiefly with the fortunes of three great families, the children of Dôn, the children of Llyr, and the family of Pwyll. Of the three the house of Llyr first predominates; but the disastrous issue of the expedition to Ireland under Brân the Blessed leads to the disappearance of the sons of Llyr and the supremacy of the children of Dôn. The Llyr family had connexions with that of Pwyll; and it was in the country of Pwyll's son, Pryderi, that Manawyddan, son of Llyr, ended his days. In consequence of the deceit practised upon him by the magician Gwydion, the son of Dôn, as related in the 'mabinogi' of Math, Pryderi makes war on Math and the children of Dôn. In this war Pryderi falls and his army gives hostages to Math. The disappearance of the children of Llyr to make way for the children of Dôn 'corresponds closely enough to the relation between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Lir family in Irish legend.'*

The mythological significance of these tales, their interpretation in terms of the struggle between light and darkness, their ethnological and topographical connexions, and such problems, have, no doubt, their fascination; and for those who delight in these things Professor Rhys pro-

* Rhys, 'Celtic Folklore,' ii, 548. In this brief summary of the 'Four Branches,' Professor Rhys's account has been followed.

vides in his 'Celtic Folklore' an abundance of suggestive matter. We prefer, however, to deal with them as literature, as the embodiment of the fantastic visions of a young-eyed people fleeting their time carelessly in an atmosphere of wonder and enchantment. Here, if anywhere, do we come in touch with the real 'Celtic magic,' with the true enchanted land where, in the words of Renan, 'the eternal illusion clothes itself in the most seductive hues.' Although these stories are the product of a lettered class, and were in their time highly finished models of art, they are to us full of a naïve charm which suggests anything but an artificial literary craftsmanship. In them the supernatural is treated as the most natural thing in the world; and the persons who exercise superhuman powers are made to move about and speak and behave as perfectly normal human beings. These, indeed, are those very 'antiquities' referred to by Spenser* as witnesses to the existence of 'that happy land of Faery,' which

'None that breatheth living aire doth know.'

Few, if any, fairy-tales can compete with the 'Mabinogion,' for they were told in that Celtic twilight which gives to the most extravagant illusions the most convincing verisimilitude, in which men find it at once natural and imperative to talk in superlatives, in which all objects, after their quality and kind, are 'the greatest, the best, the fairest in the world.'

Though they are primarily tales of magic and wizardry, there is scarcely any trace in them—which is all the more surprising when we bear in mind their professional character—of what we may call a thaumaturgic apparatus, of deliberate resort to artificial appliances warranted to 'make one's flesh creep.' The most miraculous happenings are related in the most matter-of-fact way everything is clear, straightforward, ingenuous. The story-tellers, unlike so many ancient and modern dealers in the marvellous, are not consciously deceiving you; they postulate in their readers their own implicit and unaffected belief. They are conscious that what they tell you is all very wonderful but they have matter in

* 'Faerie Queene,' bk. ii, Introd.

hand at which it is natural and right to wonder. There never were men so powerful, so generous, so well-graced as their heroes, or women so fair and love-compelling as their heroines. When Arawn entered the hall of Pwyll's castle

'he saw the household and the host enter in, and the host was the most comely and the best equipped he had ever seen; and with them came in likewise the Queen, who was the fairest woman that he had ever yet behold.'

Teirnon Twryv Vliant, who appears later in the same tale, 'was lord of Gwent Is Coed, and he was the best man in the world.' Pryderi, the son of Pwyll,

'was brought up carefully, as was fit, so that he became the fairest youth, and the most comely, and the best skilled in all good games, of any in the kingdom.'

Branwen, again, was not only 'one of the three chief ladies of this island,' but 'the fairest damsel in all the world.' Kynon, in the 'Lady of the Fountain,' relates how, on a certain adventure, he came across

'four-and-twenty maidens sewing satin at a window. And this I tell thee, Kai, that to my thinking the least fair of them was fairer than the fairest maiden thou hast ever seen in the island of Britain; and the least lovely of them was lovelier than Gwenhwyvar, the wife of Arthur, when she has appeared loveliest at the Mass on Christmas or Easter day.'

Even nature in their imagination assumes gigantic proportions consonant with the prowess and the endowments of their superlative heroes. Kay and Bedivere, for example, are once met with on the top of Plynlimmon, and the breeze which plays around them there must needs be 'the greatest wind that ever was in the world.'*

What first of all strikes even a casual reader of the 'Mabinogion' is their supreme excellence as examples of direct and vivid prose narrative. It may confidently be claimed for the Welsh of these tales that it surpasses in style and formal precision any prose of the same date to be found in the vernacular literatures of Europe. Its qualities, it need hardly be said, can be appreciated to

the full only by those who read and speak Welsh with ease; and what the Welsh reader, after mastering a few technical difficulties, will become conscious of is the nearness of the language of the 'Mabinogion' to that which he uses and hears. A Welshman finds these twelfth-century tales much easier and more familiar reading than an Englishman finds English of the same period. The best colloquial Welsh of to-day, it may be said, retains far more of the native idiom than does the average so-called 'literary' Welsh—the Welsh of the newspapers and the pulpit; and it is surprising how similar in all the picturesque and vivid turns of expression is the language of these old romances to that which is spoken in the less anglicised parts of modern Wales. That language inevitably loses much of its flavour in a translation; but Lady Charlotte Guest has succeeded, as far as it is in the translator's art to do, in preserving, not perhaps all the *nuances* and subtle felicities of the original, but certainly the main and essential qualities of the narrative—its vividness, its fluency, and its simple force. Let one, and a fairly familiar, instance from the story of 'Branwen' suffice.

'And at the close of the seventh year they went forth to Gwales in Penfro. And there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean; and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. "See, yonder," said Manawyddan, "is the door that we may not open." And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And of all they had seen of food laid before them, and of all they had heard of, they remembered nothing; neither of that, nor of any sorrow whatsoever. And there they remained fourscore years, unconscious of having ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was not more irksome to them having the head with them, than if Bendigeid Vran had been with them himself. And because of these fourscore years, it was called the entertaining of the noble head. The entertaining of Branwen and Matholwch was in the time that they went to Ireland.

'One day said Heilyn, the son of Gwynn, "Evil betide me, if I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said concerning it." So he opened the door and looked towards

Cornwall and Aber Henvelen. And when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot; and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount.' (Nutt's ed., p. 41.)

A characteristic feature of the Welsh romances, of the older mythological tales quite as much as of the later Arthurian stories, is what Renan calls 'the extreme mildness of manners' which pervades them.* With the exception, perhaps, of 'Branwen,' where we have incidents of brutal cruelty told without any apparent sign of regret, they are all distinguished by a singular refinement and tenderness of feeling, a courtesy of address and behaviour, a humaneness, a sense of social obligation and friendship which one cannot help contrasting with the fierce delight in bloodshed of the Teutonic *saga*, and of the Irish tales as illustrated in Lady Gregory's recent translation of the story of Cuchullain. The story of Pwyll alone abounds in examples of the capacity for devotion, of 'the exquisite loyalty' of these primitive Cymric heroes. Take, for instance, the incident of the restoration by Teirnon of her lost son, Pryderi, to his mother Rhiannon, who had long been suspected of having murdered him.

"Teirnon," said Pwyll, "God requite thee for having reared this boy unto this hour; and right it is that he, if he be true to his gentle birth, should repay thee." "Lord," said Teirnon, "but the woman who nursed him--no one in the world hath greater grief at parting with him than she. 'Tis right that he should remember what I and that woman have done for him." "Be God my witness," said Pwyll, "that while I live

* 'Ce qui frappe au premier coup d'œil dans les compositions idéales des races celtiques, surtout quand on les compare à celles des races germaniques, c'est l'extrême douceur de mœurs qui y respire. Point de ces vengeances effroyables qui remplissent l'*Edda* et les *Nibelungen*. Comparez le héros celtique et le héros germanique, Beowulf et Pérédur par exemple. Quelle différence! Là, toute l'horreur de la barbarie dégouttante de sang, l'enivrement du carnage, le goût désintéressé, si j'ose le dire, de la destruction et de la mort; ici, au contraire, un profond sentiment de la justice, une grande exaltation de la fierté individuelle, il est vrai, mais aussi un grand besoin de dévouement, une exquise loyauté.' ('Essais de Morale et de Critique,' Paris, 1889.)

I will maintain thee and thy possessions as long as I am able to keep mine own. If he live, meeter is it that he should maintain thee than I. And if this counsel seem good to thee and to these noblemen here, since thou hast reared him up to this time, we will give him to be brought up henceforth by Pendaran Dyved, and you shall be his companions and his foster-parents." "That is good counsel," said they all. And thereupon was the boy given to Pendaran Dyved, and the noblemen of the land went away with him. And Teirnon Twryv Vliant, and his companions, set out for his country and his possessions with love and gladness; and he went not without being offered the fairest jewels and the best horses and the choicest dogs. But he would take nothing at all.'

Allied to this loyalty and courtesy of social intercourse is the chivalrous treatment of women in the 'Mabinogion.' 'No other human family,' says Renan, 'has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman, or been more fully dominated by it.' We may not find in the 'Four Branches' such notable examples of the chivalric ideal as in the Arthurian romances, but even in these archaic stories we are in the presence of people who had formed a singularly high conception of the honour and loyal service due to women. In the tale of Manawyddan, for example, when Kieva has for the time lost her husband Pryderi and finds herself alone in the palace with Manawyddan, we read :

'When Kieva, the daughter of Gwynn Gloew, saw that there was no one in the palace save herself and Manawyddan, she sorrowed so that she cared not whether she lived or died. And Manawyddan observed this. "Indeed," said he, "thou art in the wrong if for fear of me thou grieveest. I pledge thee before God that thou hast never seen a truer friend than thou shalt find in me, so long as God wills that thou shouldst be thus. Be God my witness, were I in the prime of my youth I would keep faith with Pryderi; yea, for thy sake would I keep it. Let no fear be upon thee," said he, "for God be my witness that thou shalt get from me all the friendship which thou canst wish, and which it is in my power to give thee, so long as it shall be God's will to leave us in this trouble and care." "God roward thee," said she, "for that is what I thought likely of thee."'

With this incident may be compared Math's treatment

of the maid Goewin, who had been wronged by his nephews, Gwydion and Gilvaethwy :

“Unto me they did wrong,” says Goewin, “and unto thee dishonour.” “Verily,” Math replies, “I will do to the utmost of my power concerning this matter. But first will I cause thee to have compensation, and then will I have amends made unto myself. As for thee, I will take thee to be my wife, and the possession of my dominions will I give unto thy hands.” (Nutt's ed., p. 64.)

In these and similar examples of loyal behaviour towards women we find the beginnings of that ultimate ideal of chivalry which came to be embodied in such a character as Peredur, or Percival, pre-eminently the knight *sans peur et sans reproche* of the Welsh romances. If there is one ‘purple patch’ in the ‘Mabinogion’ better known than another it is Peredur’s description of ‘the lady whom best he loved’; and, familiar though the passage may be in Lady Guest’s beautiful translation of it, we cannot refrain from an attempt to give it here in words as close to the original Welsh as we can find. Gwalchmai, the Gawain of French and English romance, is in quest of Peredur and finds him resting on his spear, deep in thought.

“Did I know,” said Gwalchmai, “that it were good unto thee as it is to me, I would converse with thee. For I am a messenger unto thee from Arthur, to beg of thee to come and see him. And two men have been on this errand before me.” “That is true,” replied Peredur, “and unamiably they came. They fought with me, and that was not to my liking, for I was loth to be drawn from the thought that I was in. I was thinking of the lady whom best I loved; and this is how I came to have her in my mind. I was looking upon the snow, and upon the raven, and upon the drops of the blood of the bird which the hawk had killed in the snow. And I was thinking that her whiteness was like that of the snow, and that her hair and her eyebrows were as black as the raven, and that the two spots of red upon her cheeks were like the two drops of blood.” Said Gwalchmai, “No ignoble thought was that, and I wonder not that it was unpleasant to thee to be drawn from it.”

In one of the ‘Four Branches,’ however, we have an instance of harsh treatment meted out to a woman

which stands out in marked contrast to what we find elsewhere in the tales. The vengeance which the men of Matholwch, king of Ireland, took for the insult received by him in Britain 'was to drive Branwen from the same chamber with him, and to make her cook for the Court, and they caused the butcher, after he had cut up the meat, to come to her and to give her every day a blow upon the ear.' This, as it happens, is but a mild example of cruelty compared with two or three other incidents in the same story;* and it will afford some consolation to those who are jealous for the Celt's reputation for good manners to know that Mr Nutt and others find in 'Branwen' many evidences of the sinister influence of Teutonic *saga*.

One cannot leave the story of Branwen without allusion to the tragic fate of the heroine, which is told with a simple pathos not easily matched in any literature. After obeying the command of Brân the Blessed that they should cut off his head, the seven survivors of his expedition to Ireland set sail for Britain.

'And Branwen was the eighth with them. And at Aber Alaw in Talebolyon came they to land, and there they stayed and took their rest. And she gazed upon Ireland and upon the Island of the Mighty, as much of them as she could see. "Ah, Son of God!" said she, "woe is me that ever I was born, for two good islands have been wasted because of me!" And she heaved a great sigh and therewith brake her heart. And they made for her a four-sided grave, and buried her there on the banks of the Alaw.'

Although Renan and Matthew Arnold, and others who have followed their lead, have written much about 'the feeling for nature' revealed in the 'Mabinogion,' it cannot be said that nature has in these tales the imperious interest it had for Dafydd ap Gwilym, for example—the bard of the woodland, of the sunlight, of the birds—of whom we have written in a recent number of this Review. We find in them, indeed, not merely the 'weird power and the fairy charm' of nature, but also something of that intimacy which transforms the brute creation into intelligent beings and the friends

* E.g. Eynissyen's slaughter of the two hundred Irish warriors, and his casting of Branwen's child into the fire.

of man. Branwen, in her distress, rears a starling and teaches it to speak, and sends it over to the Island of the Mighty with a message to her brother. In 'Kulhwch and Olwen,' Gwrhyr, 'the interpreter of languages,' and his companions, in the course of their search for the lost Mabon, the son of Modron, come to seek information, in turn, from a stag, a thrush, an owl, an eagle, and a salmon. And, surely, nowhere else can we readily find so charming an example of instinctive comradeship between man and beast as the following, from the same story:

'And as Gwythyr, the son of Greidawl, was one day walking over a mountain, he heard a wailing and a grievous cry; and it was pity to hear it. And straightway he hied him to the place, and when he came there he drew out his sword and cut the ant-hill close to the ground; and so he saved them from the fire. And the ants said unto him, "Take unto thee God's blessing and our own, and what man can never compass, that will we give unto thee." And they afterwards brought the nine vessels full of linseed, which Yspaddaden Pen Kawr had enjoined upon Kulhwch, all of full measure save that one seed was lacking; and that the lame ant brought in before night.'

It is the 'fairy charm' of nature, perhaps, that enters into the famous description of Olwen, whose hands and fingers were 'fairer than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain,' and who caused 'four white trefoils to spring up wherever she trod'; and into that of Blodeuwedd—'Flower-face'—the maiden formed from 'the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, the fairest and the most graceful that man ever saw.' There are not many such fanciful touches as these, however, in the 'Mabinogion'; and, while they take us through forests and streams and flowered meadows without number, what we miss is an eye for nature in her variety of detail and colour. This is all the more remarkable because the story-tellers, in their descriptions of castle halls, of knights' accoutrements, of women's dress and the like, revel in gorgeous colour and in minute enumeration of details. No one can read the 'Dream of Rhonabwy,' for example, without

being astonished by what Mr Nutt calls its 'craft of miniature painting, carried out with such infinite perfection of formal detail, such glowing and pellucid purity of colour.' To all this the landscape serves but as a hazy background, not indeed an inhospitable land of phantoms and 'beckoning shadows dire'—for the heroes of the 'Mabinogion' penetrate everywhere open-eyed and unafraid—but a vast featureless country of no definite latitude or clime. This, perhaps, only the better serves the purpose of romantic 'illusion,' for it is a truism that fairyland vanishes at the touch of a too precise and formal artist. Whether some of the old Welsh storytellers are conscious dealers in 'nature-myths' is a subject of concern to a few intrepid students; for ourselves this aspect of their 'feeling for nature' possesses little attraction. Kulhwch, we are told, represents the bard, or perhaps mere Man; and the long series of labours in his quest of Olwen symbolises his efforts to master the secret of nature and to subdue her to his uses and his will. We doubt it; but we would rather leave the solution of the problem to better interpreters of allegory than we can pretend to be.

'Kulhwch and Olwen,' forming with the 'Dream of Rhonabwy' the group which Mr Nutt entitles 'Arthur, Champion of Britain,' is at once the most fascinating and the most difficult tale in the whole body of old Cymric literature. Mr Nutt claims it to be, in its matter, 'of prehistoric antiquity, far transcending in age any historic Arthur,' and, 'saving the finest tales of the "Arabian Nights," the greatest romantic fairy-tale, even in its present fragmentary condition, the world has ever known.' Arthur in this romance appears in a *milieu* almost, if not quite, totally unaffected by Anglo-Norman and French influences. With many of the attributes of a fairy king, overcoming strange and monstrous enemies by his own and his followers' magic, he is lord of what is to the story-teller a very determinate realm. One of the most notable features of 'Kulhwch and Olwen' is the precision of its topography. Even now, with the help of so resourceful a guide as Professor Rhys,* we have no difficulty in locating most of its place-names on our maps. The topography becomes most particular and ascertain-

* See his tracing of the route of the boar hunt in 'Celtic Folklore,' ii, 512.
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able in the account of the boar hunt, or, the 'Hunting of Twrch Trwyth'—the *Porcus Troit* of Nennius—which is one of the main incidents of the story; and one cannot help coming to Professor Rhys's conclusion that one of the objects of the original story-teller was to find either a true or a plausible account for certain place-names.* It is after guiding us, with a wealth of philological comment and of illustrations drawn from modern Welsh folklore, along the track of 'Twrch Trwyth' that Professor Rhys breaks off into a luminous generalisation which proves that even he is not so exclusively preoccupied with philology as to be incapable of an occasional 'belletristic' excursion.

'The common point of view from which our ancestors liked to look at the scenery around them is well illustrated by the fondness of the Goidel, in Wales and Ireland alike, for incidents to explain his place-names. He required the topography—indeed, he requires it still, and hence the activity of the local etymologist—to connote story or history: he must have something that will impart to the cold light of physical nature, river and lake, moor and mountain, a warmer tint, a dash of the pathetic element, a touch of the human, borrowed from the light and shade of the world of imagination in which he lives and dreams.'

Even more remarkable than the topographical detail of 'Kulhwch and Olwen' is the congeries of fabulous names which the story-teller has grouped around Arthur. This feature is, possibly, evidence of the somewhat late redaction of the tale as we have it, for it reminds one of the long catalogue of names found in Geoffrey, inspired by the ambition to exalt Arthur to a pedestal of dignity and imperial influence equal to, if not greater than, anything claimed for Alexander or Charlemagne. But here, as much as anywhere else in the tale, the story-teller is drawing upon a palpably archaic body of traditions, often upon the barest remnants of some lost *saga*, and seeking to give some new life to personages whose names alone are obscurely syllabled on the sands and shores of old romance. It is curious to notice, as a subsidiary trait,

* Obvious examples of the same motive are also found in the 'Four Branches.' Rhys calls attention to one of them in 'Celtic Folklore,' ii, 525. Cf. also 'Talebolyon' (Nutt's ed., p. 31) and 'Llêch Gronw' (ib. p. 30).

that the story-teller appears to delight, as Geoffrey but too plainly does, in taking liberties with his fantastic material, and in giving the rein to a deliberately mischievous humour. Thus Gwevyl, the son of Gwestad, 'on the day that he was sad, would let one of his lips drop below his waist, while he turned up the other like a cap upon his head.' Kai is described as having several 'peculiarities,' of which not the least remarkable was the heat of his body, so that, 'when it rained hardest, whatever he carried remained dry for a handbreadth above and a handbreadth below his hand; and when his companions were coldest it was to them as fuel with which to light their fire.' Clust, the son of Clustveinad, 'though he were buried seven cubits beneath the earth, would hear the ant fifty miles off rise from her nest in the morning.' There is, however, no mistaking the antiquity of what the story-teller works in; and it is a passage from 'Kulhwch and Olwen' that leads Matthew Arnold to make the eloquent comment, already quoted, on the archaic character of the 'Mabinogion' as a whole.

The most attractive, albeit, perhaps, the most debatable, part of Professor Rhys's studies in Celtic folklore is his theory as to the origin of this archaic material. His contention, briefly stated, is that the 'Mabinogion'—that is to say the 'Four Branches' and their kindred Welsh stories—are of Goidelic origin, 'coming from this country's Goidels, who never migrated to the sister island, but remained here eventually to adopt Brythonic speech.' It is on this point that Professor Rhys meets with most opposition, as other Celtic scholars maintain with much show of learning that the only Goidels who ever came to this country were Goidelic invaders from Ireland; and that the Welsh stories were borrowed from the Irish some time about the ninth century, and were preserved, with embellishments and additions, by oral reciters.

Professor Rhys's defence of his theory carries him far; and his final chapter on 'Race in Folklore and Myth' opens up a track of ethnological and philological speculation along which few scholars indeed are well enough equipped to venture with safety. Certain peculiarities of Welsh syntax, and some of the curious physiological traits of the Welsh people, have led Professor Rhys and others to assign a non-Aryan origin to certain linguistic

and racial characteristics of the Celtic stock. The race to whose influence he attaches most significance is that of the Picts, a race 'with affinities that appear to be Libyan, possibly Iberian.' 'It is the widely spread race of the Picts, conquered by the Celts of the Celtican or Goidelic branch and amalgamating with their conquerors in the course of time, that has left its non-Aryan impress on the syntax of the Celtic languages of the British Isles.' Professor Rhys connects the Picts with the literature with which we have been dealing by claiming that to them belonged the great family groups figuring in the 'Mabinogion' and in the corresponding class of Irish stories.

Fortunately, to appreciate the 'Mabinogion' it is unnecessary to be able to follow the experts in ethnology and comparative philology along these devious paths. Lovers of literature are quite at their ease in reading these ingenuous tales,

'Contented if they may enjoy
The things which others understand.'

Not to everybody is given the insatiable curiosity to explore the source of a myth or to determine the significance of a place-name. Our own experience in reading the 'Mabinogion,' under the shadow of the formidable mass of critical apparatus built up around them, reminds us of nothing more than of old Mr Edwards's reflection upon the philosophical humour of Dr Johnson: 'I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' We, too, have tried hard, and seldom without profit, to keep pace with Professor Rhys and the rest in their deep mythological and linguistic excursions, but we must confess to having often been obliged to desist, exhausted if not despondent. When we turn, however, to the limpid Welsh narrative of the Red Book, or to the graceful pages of Lady Charlotte Guest, our cheerfulness inevitably returns. For, after all, the charm of the 'Mabinogion' lies in their simple literary beauty and in their unrivalled power of transporting us into that enchanted world in which mankind, in its less strenuous moments, will delight to wander to the end of time.

Art. X.—THE ROMAN INDEX.

1. *Index Librorum Prohibitorum, SSmi D. N. Leonis XIII jussu et auctoritate recognitus et editus.* Rome: Typis Vaticanis, 1900.
 2. *Der Index der Verbotenen Bücher.* Von Dr Fr. Heinrich Reusch. Bonn, 1883–1885.
 3. *Das Kirchliche Bücherverbot.* Von Joseph Fessler. Freiburg im Breisgau : Herder, 1869.
- And other works.

By his Constitution 'Officiorum et Munerum' of January 25th, 1897, Leo XIII abrogated the rules of the Council of Trent which had regard to the printing, reading, and censure of books in the Latin Church, putting forth in their stead fifteen chapters or forty-nine ordinances of his own. The aim of this somewhat elaborate legislation, as the Pontiff declared, was to make the observance of the law more feasible, by accommodating its provisions to modern times. But the Roman Index had lately undergone a searching criticism at the hands of Professor Reusch of Bonn, whose monumental and exhaustive work assumes almost the character of what was once termed a 'detection,' so great is the disorder and so numerous are the slips which it lays bare in every edition of that famous catalogue, from 1559, when it was originally published, down to 1881, its last appearance under the old rules. Professor Reusch drew the eyes of scholars everywhere to this remarkable state of things; and it cannot be doubted that he stirred up the Roman Congregations themselves to attempt a task for which he had placed the necessary learning at their disposal. A new Index was accordingly announced. It saw the light on September 17th, 1900, and, thanks in no small measure to the animadversions of Reusch, it is far the least inaccurate that has ever been given to the world. Apostolic Letters enjoining it on the faithful ushered it in; a prologue by Father Thomas Esser, the Dominican secretary of the Index, explained its use and method. We will point out, as we go forward, the changes which have thus been effected in the Roman censorship; but we propose, first of all, to sketch its general history since the invention of printing.

That history, as might have been anticipated, begins in Rhineland. Gutenberg had finished the Latin Bible, his first production, not later than 1456. Yet twenty-three years elapsed ere Sixtus IV, on March 17th, 1479, empowered the Rector and Dean of the University of Cologne to inflict spiritual penalties on the 'printers, purchasers, and readers of heretical books.' Against this regulation the booksellers of Cologne petitioned, by their procurator in Rome, but without success. Alexander VI confirmed the edict in 1501. Henneberg, Archbishop of Mayence, a munificent patron of learning, ordained in January 1486 that no translations of Greek, Latin, or other works should be made into the vulgar tongue except with the approval of four masters—one for each of the faculties—in the University of Erfurt. This decree was meant to hinder the unlicensed printing of liturgical and Canon-law books, but especially of the German Scriptures, at that time widely diffused in their various portions among the middle and upper classes.

The earliest known censure of a printed book dates, however, from Venice and the year 1491, when Franco, Bishop of Treviso, acting as papal legate, singled out for reproof the '*Monarchia*' of Antonio Roselli and the '*Theses*' of Pico della Mirandola. Under pain of excommunication these works, wherever found, were to be burnt in the principal church; they might nevermore be printed, bought, or retained. The venom of Roselli's treatise, which was dedicated to Foscari, Doge of Venice, consisted in its maintaining the juristical or conciliar view of papal authority; it heads the long series doomed on this account to figure among prohibited writings. Pico was charged with heresy, but submitted, and won his absolution from the Pope in 1493.

Alexander VI, of whom it is curious to read in such a connexion, inaugurated the new censorship by his bull, '*Inter Multiplices*,' of June 1st, 1501, addressed to the Bishops of Cologne, Mayence, Treves, and Magdeburg. He allowed the manifold benefits of the printing-press, deplored its abuses, and forbade publication of any kind soever without leave obtained from the Ordinary, who was himself bound to have the volumes examined by competent persons. The penalty was excommunication and a fine in money, to be paid into the Apostolic ex-

chequer. Nor was that all. Books heretofore published, if suspect of heresy, must be given up, searched into, and, if found culpable, suppressed and burnt. This decree was to affect communities, universities, and colleges, no less than individuals; if necessary, the secular arm might be invoked, in which case it would share half the fine for its exertions. Leo X, in the fifth Lateran Council, May 3rd, 1515, on similar grounds, appointed the Master of the Sacred Palace censor in Rome and the Papal States, and committed an equal authority to diocesan bishops and other inquisitors. Books not so licensed were to be destroyed; the printers of them might be suspended during a year from business, paying meanwhile a hundred ducats to the 'fabrica' of St Peter's and, of course, lying under excommunication.

In 1512 Hermann van Ryswick, a secular priest, was burnt with his books at the Hague. One of his judges was Hoogstraaten the inquisitor, whose ten years' campaign against Reuchlin, though illustrating our present subject, cannot detain us now. Enough that, on June 23rd, 1520, Reuchlin's '*Augenspiegel*' was at last condemned by Leo X, and that Paul IV reckoned its author among heretics of the second class in 1559. It is remarkable that his '*Speculum*' should appear only under a French title in Benedict XIV's list of 1757. However, it may be fairly set down as the first book of any importance submitted to the Roman tribunals. This honour will be disputed by a much more famous volume, to which Reuchlin furnished an occasion, the '*Epistles of Obscure Men*,' a work associated with Ulrich von Hutten, but in large part composed by Crotus Rubianus. Bold, amusing, and not seldom highly indecorous, that collection of satires on the monks and on a scholar whose reputation it has unjustly dimmed, Ortuin Gratius, fell under the sentence of Leo X in 1517. The Louvain Index of 1558 transfixed it; but it escaped the observation of Paul IV, and was not again proscribed in Rome before the days of Clement VIII. Reuchlin, therefore, is still entitled to the first place among the condemned.

As a herald merely of Luther—we hasten to add; for it was with the Austin friar's ninety-five theses on Indulgences, and with the bull, '*Exurge Domine*,' of June 15th, 1520, that the world's debate seriously opened,

which four centuries of argument by fire and sword and printing-press have not concluded. In the Middle Ages heretics had snatched from the burning only the scantiest tale of volumes. Until now they had printed very little. But while the ancient classics commanded a market in Italy and absorbed the minds of men like Bembo and Sadoletto, the great German book-fairs were to be flooded with publications in the vernacular which disputed or denied innumerable points of Canon Law and Roman dogma. Luther led the way when, in 1519, he put out a book of 488 pages dealing with Indulgences, the Eucharist, and Confession. Censured immediately at Cologne and Louvain, as well as by the Sorbonne in 1521, the volume is no longer extant. But on a memorable day in December 1520 Luther himself, acting the inquisitor's part, publicly cast into the fire Pope Leo's bull, the Canon Law itself, and the writings of Eck and Emser. Aleander retorted with the burning of Luther's works in Belgium and along the banks of the Rhine—'a beautiful execution,' as he called it. In the place of Navona at Rome the spectacle was heightened by making an *auto-de-fé* of the reformer's effigy. Objections were raised by Wolsey in London that he had not the papal authorisation for a similar act; but Leo X at once granted him the additional powers, and the books were burnt at Paul's, with King Henry's leave, Bishop Fisher preaching the sermon. It is significant of the times, no less than of the canonical routine, that Aleander would not grant even to Erasmus the permission, which that scholar sought, to make himself acquainted with Luther's pamphlets. He was compelled to ask it directly of the Pope through Paolo Bombasio.

In accordance with long-established usage, the secular arm was now called upon to enforce ecclesiastical judgments. Roused up by Aleander, Charles V, on May 8th, 1521, issued the Edict of Worms in condemnation of Luther, his followers, and their 'libellous writings,' which were assimilated to acts of high treason. But, except in Bavaria, the edict was not very strictly observed. In fact, during the next thirty years no real censorship of Protestant books could be established among Germans. The so-called Peace of Religion altered, but did not, from a Roman point of view, greatly improve the situation. It seemed to indicate that henceforward two nations would

exist side by side in the Empire, each putting to the ban what the other believed. Toleration, whether of books or of persons, was foreign to the age. German writings, therefore, almost until we come within sight of the Thirty Years' war, continued to engage the attention, though less and less accessible to the study, of divines in Rome. Those which were composed in Latin could be understood; the religious utterances of heretics in the vernacular must surely be unsound; what they published might be known from the market catalogues, and the sum total might be transferred to the Roman Index, now forming by accretions from particular lists, from the 'placets' of Charles V at Brussels, the decisions of Louvain, Cologne, and Antwerp, and the judgments of the Spanish Inquisition, in which these latter were frequently embodied.

The first catalogue deserving to be considered an orderly 'index librorum prohibitorum' is that of Louvain, published in 1546 by direction of Charles V. It exhibits a series of Bibles in Latin, French, and Low Dutch, together with an alphabetical list of other Latin prints, and of works forbidden in the Imperial 'placet' of 1540. A second Louvain Index, four years later, was due to the University, not to the school of divines. It condemned, without distinction, all the writings of heresiarchs (*Hauptketzer*), and included among these Bucer, Bullinger, Calvin, and Peter Martyr. This Index, adopted in 1551 by Valdes, the Spanish inquisitor, was taken over by the Venetian, and carried thence into the Roman. Perhaps the best known name in it, besides those we have recited, is that of Cornelius Agrippa, sceptic and dabbler in the black art. In 1546 as many as twenty-five Latin Bibles and three New Testaments were forbidden at Louvain; in 1550 only one, that of Robert Estienne, 'with double translation and notes'; but in almost every instance, as Professor Reusch justly observes, the censure fell upon those notes or references which had become the stalking-ground of anti-Roman polemics. No Index appeared in Germany, except a short one drawn up by the synods of Cologne, 1549-1550, until that of Münster in 1582. But, in general, works were prohibited, including school-books, satirical poems, and 'familiar dialogues,' in which the new opinions found expression.

France, with its tradition of royal omnipotence, has

never formally accepted the Roman Index; and it is often supposed that Francis I looked favourably on the Reformation. But though a 'patron of letters and learned men,' he was also, as Mark Pattison rightly affirms, 'the author of a series of edicts, each rising above its predecessor in the comprehensiveness of its clauses and the rigour of its penalties, for restraining the liberty of the press.' The French inquisitors, of whom we hear much after 1524, were royal officers—two councillors and two doctors of divinity, named by the Parliament of Paris, by the Bishop of Paris and other prelates, who were compelled to bestow upon them judicial authority. Clement VII, in 1525, found himself under the necessity of approving them, and henceforth they were entitled, not without a touch of irony, 'judges delegated by the Pope.' Books were handed over for examination to the Sorbonne, and, if deemed guilty, the Parliament published their names. From March 1521 onwards a previous censure was required for all books dealing with religion. In 1542 this condition was extended by the Parliament to all publications of whatever kind. Francis I, by letters-patent in 1534, had even threatened with death any printer who should dare to publish his work before seeking the royal *imprimatur*; but this 'senseless ferocity' overshot its mark, and Parliament would not register the decree. An ordinance of 1547 submitted all books on Holy Scripture to the preliminary judgment of the Sorbonne; and the Edict of Chateaubriand, in 1551, exhibited a summary of repressive legislation in twenty-one articles, which dealt with authors, printers, readers, and booksellers in rigorous terms and in the most arbitrary fashion. These enactments remained in full force until 1577, when the Edict of Peace, confirmed by Henry III, to some extent modified them in favour of his evangelical subjects. The Sorbonne drew up several lists of censured books between 1544 and 1551, and thus contributed to form the Roman Index of Paul IV. We have named Robert Estienne, whose twenty years' struggle with the Sorbonne ended in his flight to Geneva. In his company may be mentioned the unwearied translator and commentator on Scripture, Le Fèvre d'Étaples, a French Tyndale, more fortunate than the English, since only his books, and not himself, were taken in execution. Le Fèvre escaped to Strassburg and died an exile in 1566.

His versions of the Bible, when revised and corrected at Louvain, were not forbidden.

By this time the reaction which was to bring forth the Council of Trent had begun in Rome. Its leader was that obstinate but sincere enthusiast Cardinal Caraffa, Bishop of Chieti, who exercised no small influence over the once worldly-minded Paul III. On his recommendation six cardinals, himself at their head, were appointed in 1542 as 'Commissioners and inquisitors of the faith throughout the whole Christian republic on both sides of the Alps.' In what relation these *inquisitores generalissimi* stood towards the great and independent Spanish tribunal, we shall consider by and by; their jurisdiction was, in the event, confined pretty much to Italy and, at last, to the States of the Church. They proceeded in 1543 to lay their commands on booksellers in Rome and the peninsula, forbidding them to sell heretical works under pain of excommunication, a fine of one thousand ducats, confiscation of the books, and three strokes with the lash. For a second offence the bookseller was suspended from business. In like manner all printers and custom-house officers were threatened with fines and deprivation should they reproduce or admit from abroad works of an unsound tendency. The inquisitor of Ferrara, Brother Thomas Maria, was deputed to search in all libraries, printing-offices, bookshops, private houses, churches, and convents, for prohibited volumes, and to burn them in public or otherwise as he might deem expedient. Julius III, in 1550, went farther still. He revoked all permissions to keep or read forbidden books—they were allowed even to inquisitors only during their term of office—and ordered them to be given up within sixty days. In what degree this difficult mandate was fulfilled it would be interesting to learn; like others of as peremptory a kind, it was, no doubt, evaded, or for private considerations underwent relaxation in the case of students or officials, to whom a certain acquaintance with the state of opinion in northern Europe was necessary. Not less indispensable were the editions of classical works, nay, of the Greek or Latin Bible and the Fathers, issued by reformed scholars. The claims of learning, the duties of controversy itself, must have speedily made such ordinances as those of Julius III a dead letter.

Caraffa was elected Pope in 1555, at the age of seventy-nine, and assumed the name of Paul IV. His policy may be stated in a sentence; it was resistance, repression, and reform. He quarrelled even with Philip II. The Spaniards had found a way to reconcile with an orthodoxy beyond suspicion their national independence in Church and State. Nothing would persuade them to allow the jurisdiction of Roman inquisitors or Roman Index wherever their flag waved; and Sicily, Naples, the Milanese, the Netherlands, obeyed only those edicts which were countersigned by the Escorial or its lieutenants. Other Italian powers, and Venice in particular, disputed or remoulded the orders issued from Rome; while France, which had long maintained its Gallican privileges, declined to admit the bull 'In Cœna Domini,' appointed its own inquisitorial officers, refused the discipline of the Council of Trent, and under Henry of Navarre came to terms with its Protestants.

Under an energetic chief like Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V, the Inquisition might exercise on suspected persons and denounced books severe acts of repression; to these, undoubtedly, it was owing that movements in the direction of free-thought came to an end among Italians. Fonzio, the Minorite, was executed by drowning at Venice in 1562; Carnesecchi perished in 1567; Bruno was burnt with his writings at Rome in 1600; and Vannini at Toulouse in 1623. But the scheme of a great central authority sitting in Rome, and judging by ecumenical decree the entire literature of heresy or unbelief, could never be fulfilled. During the first fifty years of the Index it was, to some extent, on its trial; and every Protestant writer might hope for condemnation in solemn form at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, where the Inquisition held its Thursday sessions, or in the Vatican itself, under the Pope's presidency. When the seventeenth century saw an unconquerable Holland, a Puritan England, a German Empire wrapt in cannon-smoke, these Roman Congregations abandoned the enterprise which Paul IV had taken up so vigorously. Their censures of Protestant works or persons became rare and fitful; they turned to domestic quarrels; and the Index for three hundred years past has served in the main as a pillory of Catholic writers delated in Rome by enemies of their own house.

Paul IV issued the first papal Index in 1559. It had been printed two years before, and it owed much to the catalogues already named, while borrowing also from those of Milan and Venice in 1554. Lists of medieval heretics had been furnished to the latter by Bernard Lutzenburg (1522), who himself relied on Eymeric's '*Directorium Inquisitorum*.' For moderns, Gesner's '*Bibliotheca*' and '*Appendix*' (1545-1555) were consulted; and all correspondents found in the letters of *Æcolampadius* and *Zwingli* (1536) went to swell the throng without further examination. One consequence of this hasty proceeding at Venice was that the Roman Index fell into strange confusion. It fixed upon writers of no authority, condemned, under pompous Latin titles, German fly-sheets of a few pages, included without warrant orthodox Catholics such as Geiler of Keyzersberg, and some who had not published on religious matters at all. To what extent this state of things has been remedied by the Index of Leo XIII is a difficult enquiry.

We read in his first chapter that

'all books condemned before 1600 A.D. by the Pope or an Ecumenical Council, and not recorded in this new catalogue, stand condemned as hitherto, except those permitted in the present general decrees.'

But, since no details are given, the critical task of judging between clean and unclean, with the ancient list in hand, still awaits fulfilment; and the process is intricate.

From the outset much confusion was introduced by adopting a twofold and irreconcilable arrangement of classes and authors. The recension was to be alphabetical, but under each letter came three categories: first, the heresiarchs, all whose writings, on whatever subject, past or future, were prohibited; second, writers some of whose productions fell under the law as tending to heresy or impiety—these were often works of magic, to which were added books dangerous to morals; third, other writings, chiefly anonymous, but unwholesome in their doctrine. The first class was made up of mere names, such as Luther, Melancthon, and Rabelais, with particular mention of Erasmus, who holds an anomalous position in the Index, as he did in his lifetime, between the rival camps of theologians. One hundred of these names

were taken from Gesner, with curious misprints and little regard to what they denoted. Under 'Libri' in the third class more general prohibitions follow. All publications of the last forty years are condemned which do not bear the names of author and printer, with date and place; and all books, it is said, must henceforward be subject to previous censure. The Fathers of Trent, in 1546, while condemning anonymous works, had required censorship only for religious productions.

Furthermore, according to the Pauline statutes, every kind of pseudo-mantic literature was to be rooted out; pasquils against Pope, Church, saints, and sacraments were denounced; many Latin editions of the Scriptures shared the same fate; and no Bibles in the vulgar idiom—German, French, Italian, English, and Flemish are specified—might be printed or used without licence from the Holy Office. Moreover, sixty-one printers were now named as heretical, and all works emanating from their types forbidden. With the exception of Robert Estienne and F. Brucioli of Venice, these were all Germans; seventeen of them kept their rank in the first class of heresiarchs during the whole period, from 1559 to 1900. In the new Index they no longer find a place. Albert of Brandenburg and Henry VIII figure alongside of these mechanics, while Philip of Hesse stands below them in the second order. Beza is overlooked; but Staupitz, who died in the Roman communion, makes up for Beza's absence. To the second rank are assigned comparatively few, among them Raymund de Sabunde (or 'de Sabaudia'), whose 'Natural Theology,' translated and afterwards criticised by Montaigne, is familiar to every reader of the 'Essays.' But we feel some astonishment on seeing here 'Merlin the Englishman's Book of Obscure Visions,' the 'Fables of Ogier the Dane,' and 'Arthur of Britain.' King Arthur abode among the heresiarchs until Benedict XIV put in his stead a certain Thomas Arturus, who flourished in the sixteenth century. The third class is chiefly concerned with pamphlets, satires, and occasional pieces bearing on the history of the time, that are now known scarcely even to the curious in literature.

But so large a proscription of authors, and such an intended ruin of the great printing-houses, struck amazement into all who read or heard of the Pauline Index.

'How can you dream of publishing new books,' wrote the orthodox Latinus, in January 1559, from Rome, to his friend Masius, 'in a time when nearly all the old are taken away? For years to come, I fancy, none of our people will write anything but letters.'

And he says of the late regulations, 'Shall I term them a shipwreck or a burning up of literature?' A cleric dared to remind Cardinal Ghislieri that even in Spain volumes such as students could not go without were expurgated, not reduced to ashes. The cry went abroad, and was echoed by men like Bullinger, that the Pope was burning all Erasmus, and would make a holocaust of Jerome and Cyprian, smirched by Erasmian commentaries. Literally to execute the decree became impossible. On Paul's death, in August 1559, a mob invaded the prison of the Inquisition, released seventy-two captives, and wounded Scotti the inquisitor. At Naples and Milan the Spanish viceroys refused to publish the Index. Florence protested against it on commercial grounds. In Paris the Sorbonne delayed printing it indefinitely. In Venice it appears never to have been in force. Spain would not suffer it to be printed. The Council of Trent acknowledged that it laid an excessive burden on learned men. Ghislieri, by command of Pius IV in 1561, so far qualified it as to permit non-Catholic editions of the Fathers and other inoffensive writings to be used by licensed readers, on condition that names, observations, summaries, scholia, and the like, furnished by heretics of the first class to such works, had been previously erased or made thoroughly illegible. Volumes which have undergone this process may still be met with in libraries; and there was a standing rule that in all old books epithets or additions which gave honour to enemies of the faith should be struck out.

On the whole, this attempt at an Index proved unsuccessful. When the Fathers of Trent assembled a third time, in 1562, they were empowered by a papal brief to take up the problem once more. In its fourth session, as we have seen, held in April 1546, and concerned with the authority of the Vulgate, the Council had ordained a previous censorship of religious works. In 1562 a commission was appointed, consisting of four archbishops, nine bishops, the generals of the Augustinians and Obser-

vantines, and a Benedictine abbot. The Archbishop of Prague was president, and was the only German included, as he complains in his remarkable correspondence with the Emperor. After much discussion, the 'ten rules' were agreed on; the Pauline Index was to be amended; and an expurgated edition to be prepared of writers so unlike as Erasmus, Boccaccio, and Savonarola. Of these literary undertakings no result came. Nor did the Council itself pass a distinct sentence on the authors in question. It accepted the general rules, and left subsequent measures to the discretion of the Holy See; from which we conclude that the Index of Pius IV, published after the Council had broken up, was a papal rather than a synodical document. Those who drew it up were chiefly Italians and Spaniards. Yet Philip II, in October 1562, objected that Spain had an Index of its own; his ambassador at Trent, Count Luna, wrought against the Commission; Vargas protested on his behalf in Rome; and Pius IV promised that nothing should be done without the King's knowledge. A year was spent in correcting the errors of Paul IV's catalogue; but still Erasmus gave trouble; he could be neither acquitted nor condemned; and the official acts of German Diets were equally embarrassing, as the Archbishop of Prague wrote to his master. All along, few had been called to Trent who 'understood the manners or the heresies of the Germans,' said this good archbishop. But the majority were of opinion that heretical writings needed no fresh examination. The amended Index came out with Apostolic authority in March 1564; it has ever since, through some hundred editions, afforded the groundwork of the catalogues which, in Leo XIII's recension, are gathered up and renewed.

Of the ten rules established at Trent, this may be taken as the sum. All writings forbidden by popes or councils previous to 1515 remained in that state, except, added Sixtus V, 'those which, despite their errors, the Church allowed as witnesses to her customs and traditions.' Reference is indicated to the Formulary of Gelasius (496), which, however, did not forbid the reading of authors, but rejected them as unsound. Nearly all books condemned in the medieval period were mentioned by the Index of 1564. Writings of heresiarchs were prohibited

without distinction ; but the task was left to inquisitors of deciding whether all works, or only those dealing with religion, were proscribed in particular cases. Translations of the Fathers, by heretics of the first category, were permitted, if otherwise sound. Their Latin versions of the Old Testament might be used by learned Catholics to throw light upon the Vulgate, but not those of the New ; and in every instance notes and comments of heretics must be carefully blotted out by some theological faculty or the Roman Inquisition.

The fourth rule allows the reading of the vernacular Bible only to those who have a reputation for piety, and who get from their ecclesiastical superiors—bishops, inquisitors, heads of Orders—a licence in writing. Sixtus V restricted this power to the Holy See. Clement VIII did away with the Sixtine gloss, but subjoined that local authorities could not give permission if the command or custom of Rome had withdrawn it. In other words, a bishop needed special ‘faculties,’ as they are termed, before he could grant leave to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue. Alexander VII, in 1661, consigned to the Index ‘*Biblia vulgari quocunque idiomate conscripta*’—an ordinance which Benedict XIV struck out. The law, however, at all times was that such reading could not be permitted without a licence, special or general, while the practice varied indefinitely. Valdés, the Spanish inquisitor, forbade all translations (1551, 1559) ; Quiroga (1583) would not hear of rendering into the vernacular any portions of the Bible, except quotations in Catholic authors and the parts read at Mass when furnished with commentaries. In Portugal, measures yet more extreme were taken ; and lengthy quotations from Scripture in any book whatsoever fell under the ban. But north of Alps and Pyrenees another custom prevailed. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries versions of the Vulgate appeared in French, English, German, Czechish, Hungarian, and Polish. The fourth Tridentine rule was hardly known, and never recognised, in France. Even the canonist Ferraris observes that ‘in France, Germany, England, and Poland the Bible has been repeatedly translated, and its promiscuous reading is tolerated by the Holy See.’ It should not be forgotten that numerous editions of the whole Bible and all its parts were accessible

between 1460 and 1524, the date of Luther's first version, to Germans, Flemings, French, Dutch, and Italians, in their respective languages. The restrictions of Trent were still further increased by Clement VIII, who forbade summaries and Bible histories as well as the vernacular Scriptures; but this ordinance, again, was set aside by Benedict XIV.

While the fifth rule allowed lexicons, concordances, and the like, after due expurgation, the sixth laid works of controversy under much the same regulations as the Bible. It was desired, above all things, that the questions in dispute should be removed from the market-place. All controversy was intolerable, but at least it might be carried on among the learned, and in a language not understood of the people. Where, as in German lands, this could scarcely be hoped for, a board of censors was to correct and expurgate Catholic writers who had fallen into error, and then might permit them. Elsewhere such polemical writings were likely to do more harm than good; they must not be circulated at all. In the Spanish Peninsula even works directed against Jews and Moham-medans could be read by Christians only after leave given. When Paul IV, in 1558, withdrew the licences hitherto granted, among the grounds which he alleged was this, that 'various of the clergy, secular and regular, who had imagined they could refute the Lutherans and had extorted permission to study their writings, had themselves fallen into heresy.' Not every one was fitted by nature for this high and difficult enterprise. And, in fact, as M. Renan has shown in his '*Souvenirs de Jeunesse*,' acquaintance with the works, or even the fragments quoted from them, of anti-Roman authors tended to procure for their arguments an influence in seminaries conducted on strict principles of seclusion; how much more, then, in the great universities of France, Belgium, and Germany? To these indirect sources may be traced in part the systems of Baius and Jansenius, which fill with their expositions many pages of the later Index.

In the seventh rule, books tending to corrupt morals are utterly proscribed; the ancient classics are permitted, but not without caution where young scholars have to be taught. The eighth is a general order of expurgation, which was accomplished by erasures, blottings, and other

mechanical devices. Astrological, necromantic, and occult literature falls under the ninth rule, to which Clement VIII gave strength by adding that local inquisitors might proceed on the bull of Sixtus V, published in 1585, against follies of this kind. The tenth, a very important decree, is concerned with printers and publishers. It establishes a universal preliminary censorship, to which the penalties of the Fifth Lateran are annexed as a sanction. Book-shops and printing-houses must be regularly visited by authorised searchers; and no books may be sold which have not found a place in their lists. Notice of imports and exports is required. In like manner, all volumes, or at least a catalogue of their titles, left by deceased persons must be shown to the inquisitor before they can be disposed of. The usual punishment was excommunication; and, as to continue under it (*sordescere* was the technical term) rendered a man liable to suspicion of heresy, we remark that it became the first step in many such trials to charge the accused with reading or retaining forbidden books.

It has been already observed that the Roman Index, to which these rules serve as a prologue, did not meet with universal acceptance. While the tradition of the Curia looks upon decrees published in Rome *urbis et orbi*, as everywhere binding, the jurists of Spain, France, and the Empire have always demanded that such documents should obtain a *regal erequatur* if they were to have the force of law. So it came to pass that this body of enactments did not enter into the legislation of any foreign country except Belgium, Bavaria, and Portugal; nor was it ever admitted in the whole of Italy. The Sorbonne still prepared its French Index by order of the King, as we see in 1566. Protestant books continued to appear from Gallican presses. In 1576 Gregory XIII complained of the 'extreme licence' in reading which prevailed at Constance and Freiburg. The Imperial authorities acted on no definite plan, but it is certain that they were not guided by the rules of Trent. On the other hand, literary intercourse between the great German centres and Venice, which was their nearest neighbour, came almost to an end during the next few years. The Italian book-market was cut off from the North, and isolated, if not ruined. There was no longer any likelihood of a religious revolution in the Peninsula:

but that division of Christendom which dogmatic controversy had begun turned out to be a breaking up of the intellectual society and general movement of letters, dating from a hundred and thirty years before, which is known to us as the Renaissance. It ends with the Council of Trent; its epitaph is written in the Index of Pius IV.

Rich additions were brought to that Index when the Duke of Alva undertook to pacify the Netherlands. In 1569 Plantin, at Antwerp, printed a catalogue, which was published next year with the Roman Index and an edict of Philip II in Latin, French, and Flemish. Books absolutely forbidden were to be burnt within three months and nevermore printed or sold; the others must be delivered up during the same period for correction. This appendix, incorporated almost wholly with the lists of Quiroga, was adopted thence into his own by Sixtus V, and so has come down to us. Arias Montanus, who edited the Polyglot Bible of 1568, superintended this faulty production, in which names are distorted beyond knowledge, and an extraordinary confusion reigns between the first and second category of heretical writers. But worse remains behind. The compiler made abundant, though amazingly uncritical use of the German publishers' catalogues, which, from 1561, appeared half-yearly; and, with a calmness possible only to the official temper, transferred, as they chanced to meet him, good and bad, great and small, from the Fair of Frankfurt to the limbo of the Index. His first class nets such minnows as Christoph Obenhin, Johann Tetelbach, and Georg Fladorius. Until now the Index had mercifully overlooked female writings. But Montanus thrust into the pillory as a first-class culprit Magdalena Haymairin, calling herself 'teutsche Schulmeisterin zu Chamb.' Her offence (and it may have been considerable) was 'The Sunday Epistles for the whole year set out songwise' for the use of reformed theologians—St Paul in feminine metre. Both her names underwent many vicissitudes in Italy; sometimes she appeared as 'Aymairus' and occasionally as 'Magdalenus.' She was joined in course of time by poor Anne Askew, another female divine, and long afterwards by George Sand, who did not versify St Paul, but dissented from his views of marriage and celibacy in very exquisite French. Near this solitary schoolmistress are

discernible unlucky publishers, whom Montanus mistook for their own authors, a pleasing 'Comedy of Errors' indeed. Thus he transformed into heresiarchs Andreas Petri of Eisleben and Conrad Dreher of Erfurt. Heresiarchs they were down to 1900, and such they may still be if the new Index has not bettered their condition. Behind them a great company of Dutch and Belgian preachers trooped into prison. But of all these warriors we find neither trace nor memory in the modern world; victors and vanquished sleep in peace together. Henri Estienne, son of Robert, is the single name that we pause over. With his parent he lies transfixed. Three other instances of father and son thus coupled do we remember in the vast collection—the Scaligers, the Arnaulds, and Alexandre Dumas senior and junior. Perhaps it would be unkind to pass by Johann Wier, physician, whom Sixtus V calls Viverus, '*De præstigiis dæmonum et incantationibus et veneficiis*' (1563)—a book decried by Foppens as 'praiseworthy only to heretics,' but one that spoke the first word of sense in the dreadful business of witch-burning. It was often reprinted, and has made its mark in the history of toleration.

Passing over much curious lore, we touch on the year 1571, when Pius V set up the Congregation of the Index, and arrive at Sixtus V, Franciscan friar, who bestowed on it dictatorial powers in the bull '*Immensa*' (January 22nd, 1587), and projected a revision of the catalogues in use. The Dominican Ninguarda had been legate of Pope Gregory XIII in Bavaria. In 1582 he published the Tridentine recension, with an enlargement of more than three hundred fresh names. Whence derived? They were appropriated bodily from the Frankfort tables, '*Protestantium theologorum scripta de rebus sacris*,' or the like, and handed on without discrimination to future edicts. Sixtus accepted nearly all for his great first class. But neither the extent of their writings nor their genius merited a distinction which, to be effective, ought to be rare. We are reminded of the fate that overtook Flacius Illyricus who, in 1563, gave to the world a protest against the Council of Trent, signed by thirty-four Lutheran preachers. Straightway all, including Flacius, were advanced to the supreme rank of heretics, one only being omitted, doubtless by an oversight. Quiroga, in 1584, issued a new Index for Spain,

without alluding to the Roman, but not without borrowing largely from it. Sixtus V entrusted to the sacred Congregation, in 1588, the task of compiling an Index more satisfactory than the Tridentine. For the ten rules he substituted twenty-two; and in 1590 he printed his improved edition, with a bull ordering it to be observed. But in August of the same year he expired, and with him the new legislation. How this came to pass we do not know in detail, but some portion of the story is ascertainable, and it is highly instructive.

During his five years' reign Sixtus had proved himself a restorer of Rome and the Papacy in no common degree. From him we date some of the most conspicuous edifices and the modern arrangement of the city. He distinguished the various Congregations, portioned out their work, and regulated their procedure. But when he attempted an edition of the Vulgate in accordance with the decrees of Trent, he satisfied neither scholars nor saints; and his Latin Bible, disfigured by a multitude of errors, was withdrawn from circulation. The cardinals, under whose advice Clement VIII suppressed his predecessor's Vulgate, may have raised objections no less weighty to an Index that repealed the laws of a General Council.

But there were also other reasons. Sixtus maintained, with medieval canonists of an extreme type, that as supreme pontiff he possessed direct and absolute temporal dominion over the world, 'Papani esse dominum directum totius mundi.' This teaching had been set aside, in the course of his polemic with Protestants, by the Jesuit Bellarmine, who yet conceded an indirect temporal power which many at a distance from Rome, though good Catholics, would scarcely have allowed. He quoted in defence of his *juste milieu* Francis de Victoria, the celebrated Dominican, who died in 1546, and is known in the Schools as '*Magister Magistrorum*.' Sixtus, however, did not look with a favourable eye upon the Company of Jesus, nor was he likely to take the word of a Dominican when the extent of his sovereign power formed the question at issue. In spite of cardinals and learned men, says the official Jesuit narration, Sixtus himself had this work inscribed on the Index. 'A little more,' Bellarmine whispered to Fronton le Duc, so the

story ran, 'and my book would have been handled by the Inquisitors.' These violent proceedings against the most papal of religious orders, and one of its foremost champions, did not approve themselves to Clement VIII, then in course of negotiation with Henry IV of France and desirous to win him over from the Huguenots. He refused to publish the Sixtine catalogue; but he made his own the materials which it had carelessly heaped up, including two hundred names of heresiarchs or principal heretics, many omitted by Trent from the list of Paul IV, and many more of Catholic writers in the second class, with the formula '*donec corrigatur*.' The lexicon of Frisius furnished 140 victims, but so unskillfully manipulated that even orthodox prelates like Critius, the Polish Archbishop of Gnesen, and Caspar Macer, the auxiliary Bishop of Ratisbon, were included. These two had opposed Luther valiantly; they were now set down as if Lutherans, and some other Catholics along with them. Sixtus had also made extensive use of Quiroga; but, translating into Latin various titles which the Spanish gave in their original languages, especially French and Flemish, he added his share to the confusion, already perplexing enough, that was to give confessors and casuists occupation during the next two centuries.

In 1596 Clement VIII restored the Tridentine rules and confirmed the newest Index, which became a law and a standard until Benedict XIV moulded it once more in 1757. But additions were constantly made, and Alexander VII, by the bull '*Speculatores*' (1664), set them down in alphabetical order. Every class and each letter now had its appendix. Regulations for the printing and correction of authors were sent to bishops and inquisitors, whose authority these measures enhanced. Many astrologers, poets, and Spanish writers were omitted. Editions that had undergone expurgation must declare that fact on their title-page, as thus, '*Bibliotheca . . . a Conrado Gesnero Tigurino, damnato auctore, olim edita ac prohibita, nunc jussu superiorum expurgata et permissa*.' The Clementine Index has been printed much more frequently than any other; it circulated in the Empire, was known in France and Belgium, and received formal acknowledgment in Venice, though after strong protests, and only by virtue of the celebrated Concordat of 1596. Recom-

mended in many local synods, it cannot be said to have met with universal submission. Governments, however Catholic, preferred to keep the licensing of books as much as possible in their own hands. Neither Venice, France, nor Spain would tolerate prohibitions that had not been approved by the secular authority.

Such, indeed, was the practice throughout Europe; and at this point we may remind ourselves that the liberty of unlicensed printing would have been held by the Reformers, as much as by those whom they withstood, to be a liberty tending to perdition. Calvin had burned Servetus with his books on the ground of heresy expressed in them; and Melanchthon had applauded his action in the most emphatic terms. Henry VIII had prohibited the books of Luther and Tyndale; he had discouraged the English Bible, then allowed it, last of all had confined its reading to persons of condition; and his catalogues of forbidden heretical books, in 1526 and 1529, were examples of a royal jurisdiction which little regarded the Pope. In 1539 books of Sacramentaries and Anabaptists fell under Henry's censure; and in 1546 it was ordered that no work of a religious character printed in English outside the kingdom should be brought into it. Confiscation and burning of Anabaptist books were expressly commanded in a letter addressed, October 1538, to Cranmer. Elizabeth, in 1564, charged the Bishop of London to have foreign vessels searched for 'seditious and libellous books.' In 1586 it was ordered that libels, schismatic and seditious works should be given up to the bishops. Books written in defence of the 'Family of Love' were, in 1580, condemned to be burnt; and Archbishop Whitgift, in 1586, went so far as to propose a kind of Index for Roman Catholic publications from abroad, which might be allowed to special persons.

The German reformed princes were sometimes themselves censors; and, while they regularly forbade popish works, they often stretched out their hands against other Protestant publications, as when the Elector of Saxony prohibited, under a fine of 3000 gulden, the printing of Melanchthon's 'Corpus Doctrinæ'; and Frederick II of Denmark would not suffer the 'Formula of Concord' to be imported into his dominions. In 1574 the Elector of

Saxony forbade Sacramentarian writings to be sold or studied in Luther's University of Wittenberg. At Leipzig severe measures were taken with the printers; and in 1579 Julius, Duke of Brunswick, expressed the hope that a general synod would compile a list of unsound authors and set up a rigorous censorship. The rules published at Tübingen in 1593 might have been copied from the Roman Index. We have anticipated in speaking of Calvin's procedures. It must now be added that Gentilis, in 1566, was condemned at Geneva to do public penance in his shirt, and to burn his own books, after which he was to be imprisoned. He contrived to escape, but was captured and his head struck off in Berne. It was an ordinance constantly enforced that nothing should be printed at Geneva without leave of the Government. Ochino, the Socinian, was condemned at Zurich for a work which he had printed at Basel. The States of Holland, which was to be the home of free printing, put forth enactments in 1581 and 1588 against 'forbidden books and papistical superstitions'; while ten years later they confiscated Socinian writings in Amsterdam, had them solemnly condemned as heretical by the University of Leyden, and cast into the flames at the Hague.

But during the fifty years which had elapsed between Paul IV's sketch of an Index and its completion by Clement VIII, a crisis had been travelled over; the modern map of Europe was drawn; and on neither side of the Alps could effective means be taken to make an end of controversy. The Roman Church had recovered France; she was even now confident that Austria and South Germany would come back to their allegiance; in the Belgian provinces her power was assured. Beyond these lines a confederacy of peoples was forming, as resolutely Protestant as their ancestors had been devotedly Catholic; not yet, indeed, acquainted with the true principles of science, and often indifferent or hostile to learning, but a world in themselves, and unconquerable. The savage cruelties and barbaric devastations of the Thirty Years' war did not greatly change the situation of Europe as it had appeared in 1600; and a balance of power so carefully adjusted could not fail to recommend toleration while it protected freedom. No burning of Anabaptist volumes hindered the growth, as rapid as

it was stealthy, of opinions which tended more and more in the direction of a natural Christianity. As little did the anathema set upon Montaigne's first 'Essays' of 1580, or upon Charron, prevent their countrymen from cultivating a witty scepticism, prophetic already of Voltaire. Lutheranism might be kept out of Spain; it raged in Saxony. English Protestant divines were piling up their volumes like a new tower of Babel; Bellarmine's controversies did not confound their too voluble speech. On neither hand was a single important book of this period successfully put down, nor was one destroyed beyond recovery.

In truth, the conditions which, during medieval times, had made it possible to burn not only heretics but their writings, no longer existed. Each party, as it was threatened in one city, could flee to another. English Catholic books might be printed at Rheims or Douay, and French Protestant books in Holland. When the new movement in science and philosophy was looked upon askance by orthodox teachers of every school, the Dutch press could give Descartes to the world, as by and by it gave even Spinoza. There was, indeed, a closed circle, comprising the Spanish dominions and all Italy; inside those bounds no genuine heretical wares could be imported. But when the time came, and Voltaire was ready, the danger spread under a more terrible form, and free-thought broke open a passage that heresy could not win for itself.

In these circumstances, when Clement VIII had enlarged to the utmost his German catalogues, he left them and turned his thoughts to the fierce domestic quarrels that make of the Catholic seventeenth century one long civil war. In 1602 he uttered a loud-sounding bull in condemnation of the prince of regalists, Charles du Moulin, '*damnatae memoriae, homo impius et hæreticus*,' of whom Cardinal Granvella had written that he was worse than Luther. Du Moulin, whose life (1500-1566) was a succession of tragic adventures, had interpreted the '*Decretum Gratiani*' in the old French manner, adverse to the Court of Rome, and highly Gallican; he had taken an active part with Henry II in his campaign against Julius III, and had done his best to hinder the promulgation of the Tridentine decrees in France. That all his

works should be forbidden was a matter of course. But in 1612 they were reprinted at Paris; they went through numerous editions; and though uniformly excepted from the licence given to read prohibited books, they have furnished the French anticlerical party with weapons from their first appearance unto this day.

Many jurists were to be denounced in company with Du Moulin; but a name as provoking in the opposite camp was Mariana, the Spanish Jesuit, whose king-killing book, 'De Rege,' the Parliament of Paris hurled into the fire in 1610. At Rome Mariana underwent no censure in any edition of the Index. James I was then entangled in a controversy with Bellarmine touching the English oath of allegiance. The Parliament of Paris prohibited Bellarmine's reply, as well as that of another Jesuit, the Belgian Lessius; and, though Paul V complained, he could get no satisfaction. A third Jesuit, Martin Becanus, took up the quarrel, and, appealing to the high-priest Jehoiada, who had deposed and executed Athaliah, maintained, on behalf of the Pope, an equal jurisdiction. This doctrine, within seven years from the Gunpowder Plot, was, to speak it gently, unseasonable. A mighty uproar followed. The French Queen—Henry IV had been murdered by a religious fanatic two years before—would not suffer the Parliament to move; but the Sorbonne protested, and would have gone a step farther, when it was announced from Rome that Paul V had put Becanus on the Index. Aquaviva censured him in a letter to Père Coton; the nuncio displayed before the Sorbonne a decree, exceptional in date, of the Roman Congregation, prohibiting his work '*donec corrigatur.*' Hereupon proceedings were stayed in Paris. But by a singular mishap the decree which censured Becanus has never appeared in the published Index. The profoundly learned Suarez, a greater than Becanus, held and taught similar doctrine, though not in such repulsive terms. His tractate, composed by order of Paul V, printed at Coimbra and Cologne, was burnt in Paris by the common hangman.

Thus German disputes concerning dogma fall into the background, while French and Belgian political pamphlets, often bulky volumes, engage the attention of Rome for the next hundred and sixty years. A threefold cord is not easily broken, and here we may indicate the names

of Richer, Jansenius, and Pascal, who combine theology, canon law, and literature against the medieval view and the later Jesuit teaching on grace, free-will, and moral obligation. With a severe doctrine which resembled Calvinism—and Calvin was French in style and spirit—these men united a strong conviction that the crown was independent of Rome, and the King's divine right unimpeachable. Richer, Servin, Pithou, De Marca, fill the period from 1613 to 1662 with a series of writings, all deeply Erastian in tone, condemned as they appeared by the Index, but popular among French jurists and not altogether hateful to the French clergy. Yet Richer and De Marca both recanted, and the latter died Archbishop of Paris in 1662. Cornelius Jansen, last of the heresiarchs, won his bishopric of Ypres by writing 'Mars Gallicus' (1635), which is a truculent defence of his native Flanders. He came into the field as a Spanish David against the new Goliath of France, Richelieu—a bold act, which his comrade and spiritual successor, the Abbé de Saint Cyran, expiated later on in the seclusion of Vincennes.

But a mixed multitude of southern King's men—Spaniards, Portuguese, and Neapolitans—found themselves now on the Roman black list; nor have they ever been set free, although highly favoured at home. Among them Cevallos and Salgado were condemned by Urban VIII, despite the loud expostulations of Philip III and Philip IV. We shall come by and by to the strange eventful history of Giannone, the most remarkable man after Vico that Naples has produced in literature, and a striking instance of antipapal tradition among the lawyers. But, as that sharp critic Richard Simon observed, the kings of Spain, whose civil and spiritual jurisdiction was as supreme in Palermo, Naples, Milan, and Brussels as in Madrid or in Mexico, while pretending a reverence for the Pope which might put Frenchmen to the blush, 'folded up the bulls' of the Roman Chancery when they did not approve of them, and, with very low bows to his Holiness, disobeyed his commands. Thus Philip II broke into passionate protests on learning that Pius V had dared without his consent to excommunicate Elizabeth in 1570, nor would he permit the bull, 'Regnans in Excelsis,' to be published in Flanders. He 'supplicated'—such was the mild expression—against receiving the bull, 'In Coena

Domini, under Pius and Gregory XIII. To 'retain,' or in other words to suppress, papal documents of which the tenor was not agreeable to them, became the rule with Spanish ministers; and the '*Monarchia Sicula*,' in virtue of privileges dating, according to the jurists, from Urban II, made the king legate in spirituals of the Pope over Sicily.

Hence it would be impossible to name any considerable State in which decrees of the Curia were admitted without undergoing severe scrutiny and requiring an *imprimatur*, not by any means freely given, during the two hundred and seventy years that lie between Luther's uprising and the French Revolution. This royal supremacy, acknowledged or endured, left to the Pope a mere remnant of power in spiritual causes, which was itself suspended whenever he seemed to touch the hem of national pride and the crown's pretensions. Even Baronius, though furnished with ample authority in Rome, saw his eleventh volume mangled by an Antwerp printer, and on the ground of it was excluded by Spain from his chance of the Papacy in 1605. He had written in its pages against the Sicilian usage. It was forbidden in Sicily under a fine of five hundred scudi, with imprisonment for nobles and the galleys for plebeians, if they did not surrender their copies within twenty days.

It was in France, however, that the Roman Congregations discovered their chief pasture-ground during this period. So early as 1559 the Index had proscribed in its first class Rabelais, the unfrocked Franciscan, father of Panurge and Pantagruel. It had dealt more gently with Montaigne, whose first volumes were taken from him in Rome (1580), scored here and there, and given back that he might correct them himself. But in 1676 the '*Essays*' were prohibited in every language—an edict which seems to have had no influence on their reproduction at home or abroad. Charron's '*De la Sagesse*,' commonly quoted as a prelude to the modern movement of scepticism, was condemned in 1605. It is still on the Index. But these works roused little animosity compared with writings either strictly theological or regalist, and we must look to the names of Jansenius, Launoy, Dupin, Nicole, Quesnel, to the melancholy author of the '*Pensées*' and the captivating Fénelon, if we would follow the lines upon

which books were banned or burnt under orthodox supervision, until, somewhat late in his career, Rome found out that Voltaire was a more formidable enemy than all these put together.

Roman cardinals were seldom acquainted with any languages except Italian and Latin. No English books fell under their observation unless rendered into these classic tongues, and even French writings would have perplexed the Consultors, had they been left to their own resources. It is therefore significant of a great change moving forward upon many paths when we notice that in every direction the French were condemned by the Vatican divines, or only just escaped censure. Fénelon is the most memorable of prelates diminished by a head, on account of his 'Maxims of the Saints.' But, as Benedict XIV observes in his epistle to the Spanish inquisitor (1748), Bossuet, for the defence of the Gallican Articles, published long after his death, narrowly escaped the Index under Clement XII; and his 'Élévations sur les Mystères' was attacked as Jansenistical. Louis Ellies Dupin, the historian (1657-1719), fills a column of Leo XIII's catalogue. His topics will throw light on his condemnation: he deals with ancient church discipline, the Council of Trent, excommunication, the Inquisition at large, and the Pope's jurisdiction over princes. Launoy, who was a critic of documents and swept away many pious legends, while upholding the juridical view of royal prerogatives, has a whole page to himself. Twenty-seven of his works are forbidden, beginning with a decree of Alexander VII in 1662 and coming down to one of Clement XI in 1704.

A still more celebrated man was Richard Simon, like Sixtus Senensis of Hebrew descent, whose 'Critical History of the Old Testament' was prohibited in 1682 at the instance of Bossuet, and by that illustrious prelate described as 'a mass of impieties and a rampart of free-thinking (*libertinage*).' It opens the modern era of Bible studies on scientific principles. Five works of Simon are kept on the condemned list by Leo XIII, including his French translation of the New Testament. This latter undertaking was assailed in unmeasured terms by the Bishop of Meaux in his correspondence and pastoral instructions; nor did he rest until the royal privilege was

withdrawn and the book forbidden in Rome. Simon fought hard all along the line; but his 'Critical History' was confiscated and burnt by order of the Chancellor, Le Tellier, and he was himself turned out of the Oratory and disowned by his brethren. A new edition of the work appeared at Rotterdam in 1685, ostensibly by a Protestant, but in fact by Simon. Arnauld, in 1692, denounced him to Rome as a Socinian who wrote too mildly about the Turks, and who held heterodox views touching the Eastern Church and the first Christian centuries. Bossuet judged that his learning was small, his malignity supreme. This entirely novel apparition in a world to which the positive method of dealing with phenomena was unintelligible, provoked furious outcries on every side, not, however, without reason. We have termed Jansenius last of the heresiarchs; Richard Simon has made good his claim to be the first of the critics; and in doing so he has antiquated Bossuet as well as Arnauld, the impugnors no less than the defenders of systems that are now to be found only in the libraries.

For Western divines during a hundred and fifty years the 'Augustinists' of Bishop Jansen was the 'affaire' which would let no one rest night or day; it is the 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce' of the Roman Chancery, and we can seldom turn a page in the Index that we do not light upon its traces. This interminable dispute begins with a decree of the Inquisition (August 1st, 1641), which condemns the great folio and other writings on the ground that they reopened a controversy, 'De Auxiliis,' on divine grace, already closed though not decided by the Holy See. It was the letting out of waters which covered Europe with a flood. From this moment the quarrel raged down to the year 1794, when Pius VI, in his bull, 'Auctorem Fidei,' anathematised, sentence by sentence, the 'Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Pistoja,' held eight years previously.

It was characteristic of the Jansenist troubles that they affected devotions as readily as dogmas, raised political storms, and stirred up strife between bishops and their clergy, leaving untouched scarcely a point of discipline. Questions of law and fact, of history and jurisdiction, supplied fresh fuel to this amazing conflagration, in which the energy of the Gallican Church spent itself without hope of retrieval. The first tumults were stilled by

Clement IX in 1668, by which date one hundred books, now deservedly forgotten, including twenty by Antoine Arnauld, had found their way into the Index. A single volume has survived and is immortal, the 'Letters written to a Provincial,' by Louis de Montalte. No greater good fortune could have befallen the Jansenists than their conquest of the man who was destined to open the succession of classic writers in French prose. Pascal is their Plato, as Racine may be termed their Euripides. They might boast of Tillemont, De Sacy, Boileau, but Pascal is the only supreme writer among them, and he stands on high unabashed in the pillory. The two Arnaulds come next and lower down. Nicole, a moral essayist, appears oddly enough in Pope Leo's catalogue, as if responsible for an Italian version of the 'Provincials' in 1762. He did, however, translate and publish them in Latin (1658) at Amsterdam, under the pseudonym of William Wendrock, theologian of Salisbury (or Salzburg); and this edition became widely known.

The succeeding phase culminated in the censure of one hundred and one propositions taken from the 'New Testament' of Quesnel by Clement XI, whose bull 'Unigenitus' afforded matter for contention all through the eighteenth century. Clement, who reigned for twenty-one years (1700-1721), holds a conspicuous place in our story. Besides the 'Unigenitus,' he issued the 'Vineam Domini Sabaoth,' fruitful of many proscriptions, the bulls on Chinese ceremonies, in which the Jesuits were defeated by their Dominican rivals, and other documents cutting off from his communion the Jansenist Church of Utrecht. He was engaged in political strife with various courts—Naples, Savoy, and Prussia may be quoted among them—and he employed the Index as a weapon of assault or defence. Innocent XI, in his thirteen years (1676-1689), had put under the ban 182 Latin and 45 French publications, but Clement has to his credit no fewer than 183 French and 305 Latin.

What, we may ask, has become of the German? They have utterly vanished. One solitary German book appears in the Index between 1600 and 1700, the satirical 'Visiones de Don Quevedo,' condemned in 1652. When next the Congregation turns its eyes on the literature of the Fatherland it fixes them on Heine's 'Reisebilder.' We

should bear in mind, however, that learned men still wrote much in Latin; and the great name of Leibnitz, as editor, in 1697, of Burchard's 'Diary,' has only now disappeared from the forbidden list. But no principle of selection can be traced in the series of authors, German, Dutch, or English, who were marked for reprobation. The 'pestilent heretic,' Ussher, is joined with Grotius the moderate and Bull the orthodox. In 1703 Hobbes' 'Leviathan' drew down the thunderbolt; six years later all his works were stricken, when they had been half a century in use. Sir Thomas Browne's ornate language could not save the 'Religio Medici,' proscribed as early as 1616. Harvey's book against quinine fell under the lash; and in 1669 Bacon's 'De Augmentis' was forbidden, *donec corrigatur*. But who would be the man to correct Bacon? The Spanish inquisitor seems to regard 'Baconus' and 'Verulam' as two distinct authors; and Bacon was not accurately described until 1790.

From Bacon to Galileo is but a step. These Congregations, which were neither academies of science nor open courts, had their special procedures, their favourites, and their coteries. The Index, committed to Dominican friars, bore hard upon Jesuits but was indulgent to its own; and Pius V snatched even from Spanish inquisitors his brother Jacobin, the accused, though possibly innocent, Archbishop of Toledo, Carranza. Had Galileo been more of a courtier his troubles would have been less: such is the opinion expressed in the often quoted words of Belarmino. The process, begun in 1616 by the Inquisition, was resumed in 1633, when Galileo on his knees recanted the doctrine of the earth's motion as erroneous and heretical. In 1618 Kepler's 'Epitome of Copernican Astronomy' had been prohibited. The volume of Copernicus was corrected in 1620 by order of the secretary to the Index, and his affirmations softened to a mere hypothesis. The 'Raccolta' of 1624, and every Index down to 1757, contained this rubric, 'All books forbidden which maintain that the earth moves and the sun does not.' Benedict XIV omitted it from his recension. The Inquisition, in 1822, allowed by a formal decree, which Pius VII confirmed, books in accordance with modern astronomy to be printed. Finally, in 1835, Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo disappeared from the Index. Descartes

and Pascal bear witness that the prohibition had been disregarded and even laughed to scorn among French men of science. At Venice Sarpi indignantly protested against it, and it was not received. But in 1691 Van Velden at Louvain and, in 1776, Olavidé in Spain were charged with maintaining Copernican views. It would even appear that the occasion of Pius VII's decree in 1822 was a refusal by Anfossi, Master of the Sacred Palace, to pass the work of Settele, a Roman canon, dealing with the 'Elements of Optics and Astronomy,' in which the hypothetical form was at length abandoned.

After this remarkable fashion had the Index come into conflict with physical science. It may be considered less unfortunate in its judgment on the new metaphysics, if it was to judge at all. For, though it proscribed Descartes' 'Opera Philosophica' in 1663—and he occupies a column under Leo XIII—his method has never been absolutely charged with a note of heresy. Hobbes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, do however exhibit, under various aspects, a scheme of thought which in its nature is irreconcilable with Roman tradition. They could not be refuted, indeed, unless they were read; and all students read them or their commentators, except the guardians of the ancient teaching. While the Schoolmen were forgotten, Spinoza became a second Socrates from whose 'Ethics' every shade of German philosophy has borrowed some colour; Hume led the way to Kant, but the 'Critique of Pure Reason' did not catch the eye of an inquisitor until 1821, when it was condemned in a bad Italian translation. Under Leo XIII it appears, with its German title, alone of its author's treatises. Nothing of Fichte, Hegel, or Schopenhauer can be discerned among these squadrons of unbelief. Yet we may safely affirm that if Descartes grazes the edge of doubt, Schopenhauer falls headlong into atheism.

From Du Moulin to Descartes, and from Pascal to Malebranche, the law, science, literature, and philosophy of the French had furnished matter for the Index. How far its edicts were observed it would be impossible to measure. But their power, long waning, expired in the eighteenth century. Even in the Latin countries they were not obeyed, except by ecclesiastics, and not always by them. Giannone is perhaps the last well-known writer whose

sufferings bear witness to its jurisdiction outside Rome. His 'Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples,' a strong antipapal work, appeared in 1723. It was at once condemned, and Giannone was excommunicated. He fled to Vienna, engaged in controversy, lost his pension from Charles VI, took refuge in 1736 at Geneva, was lured into Piedmont, and, despite his many retractations, kept a prisoner in Turin until he died, thirteen years afterwards. But the 'Istoria Civile' ran through numerous editions and was translated into Latin, French, English, and German. Its author reminds us of Frà Paolo in his principles, though unlike him in fortune. We may associate with Italian Erastians such as these, Hontheim, whose 'Febronius,' censured in 1763, gave rise to a long controversy, and Von Eybel, the anti-Roman canonist of Joseph II. With alarms and excursions about their names the old quarrel of Pope and King died away.

For the 'age of enlightenment' had come, with Voltaire as its prophet and Rousseau as its lawgiver. Benedict XIV, learned and placable, remoulded the ancient Index in 1757, corrected some of its misprints but left many more, laid down rules for the examiners in his 'Sollicita et Provida,' but must have been aware that literature in all its branches had escaped from authority. All the leading French authors, beginning with Montesquieu, are brought up for sentence; we mark their names and titles on every catalogue of forbidden books; but they take no heed, or, like Rousseau dealing with Christophe de Beaumont, aggravate their offence by their apologies. The last important work proscribed on the eve of the French Revolution, in 1783, was Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.' In 1790 Cevallos put forth an absurd and blundering Index on behalf of the Spanish Inquisition. Cagliostro and his writings were anathematised in 1791. Venice in 1794 established its freedom from papal censorship. The Inquisition at Rome condemned its last book on January 14th, 1796. The last decree of the Index is dated July 10th, 1797. Napoleon's presence and victories, ending in the Treaty of Tolentino, had abolished the old order of things.

From this point onward the story of the Index possesses little more than a local or antiquarian interest. Suspended until 1803, not resuming its task until 1817. it

has continued, at the instance of anonymous or powerful delators, to pass judgment on books brought before it. Examples like Lamennais, Gioberti, Rosmini, Ventura, Mamiani, Curci, demonstrate how frequently the question of modern liberties has occupied its attention. Hermes, Günther, Ubaghs represent philosophic ideas not welcome to the Jesuit professors of the Roman College. Victor Hugo, George Sand, Quinet, Michelet, are voices of the Revolution offensive to pious ears. Renan's first condemnation goes back to 1859, his last bears date July 14th—a mischievous allusion to the taking of the Bastille—1892. Döllinger and some less illustrious names are trophies of the Vatican Council. But we seek Charles Darwin in vain among these dwellers in the shades. The memory of Galileo protects him. Goethe, like Shakespeare, sits above the clouds in a world of his own. And so the story ends.

Leo XIII issued an Index only a little revised in 1881. He has now, with assistance from scholars, of whom Esser is a brilliant example, had this *hortus siccus* weeded and set in order. Three thousand names have been removed; many are left, as we learn from the preface, not because they signify now, but because they did so in their time. Among these we remark innocent Goldsmith's 'History of England,' and Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' translated by Ugo Foscolo. Absolute prohibition falls upon every treatise assailing Roman doctrine, church authority, and the clerical order. Books of magic, spiritualism, and freemasonry are classed, as in previous collections, with immoral writings. Versions of Scripture not approved in Rome are still forbidden, except to students. Newspapers incur the same censures as printed volumes. An *imprimatur* is required for works dealing with religious, ethical, and ecclesiastical subjects. Whether printers can obtain a licence to reproduce forbidden books is not stated, but booksellers may not vend them unless by leave obtained of the Sacred Congregation. Former penalties stand repealed; those who read without licence the works of apostates and heretics which propagate heresy, or of any author condemned by name in Apostolic Letters, incur excommunication specially reserved to the Pope. Any one printing the Sacred Scriptures or commenting on them, without leave of the Ordinary, is also

excommunicate. For offenders against the law in other ways no definite punishment is assigned. What may be the actual binding force of these regulations in countries where the Index was never received, or where it has not hitherto been observed, is a matter for casuists to determine. But it would appear that much is left to the conscience of individuals and the custom of the country.

When we compare the enactments of Leo XIII with those of Paul IV, who founded the Index, we cannot but feel sensible that a great change has taken place, and that it is in the direction of freedom. The celebrated Jesuit, Canisius, writing in 1581 to William, Duke of Bavaria, while counselling a strict and sharp outlook on religious literature, observed that it was not enough to publish edicts and Indexes. The Fair of Frankfort, he went on to say, would always call up new heretical authors; to count them, let alone to put them in a forbidden list, would be an infinite matter. There was need of distinguishing even in Catholics between the sound and the unsound, nor could all be prohibited indiscriminately which was published by the other side. Not severe laws but wise censors were in request; to suppress bad books would not avail unless good authors took their place; and the true method was expurgation of dangerous writings by learned orthodox men.

This idea of a constructive system in which wholesome works should be recommended, and books otherwise useful be relieved of their errors, was not carried out. It seemed more agreeable to the practice of the Roman tribunals to dispense with persons than to enter upon the particulars of disputes in which learning rather than authority took the lead. Nevertheless, Canisius perceived that wherever the secular arm is unable to put down dissidents, and so long as the printing-press declines to become the monopoly of power, an Index merely prohibitive will not succeed. Of the many thousands of volumes forbidden under penalties between 1559 and 1900, probably not a single one which later times would value has perished. Satire pretends that all the best books may be found by consulting the Roman Index. That is a witty exaggeration. It has preserved worthless authors from oblivion, and advertised ephemeral pamphlets of no account. But if every great name which it contains,

from Machiavelli to Renan, were blotted out, modern literature would not only be impoverished, it would become unintelligible. We could neither describe nor comprehend the movement of thought during three centuries which have been rich in achievement, original and unwearied in their effort to resolve the enigmas of nature and history. Canisius desired that good books should fill the void which the censors were making; but classics cannot be improvised. Erasmus, Montaigne, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Voltaire, Rousseau, have all laid themselves open to criticism. Yet the world in which we live is largely of their creation; and to know ourselves we must know them.

What may have been the effect on mental development in Latin Christendom of an Index so variously enforced, would be a fruitful though difficult enquiry. The delays, uncertainties, and suspicions, even of well-meaning censors, cannot have been favourable to learning. This, however, seems probable, that in proportion as books were condemned they ceased to be studied; that ignorance of the changes in thought ever going forward did much to weaken the old apologetics; that, save on rare occasions, under men of the world like Chateaubriand, or strangers like Newman, the Roman method of controversy has not travelled farther than Bellarmine and Bossuet, and has remained a stereotype of the seventeenth century; and that in Bible criticism, in metaphysics, in the philosophy of religion or the comprehension of literature, its adept stands at a marked disadvantage when addressing his own time. The breach that in Paul IV's days might perhaps have been healed by open discussion, is now a gulf between two worlds opposed in ideas, differing in speech, and unequal in literary aptitudes. If the north of Europe is foreign to the south, and if the south cannot understand the north, we must ascribe it to those who have kept them for hundreds of years from exchanging their thoughts freely with one another. All governments have acted consistently on the principle of repression; it has broken down everywhere; but its consequences will long be felt, and ages may pass before a common agreement in first principles is arrived at on which to build the civilisation of the future.

Art. XI.—MODERN PESSIMISM.

1. *L'Avenir de la Race Blanche: Critique du Pessimisme contemporain.* Par J. Novicow. Paris: Félix Alcan, 1897.
 2. *Études et Réflexions d'un Pessimiste.* Par Challemlacour. Paris: Charpentier, 1901.
 3. *Schopenhauer, Hamlet, Mephistopheles: Drei Aufsätze zur Naturgeschichte des Pessimismus.* Von Friedrich Paulsen. Berlin: Hertz, 1900.
 4. *Zur Zeitgeschichte, Neue Tagesfragen.* Von Eduard von Hartmann. Leipzig: Haacke, 1900.
 5. *Schopenhauer: Studies in Pessimism.* Selected and translated by T. Bailey Saunders. London: Sonnenschein, 1891.
 6. *Schopenhauer: a Lecture.* By T. Bailey Saunders. London: Black, 1901.
- And other works.

A GREAT change has come over the world since those three pessimists, Byron, Schopenhauer, and Leopardi, crossed one another's paths, unknown to each other, at Venice in 1818. Byron and Schopenhauer were born in the same year, within a month of each other, the former on the 22nd of January, the latter on the 22nd of February, 1788; Leopardi ten years later. In their pessimistic views they had much in common. Byron struck the keynote of revolt against the existing order; Schopenhauer, 'the sardonic sage,' though no less passionate in his misanthropic pessimism, was, or affected to be, more philosophical; whilst Leopardi, more gentle in spirit than either, resignedly bewailed his own sad lot, at the same time weeping in sympathy with his distracted country, the sacred 'Niobe of nations.' These three pessimists of the past resembled each other, however, in this respect, that their sad and sombre views of life are to some extent explained by inherited eccentricities, personal defects, physical and moral, as well as by untoward circumstances in their environment. These produced paroxysms of rage and resentment in the two elder, and a doleful tone of self-commiseration in the younger member of the trio which represents the pessimism of the past.

Schopenhauer died on the 20th September, 1860; but the low moaning of the 'still sad music of humanity'

is still heard, though in a somewhat different key, in modern dramas, lyrics, and fiction, not to speak of metaphysical treatises. Its tone, if possible, is more sad and desponding as it dwells on the sorrows and sufferings of existence, from which, it tells us, there is no escape but in the sleep of death and the peace of the grave, even as Byron would have placed on his tombstone the inscription, 'Implora pacem.' But pessimism has entered upon a new phase; it has become less revolutionary and more reflective, less sentimental and more scientific, less personal and more general; it makes its appeal to the universal heart. It is also more readily accepted as a theory of life by the cultivated class, and has succeeded in impregnating modern modes of thought to a remarkable extent, fully entering into the spirit of the age and influencing every department of literature and art.

In the country of Schopenhauer its general diffusion has rendered it desirable to publish an anthology of pessimistic verse—'Stimmen des Leides'—selected from oriental, classical, and modern poetry in most European languages; and to this have been added a pessimistic breviary and hymn-book for the use of those to whom pessimism has become a religion. The pessimistic dramas of Hauptmann, the novels of Sudermann, the music of Wagner, as the interpreter of Schopenhauer's philosophy, the poems of Hamerling and lesser poets, as well as the philosophical writings and popular essays of Eduard von Hartmann, the learned protagonist of the movement, enjoy an immense popularity. So great, indeed, has the danger of a further spread of pessimism become in Germany that an association was formed a few years ago for the purpose of stemming its further progress.

In France, Baudelaire followed by Leconte de Lisle, the leader of the Parnassians, Pierre Loti in the 'exotic romance,' M. Zola at the head of the realists, with the impressionists and the decadents, dwell with melancholy delight on the process of degeneration and decomposition in modern society. They all chime in chorus, solemnly denouncing or piteously bewailing the depravity of the age, some in grating sounds, others in dulcet measures, joining in the swan-song of what they hold to be the last phase of our modern civilisation.

The welcome given in this country to recent trans-

lations or popularised renderings of Schopenhauer and Leopardi, among which we may note especially those of Mr Bailey Saunders; the well-nigh accomplished naturalisation of Ibsen on the English stage; the keen appreciation of such native productions as Pinero's 'Iris,' in spite of the undefinable feeling of sadness they leave on the minds of spectators; the growing popularity of the modern novel dealing with psychological problems, such as 'The Open Question,' with its painfully realistic delineations of tragical entanglements and pitiful issues—all these phenomena indicate a state of mind far from disinclined to pessimism.

The Press and the Pulpit exhibit the same tendency to take gloomy views of contemporary life. Thus we find one of the leading weeklies, in trying to account for the dull 'monotone of life,' declaring outright that 'all democracies tend to melancholy,' though in another number of the same periodical there is a notice of the 'blue-rose melancholy' of the fit and few, as the outcome of over-culture in the intellectual aristocracy. From this it would appear that the prevalence of a melancholy state of mind in both the extremes of the social scale is admitted as a fact. Even in the biography of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who in general was inclined to take the most spacious, if not optimistic, views of life, we come across the following passage:—

'There is that awful echo of the world's woes and evils seeming to ring in the air, in the echo of the distant trains, crossing and re-crossing incessantly.'

Whence this proclivity of the time-spirit to take such gloomy views of life in the foremost countries of the civilised world? whence this tendency to sad seriousness in contemplating the various aspects of high and low life in our own?

Various causes have been assigned at home and abroad for the undoubted prevalence of pessimism. Some ascribe it to the converging influences of modern realism and romanticism, the former mercilessly laying bare the baser facts of life, the latter looking back with yearning regrets on the vanishing ideals of the past, and thus producing between them a gloomy despondency concerning both the actualities of the present and the possibilities of the

future. Others point to the abnormal growth of compassionate philanthropy, mingling with exaggerated self-pity, and producing a moody sentimentalism. Such a view would leave only one virtue to the modern world, namely pity, a compassionate sympathy with suffering humanity.

'The only real virtue,' says M. Paul Bourget, at the close of one of his novels, 'in an age of desponding agnosticism, is pity; the only faith to support man in his agonising life is *la religion de la souffrance humaine*.'

Others, again, turn to external causes, notably the invasion of Russian pessimism, the sadness of the steppe, like a cold current, passing across Europe and producing a fall of temperature in the intellectual atmosphere of that country in particular which is at present most in touch with Russia, namely France. True, Voltaire was a pessimist in his day, but then, as Joubert tells us, Voltaire was at times sad, but never serious, whereas the modern form of French pessimism is nothing if not serious. It is, perhaps, more correct to trace, as some do, the influence further back to the East, and to see in the meeting of Asiatic and European currents of thought the *vera causa* of the spread of pessimistic quietism, since, as E. von Hartmann reminds us, it is in Buddhism that the illusory nature of human life, and pity, as the leading principle of human conduct, are most clearly formulated. Schopenhauer himself was first introduced into France by M. Challemel-Lacour as 'un Bouddhiste contemporain en Allemagne,' though he, the 'discoverer of Schopenhauer' in France, is by no means a pronounced pessimist. He is rather a sympathetic critic of the movement; and it was whilst residing as ambassador at the Court of St. James's that he passed through a mental crisis, we are told, which to some extent was the occasion of the volume which we have mentioned at the head of this article. By a curious device, in professing to give us the studies and reflections of an imaginary pessimist and then putting the objections to pessimism into the mouth of Rabelais, 'le bon maître de France,' in order to display its weak points, M. Challemel-Lacour evidently tried to escape from the responsibility of giving us the result of his own reflections on the subject. The book itself was

published posthumously; and its editors predict that it will form one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French thought—higher praise than we should be inclined to give it. What we have here is, however, an eminently sober and well-balanced exposition of pessimism in its different aspects as a philosophical system, with its practical bearings, by a man of the highest culture, and one, too, well acquainted with the political and social world of the present day.

The difference between English and German pessimism is thus stated by M. Challemel-Lacour:—

‘Le pessimisme allemand, dérivé de la contemplation philosophique des choses, contiendra presque toujours un grand fonds de placidité; le pessimisme anglais, plus poétique que spéculative, est sans cesse irrité. On croirait qu’il est une mutinerie du tempérament plutôt qu’une conviction de l’esprit.’

This is a polite way of saying that pessimism in these islands arises from English spleen. But the causes of pessimism lie deeper in human nature than can be accounted for by individual and national idiosyncracies, by a passing feeling of irritability in one country, or the acceptance of an academic theory of life in another, or, we might add, to include the critic’s own country, the fashionable pose of pessimistic languor in a third. These are concurrent transitory causes colouring the stream of tendency, but do not account for the current of thought, the existence of the movement, as such, at given epochs of human history since the dawn of civilisation, and its recrudescence at this time in all countries under the influence of modern civilisation. We have to deal with it in a broader spirit and take note of the constant as well as the variable factors which enter into the composition of pessimism, not only as a contemporary intellectual epidemic, arising out of the special circumstances of the times, but also as a recurring malady peculiar to the human mind at given stages of its development.

It was Matthew Arnold who claimed for poetry a lofty function as ‘a criticism of life’; and it is in his own elegiac complaints over latter-day loss of faith that we perceive that intellectual *ennui*, that ‘spiritual fatigue’ of the ‘sad friends of truth’ which marks a period of religious decay, and is one of the sources of intellectual pessimism. As an illustration we may quote the follow-

ing lines from the pathetic litany of his 'Stagirius,' which, though in the form of prayer, are scarcely in the nature of hopeful petition :—

'From doubt where all is double ;
 Where wise men are not strong,
 Where comfort turns to trouble,
 Where just men suffer wrong ;
 Where sorrow treads on joy,
 Where sweet things soonest cloy,
 Where faiths are built on dust,
 Where love is half mistrust,
 Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea—
 Oh ! set us free.'

The shadows of intellectual sadness deepen with the clouds cast on modern thought by philosophic doubt, under the influence of scientific speculation, which dwells on the cruelty of nature, her irrational and immoral indifference to suffering, on the brutality of unconscious forces, which render the reign of law a reign of terror. Philosophical determinism is fast becoming our modern creed ; it declares that man is the creature of conditions and surroundings, that his *milieu* makes him what he is, that virtue and vice are the outcome of heredity and circumstances over which he has no control, that 'blind will' and 'necessity' dominate his destiny, that a soulless mechanism is the predominating power in the cosmos.

'O helpless will in the grasp of evil ! O miserable hope in the reality of horrors ! . . . Is there no pity in the heart of nature, no reason in the law that condemns without appeal ?'

Such is the outcry of the accomplished author of 'Psalms of the West.' Scientific agnosticism, despairing of its ability to penetrate 'behind the veil,' and only able to look forward to 'the shadow of inevitable doom,' adds to the prevailing despondency—'qui auget scientiam auget dolorem.' To this must be added a prevalent disappointment with the actual results of modern civilisation as compared with the expectations raised a hundred years ago when 'the age of progress' started on its victorious career—a disappointment which finds expression in 'Locksley Hall, sixty years after.'

'Gone the cry of "Forward, Forward," lost within a growing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.'

The course of human affairs in the political and social world at the present moment tends in the same direction. As the political reaction in Germany and Austria after 1848 contributed not a little towards the pessimistic bitterness of Heine and the melancholy moanings of Lenau, so the rise of social democracy and the conscious dissatisfaction with present economic conditions produce a feeling of depression which vents itself in the language of pessimism. 'Social pressure' combined with a growing scepticism in the power of parliamentary and liberal institutions or legislative measures to ameliorate the social condition of the people; a growing fear of the malign power of money; the lugubrious forecasts of economic pessimists predicting a world-wide catastrophe when semi-savage nations will have displaced the white race in the markets of the world, against which the book of M. Novicow is a sensible protest; the spectre of the 'red terror' of social revolution in addition to the bugbear of the 'yellow terror'—these in their cumulative effects add to the gloom of modern pessimism.

In the world of literature and art, among the finer spirits of the cultivated, a morbid feeling of dejection is produced by a variety of causes.

'I rather think,' says Mr Hamerton in his 'Quest of Happiness,' 'that towards the close of the nineteenth century it is the art of painting that has produced more unhappiness than any other occupation, by the misemployment of time and by the poignant sense of dissatisfaction that follows after futile and unsuccessful endeavours.'

What he says of painters is probably true of literary men and amateurs in art generally who are disappointed in their aspirations, and still more so of the whole body of the over-refined who are repelled by the roughness of this 'rolling, rattling, railway period,' as Charles Kingsley called it, and who, in their inability to face the rough gusts of the storms of life, turn to exquisiteness of form in art and literature as an anodyne against the sick unrest of the time, or as the only safe shelter from its

feverish energy. It is to them that Pater refers in his 'Miscellaneous Studies' when he says :

'The passive *ennui* of Obermann became a satiric, aggressive, almost angry conviction of the littleness of the world around in Prosper Mérimée.'

The former is the genius of *ennui*, the latter the type of disillusion.

Such, then, is the physiognomy of modern pessimism in general. We may now take a step farther and compare briefly the philosophy of Schopenhauer with that of Hartmann, the poetry of Leopardi with that of Leconte de Lisle, and the novels of George Eliot with those of Thomas Hardy, to mark the progress of pessimism and to discover the characteristic tendency of its later developments. We may thus arrive at a true estimate of its real significance at the present moment.

According to Schopenhauer, the primal force in the universe, the only reality behind the phenomenal world, is Will. All the evils of existence are to be traced to this blind force striving in effort and desire to realise itself, and, in so doing, producing the restless activity of life, from which there is no escape, except in moments of intellectual or æsthetic contemplation when the human mind becomes 'the will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge.' Then 'the wheel of Ixion stands still, freed from the prison-house of blind desire'; the miseries of existence are forgotten for a moment; but final and complete emancipation from pain can only be attained to by the negation of the will to live, in the return to non-existence. So long as life lasts the pendulum will swing backwards and forwards, from longing to languor, from effort to *ennui*, from desire to satiety, from activity to weariness. Nothing but 'the ascetic mortification of the will' can put an end to this mass of human suffering. With what his countrymen call 'Galgen-humor,' Schopenhauer describes the misery and monotony of our short-lived existence, 'this disturbing episode in the blissful quietude of nothingness.' But, while it lasts, 'Leben' is 'Leiden'; to escape from this we must make a heroic effort to conquer egotistic volition, killing the desire for life, and, with the extinction of the will, to enter the eternal peace of Nirvana.

Hartmann's philosophy of the Unconscious restores reason to the throne from which Schopenhauer had degraded it in making it the servant of all-powerful will. 'The all-wise unconscious' takes, in Hartmann's system, its place as the impersonal, immanent force, controlling the cosmic process on the lines of evolution. Schopenhauer's critical idealism, founded on Kant, is superseded by Hartmann's 'transcendental realism,' or 'concrete monism,' which closely approaches that kind of realistic spiritualism that is the latest outcome of recent philosophic thought. In their ethical aspirations Schopenhauer and Hartmann do not differ materially; both look upon pity and altruistic endeavour to lessen life's misery as the whole duty of man. But Hartmann's pity has less of the admixture of contempt than Schopenhauer's, and his plan of action in removing sorrow and suffering is more reasoned and methodical. Again, in their calculus of pleasure and pain, with a view to show that the latter predominates over the former, and that all ideas of happiness are illusory, they are mostly agreed; and Hartmann appeals to modern science for support, as in the following passage ('Das sittliche Bewusstsein,' p. 526):—

'All the endless misery in cottage and palace, the fighting and fuming of nations at variance with each other . . . subserve the purposes of that cruel and unrelenting struggle of existence in which the striving and wrestling of individuals after a higher culture is finally and permanently summed up. As in nature millions of germs are only so much material used up indifferently to serve the purpose of selection in the struggle of existence, so in the providence of history millions of human beings are only used as hotbeds of manure to force culture. The circumstances which regulate population exhibit the utmost cruelty: they are hunger, pest, and wars. Merciless as the hoof of the heifer bruising the flower of the field, the buskin of history tramples on the finest blossoms of humanity, strutting unfeelingly across the severed bonds of love, the despair of crushed hopes, the agonies of tortured consciences, the grinding rage of enslaved patriotism, in order to fit these pigmies of human beings for its own purpose, tortured and abused in a thousand ways, feeding them with illusions.'

Still, Hartmann is more inclined to believe in the positivity of pleasure, which Schopenhauer entirely denies,

calling all pleasure 'privative pain.' But Hartmann, too, after a long process of induction, in which he displays remarkable powers of analysis and indefatigable industry in the accumulation of data, arrives at the conclusion that a happy life of the individual here or hereafter, as well as the future happiness of the race, are pure illusions; and that it must be the object of all higher culture to bring home the persuasion that all is vanity and vexation of spirit; to convince the world of human beings that it had better put an end to its own miserable existence, in order to effect its own deliverance by means of self-annihilation. Schopenhauer is in full sympathy with eastern and mediæval mystics. Hartmann condemns their eudæmonistic egotism, and recommends a more severe self-renunciation, calling upon all to engage in a noble activity to promote the further development of the species, not in a foolish or rather criminal race after happiness, but in furtherance of the 'world-process,' ending in the final deliverance from conscious existence.

Hartmann is by disposition more humane, more gentle in his estimate of human nature than Schopenhauer, more tolerant, more compassionate in his strictures on human frailties. True, he lacks in this respect the Attic wit of his predecessor, but with it also his acrid acerbity. Here, then, we note that pessimism, in its later developments, has lost much of its bitterness; it has become more cheerful and acquiescent, less inclined to rebel against existing conditions, more ready to adapt itself to its surroundings, so as cheerfully to accomplish its appointed task in the 'world's process,' though that, by an evolutionary fatality, must eventually end in non-existence.

It has been remarked that Hartmann owes much of his popularity to the concessions he makes to positive science, and the adaptation of his system to the theory of evolution and its implied optimism. It came into vogue about the time (1870) when Germany had ceased to be 'the Hamlet of nations,' and, beginning to become anxious about her mission as a world-power, was at the same time impressed by a deep sense of duty to work out her destiny, socially and politically. The tragic fate of her rival in the time of her own national triumph produced a melting effect, and evolved a kind of 'Luxus-pessimismus,' rather in the nature of contemplative melancholy than

of poignant sorrow. This must be attributed to the emollient effect of time and change. But the greater suavity of recent pessimism is also to some extent explained by personal differences. Schopenhauer's early life was poisoned by literary failure; he never quite recovered from the 'blessure d'amour propre' it produced in a mind from the first predisposed to hypochondriacal moroseness, and to brooding over imaginary wrongs. Hartmann's literary successes, his happy home-life, his social disposition and cheerfulness helped him to bear with an even temper the only great trial of his life, unequal health, and an accidental contusion of the knee which frequently confined him to his bed, and spoiled a brilliant military career. Thus it happens that the contemporaries of Schopenhauer, even his personal friends and admirers, have but qualified praise for him. Goethe even speaks of him as a youth difficult to understand, though worthy to be cultivated. Others speak of his intellectual integrity, his fearless outspokenness; but they notice, too, with regret the unpleasant adjuncts of merciless severity and censoriousness, apathy, or scorn, adopting the view of pessimistic cynicism when it speaks of man generally as 'ce méchant animal.'

Hartmann's personality is attractive; his pessimism, while no less sombre, even a trifle more solemn, than that of Schopenhauer, has the redeeming quality of sympathetic emotion, of genial fellow-feeling with suffering humanity. That of Schopenhauer, like Carlyle's, is *Entrüstungs-pessimismus*—'cancer-pessimism' some call it—the pessimism of moody resentment. Hartmann's is more resigned. Schopenhauer is self-conscious and self-willed; Hartmann self-subdued. Schopenhauer sends his disciples, like naughty children, crying in the night of sin and sorrow, to bed with loud scoldings, like an angry nurse. Hartmann, more tender, would send them to their eternal sleep with gentle lullabies, after having exhorted them to vigorous activity so as to induce healthy fatigue, before the night cometh when no man can work. In short, he is on a level with the highest ethical elevation of his age, and his is the broader and more humane pessimism which takes its colouring from the changes in the mental atmosphere that have taken place since Schopenhauer's demise, now forty years ago.

A similar contrast, arising from similar conditions, may be noted between the pessimism of Leopardi and that of Leconte de Lisle. The poems of Leopardi were written under the influence of political and social events in Italy not unlike those which prevailed in Germany when Schopenhauer's great work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,' was written; it may be that for this reason Leopardi's works have been translated into German by three literary men of eminence—Hamerling, Paul Heyse, and George Brandes, and that at one time his poems formed the devotional *vade mecum* of German pessimists. Leopardi's pessimism is of the 'miserabilist' kind, less irascible, but more lachrymose than that of Schopenhauer. All its bitterness and sadness are compressed in the following lines addressed to his own heart, which we give in the latest English version by Mr J. M. Morrison:—

'Now rest thee evermore,
My weary heart! My last delusion's dead,
Which I eternal deemed. 'Tis perished.
My each fond hugged deceit
Has lost all charm, and e'en desire is dead.
Rest thee for aye! Thou'st beat
And throbb'd enough. There's not one thing that's worth
A thrill from thee, and not one sigh this earth
Deserves. Life's but annoy
And bitterness; this world's vain joys soon cloy.
Rest thee for aye! Despair
With thy last beat! Fate has bequeathed the tomb
As her one boon to man. That hated force
Occult, which all doth doom
To woe, and vanity, that sure-set bourne
Reserved for all, thee, Nature, ever scorn.'

The circumstances of Leopardi's personal life bear a curious resemblance to those of Schopenhauer. Both were out of sympathy with their parents, and never enjoyed the delights of home life. If the one suffered from constitutional *dyscholia*, the other was a victim of an incurable malady. Leopardi, moreover, was twice disappointed in love, and throughout suffered from an 'excès maladif de sensibilité' which helped to produce that gloomy view of life which finds expression in his dolorous verse. Here he seeks relief in making his private griefs the measure of the world's sorrow. Less

venomous than Schopenhauer in dwelling on the shortcomings of humanity, he displays much less power of resistance in the face of 'the gigantic force of suffering.' He gazes on the terrible visage of fate, but will not make an effort to conquer it.

'I take delight,' he writes to Giordani, 'in exposing the misery of man and things; I love to touch it with my hands so as to produce a cold shudder within me in trying to explore the mysteries of existence.'

In the 'nocturnal ode' we have a poetical version of Schopenhauer's philosophy of life. In 'Sappho's last song,' the finest expression of hope in death as a deliverance from the pains of life, perhaps the noblest to be found in the whole range of pessimistic poetry, he says,

'The happiest days
Are those that from our life first fleet away.
Disease, old age, the ghost of icy death
Creep on apace. Lo, now there waits for me,
Of all those sweet delusions and desired
Rewards, but Tartarus! My valiant soul
Enshroûd for evermore
The Stygian flood, black night, the silent shore!'

Merciless, like Schopenhauer, in his exposure of 'the hypocritical cruelty of destiny,' he refuses to be cheated by nature into believing, or allowing others to believe, in human happiness or its dependence on virtue.

'Between happiness and virtue
Yawns awfully a wide gulf on earth.'

Capable himself of moral heroism, he yet disbelieves in the power of patriotism in others, and of a national regeneration. A profound idealist, he despairs of human nature, and speaks of the futility of attempting social or political reforms. He complains of the void of existence as if it were positive suffering, and yet finds his only solace in the eternal void of non-existence. A victim, as he says himself, of 'black, obdurate, and devouring melancholy,' he finds rest 'in a lofty and profound pessimism leading up to stoical renunciation.' Such is the phrase of Braudes, who speaks of him as Italy's greatest poet, by which he undoubtedly means the greatest of modern Italians.

With him we may fitly compare Leconte de Lisle, 'le maître du Parnasse,' the most distinguished of the modern poets of France, who, as such, followed Victor Hugo in his chair at the Academy. Of Norman stock, but born in the Isle de Bourbon, he received his early impressions amid the scenery of the tropics, which disposes the mind to dreaminess and brooding over the mysteries of nature. At the same time, well acquainted with the results of modern science, he not only loves to dwell on the illusory character of the phenomenal world—'Toute chose est le rêve d'un rêve'—but blends with his musings on the nothingness of things reflections on the pitiless laws of nature.

'La nature se rit des souffrances humaines ;
Ne contemplant jamais que sa propre grandeur,
Elle dispense à tous ses forces souveraines,
Et garde pour sa part le calme et la splendeur.'

His is not the poetry of passion, as may be seen from a comparison of his 'Kain' with the poem on the same subject, and in the same spirit, by Lord Byron. Though at times writing in a tone of embittered idealism, he does not share Alfred de Musset's 'amour du mal,' nor does he follow the author of 'Les fleurs du mal' in delighting to dwell on evil as an absorbing theme. He is also free from that 'volupté du douleur' which some of his contemporaries indulge in to excess. His pessimism is impersonal, and his love for nature and humanity are untainted by any sense of private wrongs; he finds in following high art that which raises him above individual sorrows or joys. His sadness, indeed, is profound, but he bows, if not cheerfully, at least with dignity to the authority of inexorable law. His art is not unlike that of the Preraphaelites, which has been aptly described as 'quiescent, sympathetic resignation.' True, there is an undertone of repressed revolt, but there are no strident sounds of distress to disturb the exquisite harmony of his polished lines. In short, Leconte de Lisle belongs to 'la haute aristocratie' of artists who move in a rarefied atmosphere of intellect. He will have nothing to do with

'cette multitude d'esprits avortés, loquaces et stériles . . . pleureurs selon la formule, cervelles liquéfiées et cœurs de pierre, misérable famille d'un père illustre'—

the illustrious progenitor here referred to being Lamar-tine. Leconte de Lisle is the poet of the few, and his pessimism is of the nobler masculine sort. Yet his is not a cold, artistic, creative genius; the fire is kindled within him, though he never permits it to break out. When he speaks with his tongue it is with the calm composure of finished art, the repose of artistic perfection. His pessimism is academic and æsthetic. Thus in 'L'aigu bruissement,' where he describes in felicitous language the vibrating sounds in tropical regions as scarcely interrupting the soft stillness, he goes on to say,

'Tout n'était que lumière, amour, joie, harmonie :
Et moi, bien qu'ébloui de ce monde charmant,
J'avais au fond du cœur, comme un gémissement,
Un douloureux soupir, une plainte infinie,
Très lointaine et très vague et triste amèrement.
C'est que devant ta grâce et ta beauté, Nature !
Enfant qui n'avais rien souffert ni deviné,
Je sentais croître en moi l'homme prédestiné,
Et je pleurais, saisi de l'angoisse future,
Épouvanté de vivre, hélas, et d'être né.'

At the same time, as we have said before, his is not the elegance which enervates, though he takes for his motto, 'Hors la création du beau, point de salut.'

In all this he comes nearer to Hartmann than Schopenhauer; like Hartmann he is powerfully attracted by the spirit of self-obliteration, the tragedy of suffering, as the great ennobling force in the economy of the world's redemption. As to a future life and the 'âpre désir des choses éternelles,' amid the dreams, regrets, terrors, remorse which fill up existence, Leconte gives a glimpse of the city of silence and shadow, the mute sepulchre of vanished gods, and finds consolation 'dans l'immuable paix où sont rentrés les Dieux.' One might think that here the matter rests. By no means. Death itself cheats man of this last hope of eternal peace; there is the horror of immortality, a residuum of early associations, of which he cannot divest himself.

'L'irrévocable mort est un mensonge aussi.
Heureux qui d'un seul bond s'engloutirait en elle !

Moi, toujours, à jamais, j'écoute, épouvanté,
 Dans l'ivresse et l'horreur de l'immortalité,
 Le long rugissement de la vie éternelle.'

In this he differs from Hartmann, for whom immortality has neither hopes nor fears, as he simply regards it in the light of an illusion. But, with Hartmann, Leconte regards the prospect of a perfect society of the future, the progress of the race—the last straw to which foundering humanity clings—as an illusion. In some of his earliest poems, now being republished in the '*Revue socialiste*,' he had given vent to some of the aspirations of social democracy from 1845–8; but, disappointed and disillusioned, he turned away from the movement, and all that remains of the revolutionary fervour in his subsequent work is a supreme contempt for '*le pandémonium industriel*.' He now speaks with abhorrence of the '*monstrous alliance*' between poetry and industry. He turns away from the *atelier* to devote himself to art for art's sake. Since poetry, '*la tête courbée sous le niveau pesant des civilisations*,' becomes disassociated from life, he finds in the perfection of art his only consolation.

Leconte de Lisle has been compared with Thomas Hardy, like himself 'a poet of vast, austere, and melancholy genius.' As a novelist Mr Hardy may be taken as a typical representative of pessimistic fiction, and as such may not unfitly be compared with George Eliot, who, though not a professed pessimist—she called herself a meliorist—takes, like him, a serious view of the novelist's art, and in her works insists throughout on the supreme duty, pithily expressed in the words of one of Mr Hardy's characters, '*Cultivate the art of renunciation*.' These two writers head a long list of British novelists, distinguished by the grave sincerity and severity with which they depict the darker aspects of modern life, the most recent of whom is the author of that grim and powerful tale, '*The House with the Green Shutters*.' In the case of Mr Hardy there is a special bent to paint in dark colours; and he loves to describe the '*silent and austere suffering*' of his principal characters as the effect of heredity and environment, so that the sense of responsibility is weakened in the face of overpowering influences and external agencies which render it next to impossible for his men and women to control their destiny. They

simply yield to forces too strong for them. 'The island ruled our destinies,' says one of his characters, 'though we were not of it. Yes, we are in hands not our own.' As, in Paul Heyse's 'Kinder der Welt,' Toinette, the child of misfortune suffering for her parents' sin, is doomed to carry through life an unhappy heart incapable of love, so in Thomas Hardy's stories the irony of nature, traversing human effort at every turn, leads up almost invariably to a catastrophe. Freedom of action is reduced to a nullity; 'there is no altering it, so it must be,' is the constant refrain of his agents. All they can attain to is 'a passionless calm, a stolid submission to the unavoidable, an aching stoicism.' His heroes and heroines are mostly represented as engaged in a desperate game; they are hampered by adverse events, confused by strange entanglements, moved against their will by ingrained propensities, and finally made to succumb in taciturn despair to the impending fate.

In this respect Thomas Hardy differs entirely from George Eliot, who is a firm believer in an exact and even relentless retribution in human affairs, and who, with the assurance of scientific accuracy, traces antecedents to their consequences in the moral order of the universe. Her men and women always reap as they have sown; an inexorable law links cause to effect in human conduct. For this very reason her heroes never find themselves in impossible situations, 'between the instincts of blood and the capacities of brain.' They are not, like those of Mr Hardy, overpowered by uncontrollable forces; if placed in trying situations there are no natural disabilities or insurmountable obstacles to prevent them from achieving a moral victory. George Eliot is sad and serious but never morbid in surveying the theatre of human life.

'You are discontented with the world,' says Felix Holt to Miss Lyon, 'because you can't get just the small things that suit your pleasure, not because it's a world where myriads of men and women are ground by wrong and misery, and tainted with pollution.'

Here is an important distinction between laments over private griefs and a grievance stated in universal terms. Like Thomas Hardy, George Eliot dwells with tender solicitude on some of the abject aspects of village life and

the sad possibilities of village tragedies, but she is far from satisfied with descriptions of the 'impassive patience of men filled with strong passions,' led to their doom by some relentless fatality. On the contrary, her suffering heroes and heroines make resolute efforts, and, whilst patiently bearing their own burden, endeavour at the same time to combat the surrounding misery.

'As Romola walked, often in weariness, among the sick, the hungry, and the murmuring, she felt it good to be inspired by something more than her pity—by the belief in a heroism struggling for sublime ends, towards which the daily action of her pity could only tend feebly, as the dews that freshen the weedy ground to-day tend to prepare an unseen harvest in the years to come.'

On one occasion, we are told,

'she rose from her knees that she might hasten to her sick people in the courtyard, and by some immediate beneficent action revive that sense of worth in life which at this moment was unfed by any wider faith.'

If we cannot find happiness for ourselves, she seems to say, both in her novels and in her poems, we may find at least some consolation in administering, as far as in us lies, some relief to others, in the attempt to ameliorate their sad condition.

In Thomas Hardy we have 'the volcanic spirit of protest and pity'; in George Eliot there is a calm tone of compassionate solicitude. One of her desperate remedies is wholesome work, to forget our individual sorrows and sufferings. Her characters are made of stern stuff, like Mr Hardy's, but the best of them are remarkable for resolute endeavour to conquer circumstances. The hero in 'The Well-Beloved' is 'powerless in the grasp of the idealising passion.' There is in George Eliot's heroes a 'sense of pity against the sense of fate,' but there is also a massive strength, as, for instance, in 'Adam Bede.'

'There's nothing but what's bearable as long as a man can work,' he said to himself; 'the natur o' things doesn't change, though it seems as if one's own life was nothing but change. The square o' four is sixteen, and you must lengthen your lever in proportion to your weight, is as true when a man's miserable as when he's happy; and the best o' working is, it gives you a grip hold o' things outside your own lot.'

With many modern novelists of less power, Thomas Hardy enters into the 'complexity of things, the clash of principles.' George Eliot, too, takes a comprehensive view of 'the vast sum of conditions'; but the sum total, in her opinion, makes in the end for good; she is willing to conclude, upon the whole, 'that somehow good will be the final goal of ill.'

The comparison might be extended further did space permit, but enough has been said to show in outline, at least, the distinguishing marks of the earlier and later pessimism in the novel, as a transcript of modern life and thought. In the later pessimism we note a deeper tone of sadness, a sense of almost utter helplessness, in grappling with the complex intricacies of modern life and the subtleties of emotion that they are apt to produce. We meet with grave pronouncements on the irrevocable power of circumstances which narrow the area of moral volition and thus seriously weaken the force of moral principle and the springs of moral resolve.

Yet there is a redeeming quality even in this dangerous form of moral pessimism. It never wearies in its endeavours to bring home to the modern mind the leading doctrines of 'the sad science of renunciation,' the practical duty of resigned fortitude amid the 'perpetual dilemmas,' the 'defects of natural law,' 'the grimness of the general human situation.' German pessimism, mainly influenced, as we saw, by contemporaneous events and the revived energies of the people regaining national consciousness, has evolved a kind of communal or cosmical idealism. French pessimism finds refuge, as we should expect in an essentially artistic race, in æsthetic idealism. In this country, where pessimism is still in its initial stage, so far as the great body of the people are concerned, it may serve to intensify the moody reflectiveness of the thinking portion of the community, but is saved from extreme vagaries by seeking refuge in a dogged force of endurance and insisting on at least one of the lessons of life, i.e. 'to suffer and be strong.' This general outcome of Mr Hardy's philosophy of life is adumbrated already in his first great novel, where he strikes the keynote, so to speak, in that deep-toned voice of sombre strength which characterises his subsequent work. Let human life be as sad in some of its aspects and as sordid as the gloomiest

pessimism can depict it, still the darkness may be irradiated by a solemn sense of duty—the duty of making the best of it in action and suffering.

The same line of thought may be seen pervading the pessimistic dramas of Ibsen. 'Life, existence, destiny, cannot be so utterly meaningless,' says Allmers, in 'Little Eyolf,' when his child, in whom all his life's energies are centred, is taken from him. The anguish which oppresses him and his wife has a deeper meaning, says Rita; it is intended to produce a change, 'a sort of birth; or a resurrection, a transition to a higher life.' 'The loss is just the gain,' replies Allmers, almost in the words of Æschylus. Such is the 'tremendous tragic sense' in realistic pessimism, with its underlying moral optimism. By virtue of this 'inner core of asceticism and idealism,' by virtue of the doctrine, laid down here with dramatically exaggerated intensity, that a redeeming power is found in suffering and self-effacement, pessimism itself becomes a wholesome reaction against the growing egoism of the time. Ibsen points out a better way, and is not unwilling to walk by it himself. 'Every field of victory,' he said in a speech at a dinner celebrating his return to his own country, 'is strewn with corpses. On the field of my triumph lies the corpse of my happiness!'

This doctrine of self-immolation and joyous self-obliteration for the general good finds also its interpretation in Wagner's music; it is the theme of the 'Nibelungen-Ring,' 'Tristan und Isolde,' and 'Parsifal,' namely, the atoning virtue of self-annihilation, which, as Hartmann points out, also forms the tragic element of German mythology. Others have already remarked that the love and death yearning in 'Tristan und Isolde' is an attempt to break through the limitations of individualism according to Schopenhauer. We may add that it also suggests the enthusiasm of self-surrender as taught by Hartmann.

Such, then, is the attitude of modern pessimism, its mental drift and moral tendency, as we see it reflected in various forms of literature and art. Compared with the tone of pessimism in the last generation, the '*maladie du siècle*,' as it used to be called, it has in more recent years become less acute, but appears to have degenerated into a chronic *malaise*. Not a few, indeed, there are who may be regarded rather as *malades imaginaires*, persons whose

peevish 'blue-vapour melancholy' vents itself in anæmic complaints, and who might be dismissed with little ceremony were it not for the danger to others who, attracted by this fashionable distemper, come under the influence of unhealthy pessimistic literature with disastrous consequences. Such reading produces, in what Hartmann calls 'mollusc souls,' a feebleness of moral fibre and intellectual lassitude which takes away the power of engaging energetically in the battle of life.

But the case is different with those who are sincerely and profoundly impressed by the weight of 'the world's sorrow,' and try to do their best themselves, whilst at the same time stimulating the sympathetic concern of others to alleviate the burden and diminish the suffering of their fellows. Among these self-renunciation becomes the final and efficient cause of 'cultured piety,' where positive religion has ceased to act as a spur to effort in the same direction. Among other things one of its immediate effects is to give force and momentum to the modern movement of social philanthropy. As an illustration of this we may notice a curious fact. When some time ago the French Academy selected for the subject of its prize-poem, 'Labour,' there were some two hundred competitors, and one and all treated the subject from a pessimistic point of view. In the same way our leading social reformers, in literature at least, adopt a pessimistic tone. Tolstoi, we are told by one of his intimates, is of opinion 'that life is an evil, a thing we must wish to be rid of'; but he spends his own life in efforts for ameliorating that of his peasants. He vigorously labours with and among them to carry out his social programme in pursuit of a very noble ideal. In contradiction to all the prejudices of his class, but by no means satisfied, as some appear to be, in exposing its shortcomings, he himself enters the arena to combat existing social evils. But he, too, agrees with the pessimists in regarding renunciation as the sovereign remedy. Thus, in his book on Life, he says,

'The renunciation of personal happiness and life is, for a rational being, as natural a property of his life as flying on its wings, instead of running on its feet, is for a bird.'

This suggests, in the last place, the question whether

pessimism should be regarded as a symptom of disease or as a sign of returning health in the religious and intellectual life of our day; whether the consciousness of existing evil, producing unremitting effort towards its mitigation or removal, does not rather hold out the promise of ultimate recovery and convalescence in the patient, i.e. in civilised society; whether, indeed, as Macterlinck suggests somewhere, we are or are not 'on the threshold of a new pessimism, mysterious, and, perhaps, very pure?'

Those who hold that, as an intellectual force, pessimism is a symptom of brain-disease in the modern mind, point to the poetry of decadence as a proof of their assertion. But in answer to this it may be said that the admirers of this kind of poetry form but a very small section of society, and that the morbid state of mind here exhibited may be, as some have suggested, simply the state of mind of self-engrossed poets unable to discover the healthier instincts of the vast majority for whom their melancholy reflections have no attraction. On the other hand, the willingness of society to tolerate, and even accept, the severe censures of pessimistic criticism without serious protest may be a healthy sign of self-depreciation, containing in itself some promise of amendment and readjustment.

Again, as to the prevailing mood of pessimistic fatalism which, as we have pointed out, looms in the background of the modern novel and drama—'I had to do it, because it was I'—this seems to arise, not so much from a desire or intention to get rid of personal responsibility, as from an exaggerated conception of a scientific truth pressed too far, and its universal application to the exclusion of another factor, the existence of some will-force counter-acting the force of circumstances in the established order of things. It would appear that this is a temporary aberration of mind resulting from the spread of materialistic modes of thought, from which the thinking world is gradually recovering. Pessimists themselves, like Hartmann, are turning their back on it as a 'vulgarising naturalism,' and show their unmistakable preference for a kind of spiritual idealism not unlike that of the French pessimistic mystics, one of whom, in his *nostalgie du divin*, exclaims, 'En moi pleure le deuil des mystères

sacrés.' But even in this quarter we find an improved tone at the present moment, at once more vigorous and more hopeful. Maeterlinck, for example, in an article recently contributed to the 'Fortnightly Review,' speaks thus :—

'Yes, human life, viewed as a whole, is perhaps rather a sorrowful thing; and it is easier, in a manner pleasanter even, to speak of its sorrows and let the mind dwell on them, than to go in search of, and bring into prominence, the consolations life has to offer. . . . But for all that, and whatever their ephemeral likeness may be, we have only to draw closer to them to find that they, too, have their mystery; and if this seem less visible and less comprehensible, it is only because it lies deeper, and is far more mysterious. The desire to live, the acceptance of life as it is, may perhaps be mere vulgar expressions; but, for all that, they are probably in unconscious accord with laws that are vaster, more conformable with the spirit of the universe, and therefore more sacred, than the desire to escape the sorrows of life, and the lofty but disenchanted wisdom that for ever dwells on sorrows.'

What we have said shows that there is a manifest turn in the tide of pessimism, a revulsion from the flabby and flaccid *larmoyant* pessimism of the immediate past to one more vigorous, manly, and sane, and yet free from the misanthropic cynicism of Swift, Voltaire, Heine, and Schopenhauer, one more willing to adapt itself to the humane trend of recent thought, and more in conformity with common-sense. Hartmann himself distinctly tells us, in the history of his own mental development, that it has been his aim throughout to free himself from the quietistic negation of the will recommended by Schopenhauer, and to bring his own pessimism into line with the optimistic theory of evolution; and in this attempt he and others have so far succeeded as to justify one of his philosophical friends in saying that, 'if you want to see for once contented and cheerful faces, you must go among the pessimists.'

Thus, whatever may be said of pessimism as an intellectual system, and of the insecurity of its metaphysical basis in measuring happiness by a purely hedonistic standard, inconsistent with its underlying principles, or as a theory of life, faulty in its reasoning from insufficient data, and therefore arriving at a false conclusion, it can-

not be denied that it contains a certain substratum of truth which must not be overlooked in contesting its extravagant claims as a philosophical system or as a new religion. Its condemnation of egoism and the selfish pursuit of personal happiness; its insistence on the duty of subordinating the individual will to the higher demands of the law of self-sacrifice for the common good; its exposure of the danger of 'self-conscious finitude' warring against the constitution of things, instead of putting itself in right relation with the process of infinite progression—these denote a considerable advance in the ethical growth of pessimism, concurrently with the progress of modern thought. Regarded in this light, pessimism may be said to supply a moral tonic much needed in the present day. It may be put down to the credit of pessimism that it has brought into prominence the tragic side of life, and thus combines with other salutary agencies at work to purify, elevate, and strengthen those emotions of sympathy and compassion which animate the sense of altruistic duty.

'It is only the spirit of rebellion that craves for happiness in this life,' says Manders in 'Ghosts.' 'What right have we human beings to happiness? No, we have to do our duty!'

This sentiment is characteristic of pessimistic fiction and drama alike, and it is calculated to help in redressing the moral balance of the age, too much inclined to self-pity and self-indulgence, to self-exculpation in the neglect of social duties or the violation of social laws.

As a reaction against the excesses of egoism, false eudæmonistic conceptions, and self-satisfied optimism, as well as a spur to altruistic endeavour; as a solemn warning against overestimating the value of external goods and the over-acquisitiveness peculiar to an age too prone to idolise worldly success, pessimism may prove a salutary corrective. If it goes too far in an opposite direction, holding up an impossible, if not irrational ideal of self-immolation for the avowed purpose of helping forward the 'world-process,' culminating in self-destruction, this will bring its own cure. For the inadequacy of such a view of life and the 'cosmos,' such a conception of moral evolution as merely a prelude to a final catastrophe, will repel contemporary thought and bring it back to a saner conception of the meaning of life. Accepting the re-

siduum of truth contained in pessimistic criticism, it will be brought to recognise more fully what pessimistic speculation is apt to overlook, the medicinal virtue of pain and the disciplinary value of evil in the appointed order of things.

On the other hand, pessimism, as a survival of Eastern philosophy, maintaining that life is nothing but a tissue of illusions, comes into direct conflict with Western ideas; for, in this aspect, its tendency is to kill the motor nerves of thought and action, and to introduce a weak and vacillating form of 'laissez faire, laissez passer' in all concerns of human interest. The *contemptus mundi* at times affected by pessimism in dwelling on the vanity of life, and its derisive view of human nature, reminding us of Hamlet's self-complacent and self-tormenting pessimism, are utterly at variance with the high ethical ideals it holds up, and irreconcilable with the great demands it makes on human nature. In its constant appeal to pity as the ruling principle of ethics, it is apt to mingle compassion with contempt. Ibsen, indeed, following Schopenhauer in his intense grimness, speaks of the majority as 'pitiablely bad.' In weaker natures, where the profession of pessimism amounts to little more than maudlin sentiment, its enervating effects may produce serious evils. 'There is nothing like the bitterness of life for taking away the bitterness of death,' is an expression not unfrequently found in modern pessimistic novels. It indicates an attitude of mental drifting among the shoals of life's ocean, with the predominating thought that at best we only live to die, and that what supports us in the bitter struggle of life is the happy anticipation of eternal unconsciousness. Such a mental attitude can only culminate in what has been not unhappily characterised as 'the dulness of negative felicity.'

There may be those, indeed, and among them men and women of brilliant powers and exalted aims, who have their doubts as to which may be best as a permanent force in human life—the pessimism which accepts defeat and death beforehand, or the optimism which presages a victory that may not be worth achieving. But is it necessary to choose between the two? Who shall hold the balance with unfaltering grasp and weigh in the scales the exact proportion of good and evil? Who shall venture

to decide absolutely the question whether this is the best or the worst of all possible worlds, or declare with Von Hartmann that 'it is the best possible of worlds, but it is worse than none at all'? It is a problem which has occupied the mind of man at all times, and has increased in complexity with the rolling of the suns; and is this transition period in the course of human thought the most propitious moment for its final solution?

We are not called upon to choose between the two alternatives. 'I do not perceive,' says Mr Hamerton in 'The Quest for Happiness,' 'the universal victory of a benignant principle which is the foundation of optimism, nor the sure supremacy of a malignant principle which is the gloomy religion of pessimism.' He who 'sees life steadily and sees it whole' will be neither pessimist nor optimist, but rather make it his study to steer clear between the two opposite extremes. Could we stand outside and examine life and the 'cosmos' from an independent point of view, we might be able to come to some more definite conclusion, though even then the infinite range of possibilities and the immeasurable extent of interests would be apt to discourage or confuse the most daring and the most clear-sighted. But we are not standing by the shore calmly viewing the struggles of others on the sea of life; we are rather like infinitesimal atoms, gifted with limited intelligence, moving to and fro in the eddying currents of the ocean of existence, sometimes in light, more frequently in shadow, and all the time prevented by the rapidity of motion and the vastness of the survey from calmly judging of the process going on around us. It is not in man to measure the exact value of each individual life in its proper relation to the whole, and still less to calculate with mathematical nicety the preponderating value of good over evil. That the world contains much that is good for all of us we cannot deny; that there is much evil mixed with the good who can doubt? What remains for us to do is to hope and believe that after all

'There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.'

Art. XII.—THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

1. *The Life and Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.* By F. S. Pulling. London: Sampson Low, 1885.
2. *The Marquis of Salisbury.* By H. D. Traill. London: Sampson Low, 1891.
3. *The Life and Times of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.* By S. H. Jeyes. London: Virtue, 1896.
4. *British and Foreign State Papers.* Vols. LXXVII–XCI. London, 1876–1902.
5. *Schulthess' Europäischer Geschichtskalender.* Von Hans Delbruck und Gustav Roloff. Munich: Beck, 1876–1902.

WITH the retirement of Lord Salisbury from the field of active politics, a career of prodigious activity and success, marked by singular dignity of conduct and loftiness of character, has come to an end. To essay a judicial appreciation of such a life is not easy, especially at the present moment. It is a commonplace of the biographic art that no absolutely trustworthy history is possible in the generation to which it belongs, partly because its judgments must inevitably be coloured by party feeling and personal prepossessions, and partly because the material with which it has to deal must necessarily be incomplete. In the case of modern statesmen there is a further difficulty to which public opinion a century ago was a stranger. While, on the one hand, many indispensable clues to motive must still remain hidden in secret state papers and personal confidences, the accessible materials relating to action are more abundant than ever they were; and this abundance is rendered more difficult of digestion by the increased complexity of political problems.

In the case of Lord Salisbury the task of synthesis is made more perplexing by the fact that, in an age given over to reform, he became a living and successful force without sacrificing principles of a pre-reform origin. It is interesting to note how this paradox has been treated by the newspaper critics. On the Tory side it has been for the most part ignored, all attention being concentrated on his work as Foreign Secretary, which is undoubtedly his main title to fame. Among the Opposition and the great bulk of the unthinking public, however, the paradox

is explained by a convenient theory of survivals. The final word is held to have been uttered when the late Premier is patronisingly dismissed as 'the Last of the Barons,' or 'a lingering remnant of unbending Toryism.' Popular intuitions suffer from their tendency to express themselves in generalisations which are at once too wide and too rigid, but they are not on that account devoid of a certain penetrating shrewdness. So far as the 'Last-of-the-Barons' label recognises in Lord Salisbury the spirit of early nineteenth-century Toryism, it is not inaccurate; but it is totally misleading when it assumes that the popular interpretation of that spirit, born of the ascendancy of Liberal ideas between 1835 and 1885, is Lord Salisbury's; and the consequent deduction that he represents an obsolete school of political thought is erroneous. The truth is that Lord Salisbury has stood, not for a moribund survival, but for an effective revival of the Toryism of Pitt, Castlereagh, and Canning, as he understands it. He has been more essentially the link which, in the history of Conservatism, binds the Disraelian epoch with that of Pitt and his disciples than was Disraeli himself. The Duke of Wellington was no more a creative force in Toryism than was Lord Goderich. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, and Lord Beaconsfield were less essentially party-leaders than the artificers of the great transition which gave us a new common ground for party struggles in the shape of Free Trade and Household Suffrage. Lord Salisbury, taking no part in this work of transition, brought back to reformed England the old Tory principles; and it is his merit that he has shown that, in the new conditions of political life, these principles respond to a deep-seated national sentiment, and are just as effective for popular well-being as the more drastic recipes of the Radicals.

How far this service has expressed itself in constructive legislation due to his own personal initiative cannot be known until the Cabinet secrets of the last fifteen years are divulged. The question, however, is immaterial. In the domain of domestic legislation his constructive record may or may not be scanty; but in the region of political thought his services to Toryism—the principle rather than the party—have been far more considerable than is generally recognised. When once these services are clearly understood it will be seen that, whatever may be his

personal responsibility for the democratic legislation of the Unionists, it involved no derogation from his fidelity to Tory principles. It is a long cry from Pitt and Castlereagh to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Chamberlain ; but it is none the less a fact that, throughout his life, Pitt, in domestic politics, and Castlereagh, in foreign affairs, have been Lord Salisbury's chief exemplars. From neither of these men, however, did he slavishly borrow maxims which found all their force in a vanished condition of things. So far as they stood for the historic continuity of British institutions and the rights of property he was with them. For the rest, he learnt from Castlereagh his patient and unemotional diplomacy, and from Pitt the popular value of a character for stainless purity and lofty forgetfulness of self, and the political value of an untheoretic mind in which abstract doctrines, watchwords, and shibboleths had no place. It is this untheoretic mind which perplexes the students of Lord Salisbury. Fixing their gaze on the pre-reform Tories, they imagine that all the axioms of that period must be vital to Tory principles, and hence they figure to themselves a statesman who sought refuge in the Foreign Office from democratic legislation which struck at the root of his dearest prejudices, but which he was powerless to hinder.

That this idea is wholly unfounded may be shown by a long array of speeches and other expositions of his political opinions reaching from 1853 to 1900. The dominant note of all these utterances is that in Toryism, as in everything else, change is the inexorable law of life. As an irresponsible politician of the unbending Tory school we find him, in 1861, preaching this doctrine with a zeal rivalling the destructive energy of the Manchester Radicals. On the eve of his first Premiership in 1884, with a great Tory revival before his eyes, he again urged the lesson on his party, but in an even more revolutionary form. The two passages are worth recalling. Here is what he wrote in 1861 :—

‘The historical continuity of parties has a political as well as a sentimental value ; but it is an absolute delusion if it is applied to measure the tendencies of a statesman in one age by the tendencies of another statesman in another age. It will only mislead if it is used to give a character of permanence to that which is in its nature fleeting. The axioms of

the last age are the fallacies of the present; the principles which save one generation may be the ruin of the next. There is nothing abiding in political science but the necessity of truth, purity, and justice. The evils by which the body politic is threatened are in a state of constant change, and with them the remedies by which those evils must be cured.'

The repetition of this idea is found in his speech in the House of Lords on the Housing of the Poor twenty-three years later :—

'After all, even my noble friend [Lord Wemyss] may press as earnestly as he will upon us the necessity of leaving every Englishman to work out his own destiny and not attempt to aid him at the expense of the State; but, on the other side, he must always bear in mind that there are no absolute truths or principles in politics. . . . I hope Parliament will never transgress the laws of public honesty, but I equally hope that Parliament will not be deterred by fear of being tempted to transgress those laws, or, still more, by the fear of being accused of intending to transgress those laws, from fearlessly facing, and examining, and attempting to fathom these appalling problems which involve the deepest moral, material, and spiritual interests of our fellow-countrymen.'

Against this elasticity of party doctrine, of course, will be set his *intransigent* attitude towards the Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867. It is, however, a mistake to imagine that he opposed those measures because they violated Tory principles. His action was in reality governed by the ingrained caution which has been at once his strength and his weakness through life. A few months ago a discontented Tory twitted him with being a man 'who took no risks.' This reproach touches the very essence of his character. It has been as marked a feature of his domestic as of his foreign policy, and it was the main-spring of his action in 1866-67. The extension of the suffrage was to him 'a leap in the dark.' The leap in itself was not necessarily a revolution; but the danger of revolution probably lurked in the abyss below. He distrusted the democracy, not, as he explained, because their nature was different from that of other classes, but because the franchise would expose them to temptations out of all proportion to their material resources.

The flexibility of his 'unbending Toryism' in practice

is strikingly illustrated by the sequel. The Reform Bill of 1867 was the turning-point in his career. The fears with which that measure had inspired him were, as we know, not realised. He had argued from the normal weaknesses of human nature without taking account of the differentiations of national sentiment. The innate conservatism of the English people revealed itself in the elections of 1874; and Lord Salisbury was neither slow nor grudging in recognising his error or in explaining it to himself. Lord Beaconsfield dimly perceived the moral force that was at work, but he was content to perceive it and to embody it in a phrase. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, not only perceived it but laboriously analysed it, and sought to justify it by a wider interpretation of Tory doctrine. He saw that the era of great measures of structural reform was at an end. The repeal of the Corn Laws, the removal of Religious Disabilities, the extension of the franchise, the Ballot Act and the Elementary Education Act had extinguished all the urgent grievances of the great bulk of the people. Their normal political instincts were now free, and their conservative bias had been strengthened by the widely distributed prosperity resulting from cheapened raw materials, railways, and scientific discoveries. The elections of 1874 were, as Lord Salisbury told the Middlesex Conservative Association in the following year, 'a declaration that the English nation will never endure destructive legislation.' The discovery of this conservatism explains all his subsequent concessions to the democracy. Social amelioration as distinct from organic change had always been his ideal. The safety of the constitutional principle and the interests of the Tory party now required the active promotion of legislation in this direction.

'It is the duty of every Englishman and of every English party,' he wrote at the bitterest moment of his disappointment in 1867, 'to accept a political defeat cordially, and to lend their best endeavours to secure the success or to neutralise the evil of the principles to which they have been forced to succumb.'

To this work he now set himself. He was under no illusions. If he was convinced that there was no danger of internal revolution from the new democracy, he did

not, as we shall see presently, ignore the possibility of other dangers. But he believed that both might be neutralised by judicious concessions and patient guidance. Already, in 1875, he was pleading for a modified conservatism, for 'reforms which commend themselves to sober and patriotic opinions, and leave no resentment behind them.' His deep interest in the housing of the working-classes was quickened, not only by patriotic and social considerations, but also by the perception that increased comfort made for political conservatism. His untheoretic mind, as we have already seen, did not boggle even at socialism. Like Prince Bismarck, whose Toryism was of a far more unbending kind, he declined to be frightened from applying remedies for social evils by the reproach of collectivism.

This widened conception of Conservative doctrine went hand in hand with unremitting efforts to vindicate the House of Lords to the new Tory democracy. Owing to the rehabilitation of the Crown by the wisdom of Queen Victoria, this was happily the only direction in which the Constitution required defence. No English statesman has done more than Lord Salisbury, either by action or precept, to illustrate the utility of the Upper Chamber in the new order of things. If his own efforts to find a larger popular sanction for the Peers have been meagre and unsuccessful, he has at any rate left the powerful influence of his reform doctrines on record. The last two general elections showed conclusively that his defence of the House as a democratic necessity, and as the only alternative to triennial or even annual Parliaments, and his practical demonstration of this proposition when, at his instance, the House saved Great Britain from Irish dictation by rejecting the Home Rule Bill, had sunk deeply into the public mind.

In a word, Lord Salisbury's service to his party consists in the adaptation of Conservatism to the new political conditions produced by the reforms of the preceding epoch. Lord Beaconsfield laid down the broad lines of this adaptation on the historic occasion when he boasted that he had 'educated his party'; but Lord Salisbury has worked out the scheme in detail. The vast scope of his labours is sufficiently illustrated, on the one hand, by the rehabilitation of the House of Lords,

and on the other, by the almost revolutionary extension of local self-government embodied in the County Councils Act of 1888.

His services to the Tory principle as distinct from the Tory party have been not less conspicuous. In this he has been largely favoured by the good fortune which his caution and patience have commanded through life. It was in connexion with Irish Home Rule that this service was rendered. There are two aspects of Lord Salisbury's attitude towards Home Rule, the more important of which is generally ignored. In the first place, there is the obvious aspect connected with the strategic danger of Irish independence and the obligations of Great Britain to the Protestant and loyal minority. On these points Lord Salisbury never had any doubt. Forty years ago he defended Castlereagh's dubious methods in negotiating the Union as inevitable 'if the integrity of the Empire was to be preserved'; and so early as 1870 he advocated the policy of 'resolute government' which, in 1886, he expounded as the only reasonable alternative to Mr Gladstone's proposed concessions. This aspect of the Irish question, however, touched no constitutional principle. Lord Salisbury's far-seeing statesmanship comes out more clearly in the ulterior use he made of the strategic question and of the whole policy of confiscation with which Home Rule was bound up.

Long before the adoption of a separatist scheme was thought of by Mr Gladstone, Lord Salisbury foresaw that the Irish policy of his great antagonist would ultimately ruin the Liberal party and promote a coalition of Moderates on the basis of the central doctrines of Toryism. We may see this in his speeches and writings so far back as 1873. His prevision was even more abundantly justified than he expected. That Whigs of the type of the Duke of Devonshire would be alienated by the attacks on property in which a solution of the Irish question was sought was always certain; but that the question of the integrity of the Empire would so strongly appeal to the democracy as to drive Mr Chamberlain into a Tory alliance was not so surely foreseen. Lord Salisbury's alertness to recognise his opportunity and to identify himself with the 'sleeping genius of democratic Imperialism' on which Mr Gladstone had so unwarily stumbled,

gave us the Unionist coalition, which is the most formidable combination for the defence of constitutional principles and social justice known to modern history. Strong party-men in both wings look upon this alliance with mixed feelings; but from the wider standpoint of general political evolution there can be no question that it is an unminged blessing. During the last twenty years the tendencies of parties all over Europe have been in the same direction as in England. But in Germany, France, Italy, and even Austria the fights have been avowedly on the constitutional and economic issues, with the result that the coalitions of Moderates which have been formed have been essentially aristocratic and *bourgeois*, and the democracies ranged against them have been exasperated into the extremer forms of socialism. From this sharp division of classes and masses Lord Salisbury's management of the Home Rule controversy has saved us.

It may, perhaps, be said that in forming his Unionist coalition Lord Salisbury had no choice. There are, however, two facts which negative this supposition. In the first place there was a moment when the Conservatives—or, at any rate, some of them—were not altogether averse from the idea of 'dishing the Whigs' on the Home Rule question. This was on the occasion of the Carnarvon-Parnell negotiations. Lord Salisbury, however, promptly and vigorously discountenanced it, and roundly told Lord Carnarvon that, even if the whole Conservative party were to favour Home Rule, he would 'refuse to carry it out.' The second fact is his offer of the premiership to Lord Hartington, not only after the strength of parties had been ascertained in 1886, but also before the elections, when the chances of the Unionists were still obscure. These two facts show clearly that Lord Salisbury steered deliberately and fixedly for the 'integrity-of-the-Empire' policy, not only for its intrinsic merits, but for the safety of principles which he rightly placed above party.

It will be convenient here to consider how he has dealt with the problem of satisfying and of controlling the awakened Jingoism of the masses which he was thus compelled to conciliate for the purposes of his domestic policy. Here again it is as a teacher and a convert rather than as a constructive statesman that his record is most

instructive. In his early days he combined a belief 'in the Empire and its greatness' with the same aversion from constitutional change that he displayed towards the Reform agitation at home. He was, for example, opposed to the grant of responsible government to the Colonies. The striking manifestation in the eighties of the reality and strength of the Greater-Britain sentiment at once impressed his singularly open mind; and he was not slow to confess that his misgivings had been 'entirely without foundation and mistaken.' He did not on that account abandon his prudential instincts. With every change of opinion—and Lord Salisbury has changed his opinions more frequently than most statesmen—he always carried with him a cautious aversion from further great changes. If he abandoned the colonial doctrines of Lord Brougham and the Duke of Wellington, he did not throw himself at once into the arms of Mr Forster and Mr Chamberlain. The view he took was that which Burke embodied in his famous speech on conciliation with America—the view that Imperial sentiment should be left to work out its own future. Political literature possesses no profounder utterance on the problems of Empire than his speech at the banquet given to the colonial Premiers in June 1897, when he dwelt on the novelty of the new British Empire and the conditions of its healthy growth and permanence. The following passage might have been spoken by Burke himself :—

'We are representing here the growing Empire of Great Britain. We do not know precisely what future is before us. We are aware that we are the instruments of a great experiment. There have been many emigrations, many colonies, before our time. The relation between mother-country and dependency has often been set up, but those empires have never lasted, for either the colonies have been swept away by some superior force, or the mother-country, by unjust and imprudent government, has driven the colonies to sever the bond which bound them. The fact has been that such empires have never lasted.

'We are undertaking the great experiment of trying to sustain such an empire entirely upon the basis of mutual goodwill, sympathy, and affection. There is talk of fiscal union, there is talk of military union. Both of them, to a certain extent, may be good things. Perhaps we may not be

able to carry them as far as some of us think, but in any case they will not be the basis on which our Empire will rest. Our Empire will rest on the great growth of sympathy, common thought and feeling between those who are in the main the children of a common race, and who have a common history to look back upon and a common future to look forward to. It is the triumph of a moral idea in the construction of a great political organisation which is the object and the effort in which we have all joined, and of which our meeting together is the symbol and the seal.'

Here we may see Lord Salisbury's characteristic caution applying itself to the highest problem of Imperial politics. But this was only one of a whole series of speeches, reaching back to 1885, and carried forward to as late as last May, in which the prudent policy of leaving well alone was urged as the most certain guarantee of 'a tremendous Imperial destiny.' Nor was leaving well alone limited, in his mind, to schemes of political organisation. It also extended to schemes of expansion. On this point Lord Salisbury has been so emphatic that both Mr Morley and Mr Labouchere have hailed him as a fellow 'Little-Englander.' As a matter of fact he has not been against colonial expansion *per se*, but only against the Palmerstonian policy of 'fighting everybody and taking everything,' which is calculated to incite foreign passions against us and to impose upon us responsibilities out of all proportion to our resources.

In practice Lord Salisbury has not been quite so happy as in precept. In regard to Imperial Federation his views have no doubt prevented Mr Chamberlain from forcing the pace; but in the matter of colonial expansion his expansionist supporters and the course of events have been too strong for him. His management of the Indian Secretaryship, which was a model of intelligent and painstaking administration, was partly based on the principle of avoiding annexations. Nevertheless he found himself compelled in 1878 to adopt the policy which seven years later resulted in the annexation of Burma. On a larger scale forces beyond his control broke down all his 'Little-England' doctrines after 1890. The coincidence of the Jingo democratic doctrine that new markets are indispensable as an alternative to hostile tariffs with the scramble for Africa which followed Sir Henry Stanley's

explorations, resulted in making Lord Salisbury the greatest 'Mehrer des Reichs' known in English history. How far this is to be counted to him for righteousness has yet to be seen. That it has strengthened the hold of the Unionists on the constituencies is beyond doubt. Nevertheless, as an Imperial statesman, his most solid claim to historic approval must always rest on his teaching rather than his example, the teaching that colonial expansion in itself is undesirable unless dictated by imperative considerations of public welfare and Imperial safety; and even then the ability to take must be accompanied by the capacity to hold.

While the place which Lord Salisbury will occupy in English history as a domestic and Imperial statesman may to some extent be a matter of controversy, there can be little question that, as a Foreign Minister, his work will rank with that of the most famous. Already, as measured by certain of its obvious results, the world is conscious of a record little less than stupendous. It may, however, be doubted whether the final verdict will attach itself so exclusively to these results as to the diplomacy by which they were accomplished. Even then the probability is that Lord Salisbury's title to fame will be enhanced rather than diminished. The qualities that he brought to the Foreign Office were precisely the same as those he displayed most conspicuously in domestic affairs. His strong conservatism, his open mind, his ingrained prudence, and his rooted distrust of untried democracies found, indeed, on the larger stage on which the major portion of his official life was passed, a more congenial atmosphere than in the domain of home politics. To this his success is chiefly attributable. As a constructive force, as a pioneer of new and far-sighted conceptions of world-policy, his record is scanty; but he has had few equals in the cautious and patient management of complicated problems, and in that elaborate provision against remote risks which is the secret of unsought triumphs. In an age of dangerous faddists he held fast to treaties and international law, even to the subordination of his own keenest sympathies. In an epoch of violent change he displayed a serene adaptability to new international conditions although they did not always harmonise with his

own tastes. Finally, at a time when the 'thinkings and modes and activities' of the mob have been all-powerful, he so shaped his course as to prevent European peace from being compromised by democratic passion.

His success is all the more remarkable because of the adverse conditions under which it was achieved. For these conditions he was himself not a little responsible. His first tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship in 1878 is the story of a blunder which hampered the whole of his subsequent career. Looking back to-day at the Russophobic policy of Lord Beaconsfield, few will be found to deny that it was a deplorable mistake. Lord Salisbury has, indeed, himself admitted it; and he could do so with the more frankness because, although he made himself its instrument, it is well known that he doubted its wisdom. From the beginning of his parliamentary career in 1853 he had been against bolstering up the Ottoman Empire. He denounced the Crimean War in the interests of the rayahs; and, although not insensible to the Russian danger, he opposed the exasperating clauses in the Treaty of Paris closing the Black Sea in perpetuity to the Russian flag of war. His views were unchanged when, in 1876, the Eastern Question was reopened. As British Plenipotentiary at the Constantinople Conference, he pursued a policy of concerted action with Russia for the coercion of Turkey; and, even after the breakdown of the Conference, and his return to London, he publicly set himself against the war-party which was clamouring 'to spend the blood and treasure of this country in the maintenance of the Turkish Empire.' Six months later he accepted the Foreign Secretaryship as the official exponent of the pro-Turkish policy. He has himself told the story of his conversion. Lord Beaconsfield appealed to him on the grounds of the public law of Europe and the continuity of foreign policy; and to these essentially conservative considerations he reluctantly yielded. To blame him is difficult. The Russophobic war-party was all-powerful in the country, and they certainly had the sanctity of treaties and a traditional conception of British interests on their side. Had Lord Salisbury declined to adopt the views of his chief, he would probably have ended his political career, for no political reputation can survive the damaging effect of two secessions, and he had

not the same alternative affinities in the field of general politics as Lord Derby. Moreover, his secession would only have left Lord Beaconsfield free to pursue the perilous adventures which were already fermenting in his brain, whereas, by remaining with him as an imperfectly convinced colleague, he must have exercised over him a certain restraining influence.

The disastrous consequences of this blunder, inevitable though it was, presented themselves in sinister abundance when, in 1885, Lord Salisbury took the seals of the Foreign Office for the second time. Rarely has Great Britain found herself in a more humiliating and embarrassed situation. The whole of Europe was practically banded against her. In the previous year Germany had joined France in refusing to recognise the Anglo-Portuguese Congo treaty; and Great Britain had been virtually summoned to submit her African policy to a Conference of the Powers at Berlin. The London Conference on the Egyptian question, which had been convened by Lord Granville, had been rendered abortive by the steady support afforded to France by Germany, Austria, and Russia against Great Britain. We had just emerged with ruffled plumes from sharp disputes with Germany in West Africa and the Pacific; we were in the thick of acrimonious quarrels with France in Egypt, Madagascar, Tonkin, and China; and finally, we were on the brink of war with Russia on the Afghan frontier. How had this situation been brought about?

That it was wholly the result of the blunder of 1878 cannot, of course, be pretended; but there can be little question that without it the crisis would have been deprived of its most threatening features. After the tearing-up of the Black Sea treaty in 1870, the road to a reconciliation with Russia, or, at any rate, to a deflection of her external activity into a direction less menacing to British interests, was certainly open. The wounds left by the Crimean War were healed and the scars obliterated. Great Britain had once more before her the choice of allowing Russia to pursue her historic policy in European Turkey unhindered, or of forcing her to continue her post-Crimean policy of seeking her revenge in Central and Eastern Asia. Whatever doubts there might have been as to which was the wiser of these courses had been

cleared up by the opening of the Suez Canal and the purchase of the Khedive's shares in 1875, which had altogether changed the conception of British interests in the Eastern Mediterranean that prevailed twenty years before; and also by the proofs, on the one hand, that the dream of a reformed Turkey was a chimera, and, on the other, that the Russian advance in Central Asia was full of danger to the tranquillity of our Indian Empire and our predominant position in Eastern Asiatic markets. Nevertheless, we adhered to the exploded policy of 1856. A new era of embittered rivalry between Britain and Russia was opened, the effects of which have already shaken the whole Asiatic continent as far as the China Sea, and the end of which no one can even yet foresee.

The decision of 1878 was one from which there could be no retreat. What Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury began at the Berlin Congress was only too well completed in the Balkans. The growth of Bulgarian national sentiment finally shattered Russian aspirations in South-Eastern Europe and substituted Bandar Abbas and Port Arthur, with all that they imply, for Constantinople as the ultimate ends of Russian policy. So unalterable was the new situation that, when Mr Gladstone came back to power in 1880 with a frankly Russophile policy, the result was only to give Russia a freer hand in prosecuting her anti-English aims in Central Asia. Other circumstances had, moreover, helped to mature the Russian danger. The bombardment of Alexandria and the British occupation of Egypt had put an end to the Anglo-French alliance, which had been the corner-stone of British policy since Lord Palmerston; and the consequent isolation of Great Britain had been seized upon by Prince Bismarck as the opportunity for beginning the era of German *Weltpolitik* largely at the expense of England. How decisive a part the new Anglo-Russian rivalry played in this sinister combination is illustrated by the fact that it was in the year preceding the Russian attack on Penjdeh that Prince Bismarck concluded his unscrupulous secret neutrality treaty with Russia, which was primarily designed to secure Germany against a Franco-Russian alliance and an Austro-Russian reconciliation, but which, with the tacit sanction of the German Chancellor, Russia interpreted as giving her a free hand against England in Asia.

On coming into office in 1885 Lord Salisbury had consequently two tasks before him. The first was to deal with the urgent and perilous position on the Afghan frontier; the second to reconstruct the fundamental bases of British foreign policy. For once the Russophobe policy scored a substantial success. In spite of the legend of 'the lath painted to look like iron,' Lord Salisbury's record at the Berlin Congress had impressed Russian statesmen with the wholesome conviction that he was not a man to be trifled with. Point after point had been complacently yielded by Lord Granville, until only one remained for discussion. This was the question of the possession of the Zulfikar Pass; and here Lord Salisbury from the outset took his stand. The Russians soon discovered that he was in earnest, and in September, 1885, they yielded. The result was not only that peace was preserved and the interests of Afghanistan effectually safeguarded, but that a boundary was agreed upon which definitely limited the territorial progress of Russia towards India from the north-west.

The larger question of general foreign policy was not so easily determined. As in 1878, Lord Salisbury found himself confronted by a *fait accompli*. What M. Gambetta loved to call the Anglo-French alliance—that is to say, the specifically Francophile bias of our foreign policy—had gone to pieces in Egypt; and the Cabinet of Mr Gladstone, in face of overwhelming perplexities, had tardily come to the conclusion that a *rapprochement* with Germany was the only way out of the difficulty. Prince Bismarck's idea had never been to quarrel irretrievably with Great Britain. His object in aggravating the difficulties brought upon her by the Egyptian campaign and the hostile activity of Russia in Central Asia, was really to force her into closer relations with the Triple Alliance. He was anxious to prosecute his colonial policy without immediately undertaking the building of a large navy; and this he saw was only possible by securing the alliance, or at any rate a first charge on the friendship, of Great Britain. When a member of the anti-colonial party asked him how he proposed to defend the new German colonies, he replied, 'Against France at the gates of Metz; against England in Egypt.' Nor did he disguise his purpose from the British Cabinet. In a singularly

frank despatch addressed to Count Münster in the spring of 1884, he pointed out that, 'in German colonial enterprise England might render signal service to Germany; and for such service Germany would use her best endeavours in England's behalf in questions affecting her interests nearer home.' It was not until twelve months later, when the Penjdeh crisis was at its height, that the value of this offer was grasped in Downing Street, and then Lord Rosebery was despatched in haste to Berlin to negotiate a *rapprochement*.

The lesson of 1878, however, had not been lost on Lord Salisbury. He had had a pro-Turkish tradition forced upon him by the *mainmorte* of Lord Aberdeen; and the results were not so encouraging as to lead him to acquiesce uncomplainingly in a brand-new Liberal tradition of foreign policy made in haste by Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery. The understanding with France had worked well, and it was part of a European system which had been fixed by the Treaty of Berlin. Moreover, Lord Salisbury had never been enamoured of the pro-German orientation of which Prince Albert had been so strong an advocate. It is the fashion to regard his belligerent attitude on the Schleswig-Holstein question in 1864 as an outburst of youthful and irresponsible intemperance. Some day it will be seen that it was governed by a thoughtful and singularly far-sighted purpose, and that even at that early period Lord Salisbury perceived that the possession of good harbours on the Baltic and North Sea would eventually help a united Germany to become a great naval power. Before Great Britain consented to become a satellite of Prince Bismarck, it was at any rate desirable that the chances of a reconciliation with France should be exhausted. These chances were apparently not desperate. The fall of M. Ferry had discredited his Germanophil policy; and there seemed to be no reason why a compromise on the Egyptian question should not be possible. The upshot was the Drummond-Wolff mission to Constantinople, and the Convention of 1887, by which Great Britain pledged herself, under certain conditions, to withdraw her troops from Egypt at the end of three years. It was owing to the uncompromising opposition of France herself that the agreement came to nothing.

Long before the result of this experiment had been ascertained, Lord Salisbury had been converted to the idea of an *entente* with Germany. The considerations by which he was actuated are not difficult to guess. In the first place, while unconditional surrender by the British was the only solution of the Egyptian question which the French people would entertain, the hostility of Germany in Egypt was fatal to the smooth working of the British administration. In the second place, there was already strong evidence in 1886 that France was angling for an alliance with Russia, and that consequently an Anglo-German understanding would not be the one-sided compact which Prince Bismarck had probably contemplated and Lord Salisbury had feared. In the third place, Lord Salisbury held fast to Castlerough's idea that Austria, who was now Germany's ally, was also 'England's ancient and true ally,' and that 'in her strength and independence lie the best hopes of European stability and peace.' Over and above all these considerations, however, towered the interests of European peace. England's natural allies are, as Lord Salisbury said in 1891, 'all those who desire peace and goodwill, and wish to maintain territorial distribution as it is.' The events of 1885 and 1887 had been fruitful of applications of this maxim. The revival of Russian intrigues in the Balkans and the Boulanger agitation in France, the kidnapping of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and the Schnäbele incident, had thrown a lurid light on the explosive forces at work. It was clear that in the stability of the Triple Alliance lay the best guarantee of European peace and the surest security for British interests.

Nevertheless Lord Salisbury was too prudent and too conscious of his own resourcefulness to bind himself formally and exclusively to the Triple Alliance. He had no intention of burning his boats on any shore. He took a wider and wiser view of the duty of a British Foreign Minister, although it was one which added considerably to the complexity of his task. He discriminated between the necessity of assuring the stability of the Triple Alliance and becoming a pledged party to it. It was quite possible to do the first without the second, but it was not possible to do both without shutting the door on friendly relations with the other great Powers and

jeopardising Great Britain's freedom of action in dealing with them. He had no objection even to *afficher* his sympathies, so long as his practical independence was made clear. The freedom of choice he had reserved was strikingly illustrated when, on the conclusion of the Dual Alliance, he was able to invite the French fleet, on its way home from its triumphant visit to Kronstadt, to enjoy British hospitality at Portsmouth, and to be reviewed by the Queen. The limits of his relations with the Triple Alliance were marked in February, 1887, when, in order to prevent Italy from withdrawing from the Treaty, he guaranteed her against a naval attack by France in an agreement for assuring the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, to which Austria was also a party. Beyond this it was his principle to cultivate amicable relations with all the Powers, to refrain from espousing the quarrels of any of them, no matter how close his association with them on other questions in which British interests or the interests of the general peace were involved, and so to hold himself free to contract temporary alliances for common ends in any direction.

This was the foreign policy with which Lord Salisbury endowed Great Britain during his first and second Premier-ships, which, with a brief interval of six months, filled the seven years between June, 1885, and August, 1892. It was a policy which only a very capable statesmanship could have successfully sustained. It would be an injustice to regard it as merely an application of the old principle of avoiding entangling alliances. As a matter of fact it was a compromise between that principle and the then prevailing tendency to great alliances, judiciously adjusted to a highly complex international situation. That it had disadvantages cannot, of course, be gainsaid. The present Anglophobia in Germany is largely the product of Prince Bismarck's irritation at his failure to bind Great Britain fast to the chariot wheels of his Triple Alliance. The recently negotiated Mediterranean understanding between Italy and France, which is a sinister sign on the European horizon, is also to a great extent due to Lord Salisbury's consistent refusal to take up Italian cudgels against France when British interests were not at stake. On the other hand, if a defection of Italy from the Triple Alliance should follow on her present reconciliation with France.

the importance of the rôle Great Britain will be called upon to play in the maintenance of European peace will be vastly increased, and she will be able to play it on her own terms. The best justification of Lord Salisbury's policy between 1885 and 1892 is, however, that he found Great Britain confronted by a hostile European coalition, a prey to innumerable humiliations and perplexities and on the brink of war, and that he left her at peace, enjoying the friendship of all the great Powers, and pursuing her Imperial course with unfettered hands and undiminished lustre.

Striking though this record was, it was completely eclipsed by the work of his last tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship between July, 1895, and November, 1900. This was the period of his greatest opportunity, and it brought out all his most remarkable qualities as a thinker and a diplomatist. In recounting his triumphs during this epoch the man in the street loves to dwell on Fashoda and the peace of Pretoria; but these successes were not so much characteristic embodiments of his policy as its most dramatic accidents. The historian will find a minor place for them in his biographic perspective. The facts which will chiefly appeal to him are that, during this period, Lord Salisbury was the most distinguished statesman in Christendom, the successor of Prince Bismarck as the keeper of the world's peace, and that he proved equal to these high responsibilities.

In 1895 Lord Salisbury ceased to be exclusively a British Foreign Secretary, and became in one direction a European statesman and in another the great pioneer of Pan-Anglo-Saxonism. The fall of Prince Bismarck had removed the one powerful personality in Europe before whom all statesmen hesitated and all mobs cowered. Everywhere the Chanceries were filled by mediocrities who, while commanding armaments of unparalleled magnitude and destructive power, were themselves at the mercy of an enfranchised democracy full of dangerous Jingo sentiment. The peril which thus menaced Europe preoccupied Lord Salisbury from the beginning. It was one which appealed to his strongest political prepossessions. He had studied it closely during the Reform agitation in England, and, although he had modified his views as to the trustworthiness of the British

democracy, he was too devoted a disciple of Castlereagh to believe that the same confidence could be reposed in the inflammable populations of the Continent. Already, in 1864, when the European masses were still effectually muzzled, he had warned the world of the probable influence of their enfranchisement on international relations. A comparison of his views at that date, with some of his utterances of the last five years, affords another interesting illustration of the continuity of his political teaching. Here is what he wrote in 1864 :—

‘Moderation, especially in the matter of territory, has never been characteristic of democracy. Wherever it has had free play, in the ancient world or the modern, in the old hemisphere or the new, a thirst for empire and a readiness for aggressive war has always marked it.’

In 1897 we find him dwelling on the same danger, but in a more imminent form, in a speech at a dinner-party at the Mansion House :—

‘If you keep the unofficial people in order, I will promise you that the official people will never make war. . . . In our time the organised governments are distinctly losing force, and public opinion is distinctly gaining in power.’

And again in 1900 :—

‘Though governments may have an appearance and even a reality of pacific intention, their action is always liable to be superseded by the violent and vehement operations of mere ignorance. . . . We cannot be certain that any government will not yield its powers to the less educated and less enlightened classes, by whom more and more in many countries of the world public affairs are being governed.’

It is curious that the prudence which he in consequence displayed has found fervent admirers in Mr Morley and Mr Labouchere, notwithstanding its anti-democratic, almost Metternichian, origins. Yet he never disguised his real fears; it was, indeed, part of his plan not to do so. His problem was, on the one hand, to restrain the Jingoism of his own countrymen, and especially the Imperialist Radical school of Mr Chamberlain; and, on the other, to strengthen his trembling colleagues on the Continent in their resistance to the pressure of a mischief-

making Chauvinism. He did this by ceaselessly dwelling upon the democratic danger, by placing it in the forefront of all his most important speeches, by warning his own countrymen in and out of season how much they had to lose by provoking it, and by convincing foreign statesmen that he was heart and soul with them in all reasonable efforts to restrain it.

Nor was it only by his teaching that he grappled with the evil. The whole of his practical work at the Foreign Office was inspired and governed by it. The Peace Conference at the Hague was largely the outcome of his efforts to diminish the dangers of a war which, in the new classification of the Powers, could only, as he himself once said, 'be fatal to Christian civilisation.' In 1888 he spoke impressively upon it at the Guildhall banquet. Two years later he made official representations to the Powers on the subject in a circular despatch which has not yet been made public. His abortive arbitration treaty with the United States and the splendid work performed at his instance by Lord Pauncefoot at the Hague Conference illustrate sufficiently how hard he worked at this aspect of the problem. Although, as an arbitrationist, he has been a hero with the emotional Radicals, he never participated in their millennial delusions as to the relation of arbitration to permanent and universal peace. Here, again, it was on strictly reactionary grounds that he advocated their methods. In his mind, arbitration was calculated to supply an effective means of cutting the claws of the excitable democracy.

'A well-working arbitration system,' he once said, 'would be an invaluable bulwark to defend a minister from the Jingoës. It would be impossible for them to accuse him of having trifled with the honour of the country or with surrendering substantial advantages if he could say, "Well, I submitted the matter to an impartial tribunal as provided by treaty and unfortunately the decision went against us."'

More substantial was the work he performed in organising and keeping together the Concert of Europe. The Concert was, of course, not his idea; it was foreshadowed by Pitt so early as 1805, and came into existence on the fall of Napoleon; but Lord Salisbury approached it from a somewhat different standpoint from that of his

immediate predecessors. Mr Gladstone regarded it as an administrative expedient and a useful means of shelving embarrassing national obligations. Lord Beaconsfield tolerated it, but on condition that the ascendancy of Great Britain was recognised by it. Lord Salisbury took higher ground. To him it was 'the embryo of the only possible structure of Europe which can save civilisation from the desolating effects of a disastrous war'; and he was in favour of getting it to act, not only on questions belonging to it by treaty-right, but on all difficulties affecting the peace of the world. In order to keep it together he scrupulously avoided any claim to a predominant part in its councils, and he did this so systematically that during the Armenian crisis of 1895-96 he was more than once angrily accused of allowing the influence of Great Britain to be effaced. Nevertheless, his policy was a success, even in the Eastern Question. It did not and could not save the Armenians, for they fell victims to the inevitable consequences of the all-embracing blunder of 1878. But in face of the gravest danger of a European war the Concert kept the peace; and, when ultimately its harmony was disturbed, Lord Salisbury was able to carry Russia, France, and Italy with him in reviving Canning's policy of 1826 and in applying it to Crete. In the liberation of Crete he played the decisive part. It was a fine achievement, performed with admirable diplomatic skill; and it affords us a glimpse of what might have been had Lord Beaconsfield listened to his counsels twenty years before. Its success illustrates at once the degree of confidence his public spirit and his conservative devotion to peace had earned, even from the Powers least friendly to this country, and the wisdom of the policy of holding his hands free which he had so far-sightedly laid down for himself during the period 1885-1892.

The chief reproach urged against Lord Salisbury during his last tenure of office relates to what are derisively called his 'graceful concessions.' Not much is heard of this reproach to-day; and in the future it will, perhaps, only be remembered as a measure of the success and of the relatively small cost with which he practised his policy of conciliation. But had these concessions been greater than they really were, there would have been

much to say for them on the ground that, as sops to the great democratic Cerberus on the Continent—as contributions, that is, not only to the peace of this country, but to the stability of the general international situation—they were eminently judicious. Lord Salisbury has, however, a better defence. In the first place he may urge that they never were of any serious magnitude, and in the second he may point to compensations far outweighing them in value.

The first series of concessions took place in connexion with the great crisis which occurred towards the end of 1895, when, almost simultaneously, President Cleveland issued his bellicose message on the Venezuela question and the German Emperor sought to organise a European coalition against us on the Transvaal question. Owing to the promptitude with which Lord Salisbury came to an understanding with France, by negotiating the so-called Siamese treaty, the cloud blew over. By this treaty the trans-Mekong portion of Keng-Cheng to the north of Siam was ceded to France, the Menam Valley was neutralised, and a promise was given by Great Britain to settle the Tunisian question at an early date. At first sight this seems a formidable list of concessions, but, as a matter of fact, it amounts to very little. Tunis had already been virtually bartered to France in 1878 in exchange for Cyprus; and, if the consideration was not a very valuable one, we had since then amply recouped ourselves in Egypt. The neutralisation of the Menam Valley was all to our advantage, for, without involving us in administrative obligations, it safeguarded a market in which we enjoyed ninety-seven per cent. of the total trade. It is true that this may yet lead to a French sphere of influence being created between the Mekong and the Menam; but, if so, it will be counterbalanced by a similar British sphere to the west. As to the results in Bangkok, we have only ourselves to blame if we lose our predominance in that important spot. There remains the cession of Keng-Cheng. It had never been the intention of Great Britain to keep this territory for herself, but only to hand it over to China, together with another tract west of the Mekong, as a buffer between the British and French possessions. The Chino-Japanese war had shown that this expedient would have been little better than a comedy; and the up-

shot was that the debatable land was divided. Whatever was sacrificed, however, was insignificant in comparison with the embarrassments which might have been caused to us had France listened to the Kaiser's overtures. This was the total of Lord Salisbury's 'graceful concessions' in connexion with the crisis of 1895-1896. With the United States he came to an understanding which eventually gave us all we wanted, while Germany got nothing except a very salutary lesson to the effect that in a quarrel with Great Britain she could not hope to find allies on the Continent.

Of the other concessions frequently discussed, the only group which call for notice are those which are alleged to have been made in China. Most of them are controversial fictions. At Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur Lord Salisbury was certainly outwitted; and he subsequently connived at Germany's settlement in Shantung and recognised Russia's preferential position in Manchuria. But this is the sum of his concessions. They had, as we shall see, their compensations; and the circumstances of the time were so menacing that, had they not been made, we might, and probably should, have lost much more elsewhere. Nor should too much be made of the concessions themselves. The occupation of Port Arthur was no doubt a serious blow to British prestige and British interests in the Far East; but no British trading-rights in Shantung or Manchuria—except at Port Arthur, where they had never been exercised—have been lost. Kiao-Chau has been declared a free port; and the railway interests in the British and German spheres have been satisfactorily reconciled. In giving up the right to build railways in Manchuria, an option was sacrificed which no British capitalist had dreamt of exercising since the Niuchwang line was finished, while, on the other hand, a very generous pledge was given to Russia of our anxiety not to hamper her in the reasonable realisation of her ambitions.

A great deal has been made of the supposed disadvantages to Great Britain resulting from the Anglo-German agreement signed on October 16th, 1900, by which the two Powers undertook to protect the integrity of, and the 'open door' in, China. Anxious to curry favour with the German Chauvinists, Count von Bülow boasted that he had defeated Great Britain's design of making a

close market of the Yangtse Valley, and had practically given nothing in return, since Germany did not interpret the integrity clause of the agreement as applying to Manchuria. Whatever satisfaction this may give in Germany, it does not represent any tangible loss to England. There never was the remotest idea in this country of making a close market of the Yangtse provinces, while the annexation of Manchuria by Russia is still very remote and is subject to international pledges which would amply protect the small British interests involved. Lord Salisbury's Chinese policy has, in fact, been made to look much worse than it was by the indecision by which it was marked. He was apparently anxious, at one and the same time, to conciliate Russia and not to alienate Germany. In the former design he lost sight of the fact that Russia was only carrying to its logical conclusion her revenge for the defeat of her policy in South-Eastern Europe in 1878, and hence he miscalculated the definiteness and fixity of her aims. In the latter he failed to foresee that German greed would give Russian aggression the opportunity it required. Still he lost little and gained much. He secured an equality of trading opportunity throughout the Chinese Empire, and in the Yangtse Valley he placed it beyond the risk of foreign aggression.

But the chief point is that his cautious and conciliatory policy saved him from embarrassments at a time when the most vital interests of the Empire required that his hands should be free. His richest rewards were reaped on the Upper Nile and in South Africa. In the mere extent of the territory annexed and the value of the interests acquired, these two successes far outweigh all the concessions he is supposed to have made to foreign Powers, even as magnified by the fertile imaginations of his most hostile critics. But the moral effect was overwhelming. The spectacle of England compelling France to haul down her flag at Fashoda and carrying to a triumphant conclusion a great war of conquest in South Africa, undeterred by the execrations of one half of the populace of Europe and America, impressed the world as few events in our time have impressed it. It has been said of Castlereagh that his marvellous diplomacy was unjustly overshadowed by the achievements of the generals in the campaign of 1813-14 against France, inas-

much as it was not by military strategy that Napoleon was crushed, but by the overwhelming force brought into the field by the Coalition, which was largely the creation of the British statesman. No such injustice has been done to Lord Salisbury. The world has been too conscious of the enormous power of the enemies of England not to perceive that its opportune paralysis was a master-stroke of diplomacy. Had it happened only once, it might have been accounted a lucky accident; but such accidents do not happen twice within three years. Precisely how it was managed will perhaps never be known. The best work of diplomacy is not recorded in state papers. We obtain fugitive glimpses of it in such facts as that the much-canvassed concession to Russia in Manchuria was made within a month of the arrival of the British troops at Omdurman, and that the finishing touches were being put to the secret Anglo-German agreement relating to Portuguese Africa when Captain Marchand's force was discovered at Fashoda.

Both triumphs, however, were probably less the contemplated fruit of direct diplomatic preparations than the accidents of a long career of prudent and pacific statesmanship. It is a mistake to imagine that the avenging of Gordon and the wiping out of Majuba were ever deliberate and settled objects of Lord Salisbury's policy. So late as 1888 he was against all expeditions into the Sudan, and was looking forward to the conclusion of an arrangement for the evacuation of Egypt. Even in 1897 the advance would not have been made had it not become necessary in the interests of Italy; and then probably it would have stopped at Dongola but for the discovery of the Franco-Russian conspiracy to seize the Upper Nile. It was the same with the Transvaal. How little the shame of Majuba oppressed Lord Salisbury is shown by the reluctance with which he threatened the Transvaal with war over the Vaal Drifts dispute in 1895. Nevertheless the possibility of both expeditions was never absent from his mind; and there is abundant evidence that he lost no opportunity of providing against the risks.

In the domain of policy as distinct from diplomacy Lord Salisbury's boldest experiment has been his attempt to establish permanently close relations with the United

States on an entirely new footing. The fact that he should have attempted a *rapprochement* of any kind is regarded as a remarkable conversion by those who remember the bitterness with which he attacked the Federals during the Civil War. It is, however, less remarkable than it seems. There was a strong artificial element in Lord Robert Cecil's anti-American attitude between 1862 and 1864. It was not against the Americans as such that he directed his onslaughts, but against a system to which the English Radicals had constantly appealed, with tireless and even tiresome reiteration, as a justification for democratic reforms at home. America was in fact an object-lesson in the great English Reform controversy. It is consequently not surprising that, when the Civil War broke out, so strong a Tory as Lord Robert Cecil should have sought to turn the tables on his political opponents by bidding them note the human weaknesses and passions which survived in their favourite emancipated democracies. But this is very ancient history. It was obliterated many years ago, not only by the falsification of all Lord Robert Cecil's prophecies of the outcome of the war, but also by Lord Salisbury's subsequent recantation of his errors in regard to the trustworthiness of the British democracy.

His attitude in 1898 is more remarkable as a revolution in national policy than as a reversal of personal opinion. It is true that Canning was sincerely anxious for an American alliance, and that he even sounded the United States Government on the subject; but he was not disposed to make any essential modification in the axioms of British world-policy in order to attain it. One of the chief of these axioms, which has been upheld by British statesmen of all parties in every age, is that, as the greatest of the commercial Powers, England can never suffer the highways of the nations to fall into hands that may close them. Hence the tradition that 'the Sound, the Bosphorus, and the Straits of Gibraltar, the Isthmus of Suez, and the Isthmus of Darien, must never be subject to the will of a first-rate Power.' The application of this principle to the United States is obvious. Long before a Nicaragua or Panama Canal was dreamt of, it was the policy of Great Britain to prevent, not only the Isthmus of Darien from falling into the hands of the United States,

but also the island of Cuba, as the key to any possible trans-isthmian canal. Canning declared in 1822 that 'what cannot and must not be is that any great maritime Power should get possession of Cuba'; and Lord John Russell, some years later, expounded at length the isthmian canal grounds for this maxim. Ultimately, in 1850, when the United States first began to perceive the necessity of a waterway to connect the Atlantic and Pacific, a compromise was arrived at in the shape of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which it was agreed that any canal that might be constructed should be neutral, and that its neutrality should be guaranteed by the British and American Governments. It is interesting to note that during the negotiation of this treaty Mr Clayton, the American Secretary of State, formally repudiated the Monroe doctrine on behalf of his Government.

Now this policy has been completely reversed by Lord Salisbury. During the dispute in 1895 on the Venezuela boundary question, he recognised the whole of the Monroe doctrine as laid down by President Monroe, although Canning had refused to accept one half of it. When the Spanish-American war broke out, and it was known that the prize was the possession of Cuba, he stood by the United States; and it was entirely owing to his attitude that European intervention on behalf of Spain was rendered impossible. Finally he abandoned the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and left the United States free to construct and defend a trans-isthmian canal practically on her own terms. The result is, of course, that the official relations of the two Powers are more cordial now than they have ever been. Whether this cordiality will acquire the permanence and the brotherhood-in-arms which Lord Salisbury anticipated, is a secret of the future. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that he has speculated only on the gratitude of the United States. He is too sane a statesman for that. His sacrifices—the risk after all is not very serious—are justified partly by the very robust growth of Anglo-Saxon sentiment on both sides of the Atlantic during the last decade, and partly by the community of national interests established by the American acquisition of transmarine dependencies and the immense expansion of the American export trade. This is a solid basis for Anglo-American co-operation.

In endeavouring to build upon it, even at the cost of an old British tradition, Lord Salisbury has taken the first practical step in a movement full of the highest promise for the English-speaking races. Whether it succeed or fail, it will always rank brightly among the lofty strivings by which the whole of his long and fruitful career has been inspired.

Regarded as a whole, Lord Salisbury's conduct of foreign affairs is a record of which the Empire may well be proud. Four years ago, when the clouds were gathering thickly on the political horizon and the ship of state had still to weather one of the most dangerous storms in its history, he himself laid down the test by which he desired to be judged.

'Consider,' he said, 'our foreign work altogether. You should not consider this one case or this other case or this third case, but what has been the result when the whole issue is hung together. When the account-books are totted up and the balance ascertained, then form your judgment, but do not form your judgment on the individual passing items. It may be quite true that there are some matters on which you do right to go to war, and yet the extreme step was not taken; but you must be sure, before you take that action, that there were no other possible or immediate complications within view which made it necessary to economise the force that was at the disposal of the Government.'

The accounts-books are now totted up and the balance ascertained. The net result is that Lord Salisbury has steered the Empire safely through dangers of the utmost gravity; that he has maintained the peace among and with a host of ebullient nations, and still has shielded British interests and added magnificently to the dominions of the Crown; that he has vastly enhanced the national prestige and has opened a new era for Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

The lofty statesmanship and skilful diplomacy which have achieved these successes have also in another direction done immense service to the State. In a democratic age Lord Salisbury has succeeded in keeping foreign policy outside the bounds of party politics, and in safeguarding it from the pernicious influence of popular passion—'the vehement operations of mere ignorance,' as he bluntly

called it two years ago. This has, of course, been one of the secrets of his own success, but it also constitutes a useful discipline for public opinion and the establishment of a precious tradition for his successors. So long as British statesmen imitate the great qualities that Lord Salisbury brought to his task, the nation will not refuse them the same valuable liberty of action that he enjoyed.

Whatever the final verdict of the historian—if there be such a thing—on Lord Salisbury's career and character, there can be no doubt of the large measure of gratitude and respect he has won from his contemporaries both in his own and in foreign lands. A strong party-man, living in an age when no statesman of his own rank has been spared by party rancour, a peculiarly reserved and self-contained temperament, deficient of all the *cabotinage* which appeals to 'the great heart of the nation,' he has been followed into his retirement by an expression of esteem and admiration at once intensely genuine and unrestricted by party or sectional differences. Men of all classes and all shades of opinion have recognised in him the type of a great national statesman. It is a remarkable triumph of character. Much of the popular admiration is probably due to the typically English pertinacity and courage and self-reliance with which his life-work has been pursued, and the self-denying patriotism which shines so conspicuously throughout his fifty years of public service. The masses are often quicker to recognise qualities and motives than to appreciate results. It is, however, by the great results of his life, his sane and lofty political teaching and the stable influence he has exercised over public affairs throughout a generation exposed to perils threatening the very foundations of orderly society and Christian civilisation, that he has earned the gratitude of all his thinking countrymen.

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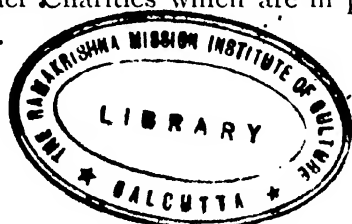
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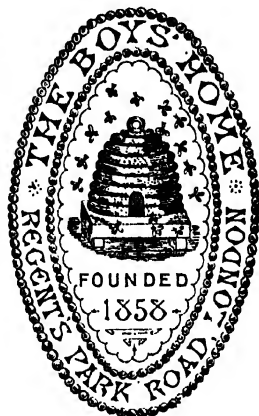
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"Chester, 1894.

"Dear Bell,

"Thanks for your letter. I am quite as much interested as ever in your life-work, which has borne famous fruit, of which you may well be proud. You and the Boys' Home are often in my thoughts, as one of the best social efforts I have ever had a humble hand in.

"Ever yours,

"THOMAS HUGHES."

DR HARVEY GOODWIN, late Bishop of Carlisle, said in one of his appeals:—

"Now I am prepared to pledge my solemn assurance that in this Boys' Home you will have an excellent and safe opportunity for doing something to a class that appeals mainly to your Christian sympathy. I regard this School as one of the few charities in which one is sure of doing good, and is sure of not doing harm."

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON'S words:—

"The best proof of the real excellence of any of our Industrial Schools is that afforded by the authorized and experienced Inspector's report."

HIS MAJESTY'S INSPECTOR reports:—

"The boys' conduct very satisfactory. Educational state very satisfactory. I have this day inspected and examined the School. Its condition seems very satisfactory. The boys look very well. I had every reason to be pleased with the school work. I also visited the Home without notice at 7.30 and stayed till 11 p.m. I found the reputation of the School for good humour and heartiness well sustained. Boys were as brisk and natural as possible.

"JAMES G. LEGGE,

"His Majesty's Inspector."

The HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Convalescent Branch: CROMWELL HOUSE, HIGHGATE, N.

Patrons ... THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
Vice-Patrons ... THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND
PRINCESS OF WALES.

President ... THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T.
Treasurer ... J. F. W. DEACON, Esq.
Chairman ... ARTHUR LUCAS, Esq.
Vice-Chairman ... JOHN MURRAY, Esq.

This is the oldest and largest Children's Hospital in the British Empire.

No Paying Patients are received, and every safeguard is taken to prevent abuse in the Out-Patient Department.

Over **2,100** In-Patients are treated annually, while over **100,000** attendances are made yearly by the Out-Patients.

About **350** Patients are benefited by a change at the seaside or at our Convalescent Branch at Highgate.

A **Donation** of **£1,000** will endow a Cot for ever in memory of a relative or friend.

A **Daily deficit** of **£20** has to be provided for, and the Committee appeal for help. New Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Legacies are urgently required to meet this daily deficit.

ADRIAN HOPE,

Secretary.

BANKERS:

WILLIAMS DEACONS BANK, Ltd.; MESSRS. HOARES & Co.;
MESSRS. LLOYDS BANK, Ltd., HERRIES BRANCH.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL,

St. S.W.

PATRON.

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

PRESIDENT.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Treasurers.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, K.G.

TIMOTHY HOLMES, Esq., F.R.C.S.

A. WILLIAM WEST, Esq.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL is empowered by the Act of
Incorporation to take and hold Real Property.

THE WEEKLY BOARD OF GOVERNORS earnestly appeal for Funds to enable them to carry on the work of this Unendowed Charity, which provides accommodation for 350 Patients.

The Annual Subscriptions only amount to **£5441**, while the Annual Expenditure cannot be estimated at less than **£40,000** a year.

During the year 1901, **39,454** persons were treated as In or Out Patients, of whom only **953** were admitted on the recommendation of Governors or Subscribers—for the rest no recommendation was required beyond the necessities of the applicants and the urgency or gravity of their maladies.

A Subscription of **£5 5s.** a year, or a Life Subscription of **£50**, renders a gentleman eligible for election as a Governor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS or DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Secretary, who will willingly furnish any information relating to the Hospital, or they may be paid to the account of the Hospital at the London and County Bank.

C. L. TODD, *Secretary.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the Treasurer or Treasurers for the time being of ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, Hyde Park Corner, London, the sum of £, the same to be applied towards the purposes of the Charity, for which Legacy the receipt of the Treasurer or Treasurers for the time being of the said Charity shall be a sufficient discharge to my Executors."

HOMES OF HOPE.

4, 5, 6, REGENT SQUARE, GRAY'S INN ROAD,

LONDON, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

SPECIAL efforts are made on behalf of mothers before and after confinement. The Committee are obliged to make an urgent appeal for Contributions:—

- 1.—For the GENERAL FUND—the expenses of which amount to about £5 a day.
- 2.—For the CHILD'S FUND—a guinea or two to pay the nurses would, in many cases, rescue a mother and child. Five shillings would pay for a child for a week.
- 3.—For LAW EXPENSES—in every case, if it be possible, the men are compelled to pay the sum allowed by law for the child's support.

The applications are so distressing and urgent, that every shilling has been spent, and the Committee are in great distress for funds.

Bankers—Messrs. HOARE, 37 Fleet Street.

Treasurer—ALFRED HOARE, Esq., 37 Fleet Street, E.C.

The Secretary will be glad to send the latest Report and any information required.

St. Giles' Christian Mission.

Founded 1860.

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS

OF THIS MISSION ARE:

- The Proclamation of the Gospel.
- The Relief of the Distressed Poor.
- The Assistance of the Better Class of Discharged Prisoners.
- The Saving of Juvenile Offenders from a Life of Crime.
- The Assistance of Wives and Children of Prisoners.
- The Providing a Holiday and Home for Poor Children.
- The Providing a Permanent Home and Orphanage for the Children of Prisoners, and other Destitute Children.
- The Providing a Convalescent Home for the Deserving Sick Poor.

SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Recognised by the Highest Judicial, Magisterial, Prison and Police Officials.

The Work goes on Constantly. Constant Efforts need Constant Support.

Messrs. BARCLAY AND Co., Bankers.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY, Superintendent, 4 Ampton St., Regent Sq., London, W.C.

Recd. on... 25.10.78

R. R. No.... 7049

G. R. No. 26225



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